THE

BRITISH DRAMA.

ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IV.

London:

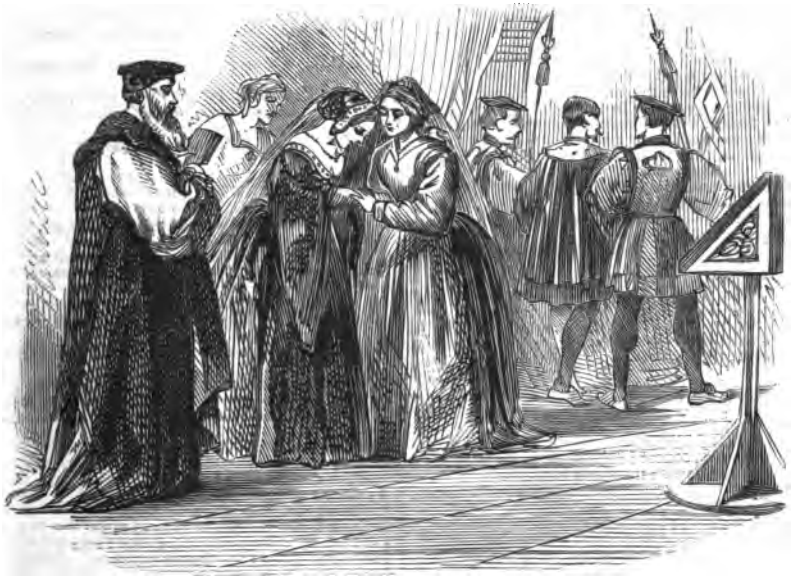
PUBLISHED BY JOHN DICKS, 313, STRAND.

1865.

CONTENTS.

LADY JANE GREY.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY NICHOLAS ROWE.



Lady J.—"CAN NATURE BEAR THIS STROKE?"—*Act* v, *scene* 2.

Persons Represented.

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
BISHOP GARDINER.
EARL OF PEMBROKE.
EARL OF SUSSEX.
LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.
SIR JOHN GATES.
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.
LORDS OF THE COUNCIL.
ATTENDANTS.
DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.
LADY JANE GREY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Court.*

Enter DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *and* SIR JOHN GATES.

Nor. 'Tis all in vain; heav'n has requir'd its pledge,
And he must die.
Suff. Is there an honest heart,
That loves our England, does not mourn for Edward?
The genius of our isle is shook with sorrow,
Religion melts in ev'ry holy eye.
Nor. Ay, there, my lord, you touch our heaviest loss;
With him our holy faith is doom'd to suffer;
With him our church shall veil her sacred front,
Pride, ignorance, and rapine, shall return;
Blind bloody zeal and cruel priestly pow'r
Shall scourge the land for ten dark ages more.
Sir J. Is there no help in all the healing art,
No potent juice or drug, to save a life
So precious, and prevent a nation's fate?

Nor. What has been left untry'd that art could do?
His youthful sinews are unstrung, cold sweats
And deadly paleness sit upon his visage,
And ev'ry gasp we look shall be his last,
Sir J. Doubt not, your graces, but the popish faction
Will at this juncture urge their utmost force:
All on the princess Mary turn their eyes,
Well hoping she will build again their altars,
And bring their idol worship back in triumph.
Nor. And shall we tamely yield ourselves to bondage,
Bow down before these holy purple tyrants,
And bid 'em tread upon our slavish necks?
No; let this faithful freeborn English hand
First dig my grave in liberty and honour;
And though I found but one more thus resolv'd,
That honest man and I would die together.
Suff. Doubt not there are ten thousand and ten thousand,
To own a cause so just.
Sir J. The list I gave
Into your grace's hand last night declares
My pow'r and friends at full.

(To Northumberland.)

Nor. Be it your care,
Good Sir John Gates, to see your friends appointed,
And ready for th' occasion: haste this instant;
Lose not a moment's time.
Sir J. I go, my lord.

[Exit.

Nor. Your grace's princely daughter, Lady Jane,
Is she yet come to court?
Suff. Not yet arriv'd,
But with the soonest I expect her here:
I know her duty to the dying king,
Join'd with my strict commands to hasten hither,
Will bring her on the wing.
Nor. Beseech your grace
To speed another messenger to press her;
For on her happy presence all our counsels
Depend and take their fate.
Suff. Upon the instant
Your grace shall be obey'd: I go to summon her.

[Exit.

Nor. What trivial influences hold dominion
O'er wise men's counsels and the fate of empire!
She must be here, and lodg'd in Guilford's arms,
Ere Edward dies, or all we've done is marr'd,
Ha! Pembroke! that's a bar which thwarts my way!
His fiery temper brooks not opposition,
And must be met with soft and supple arts,
Such as assurge the fierce and bend the strong.

Enter EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Good-morrow, noble Pembroke; we have staid
The meeting of the council for your presence.
Pem. For mine, my lord! you mock your servant, sure,
To say that I am wanted, where yourself,
The great Alcides of our state, is present.
Whatever dangers menace prince or people,
Our great Northumberland is arm'd to meet 'em:
The ablest head and firmest heart you bear,
Nor need a second in the glorious task,
Equal yourself to all the toils of empire.
Nor. No; as I honour virtue, I have try'd
And know my strength too well; nor can the voice
Of friendly flattery, like yours, deceive me.
I know my temper liable to passions,
And all the frailties common to our nature;
Much therefore have I need of some good man,
Some wise and honest heart, whose friendly aid
Might guide my treading through our present dangers;
And by the honour of my name I swear,
I know not one of all our English peers
Whom I would choose for that best friend like Pembroke!
Pem. Were not your grace too generous of soul,
To speak a language diff'ring from your heart,
How might I think you could not mean this goodness
To one whom his ill fortune has ordain'd
The rival of your son?
Nor. No more; I scorn a thought
So much below the dignity of virtue.
'Tis true I look on Guilford like a father,
Lean to his side, and see but half his failings;
But on a point like this, when equal merit
Stands forth to make its bold appeal to honour,
And calls to have the balance held in justice,
Away with all the fondnesses of nature!
I judge of Pembroke and my son alike.
Pem. I ask no more to bind me to your service.
Nor. The realm is now at hazard, and bold factions
Threaten change, tumult, and disastrous days.
These fears drive out the gentler thoughts of joy,
Of courtship, and of love. Great heav'n! the state
To fix in peace and safety once again,
Then speak your passion to the princely maid,
And fair success attend you. For myself,
My voice shall go as far for you, my lord,
As for my son, and beauty be the umpire.
But now a heavier matter calls upon us;
The king with life just lab'ring, and I fear
The council grow impatient at our stay.
Pem. One moment's pause and I attend your grace.

[Exit Northumberland.

Old Winchester cries to me oft "Beware
Of proud Northumberland." The testy prelate,
Froward with age, with disappointed hopes,
And zealous for old Rome, rails on the duke,
Suspecting him to favour the new teachers;
Yet ev'n in that, if I judge right, he errs:
But were it so, what are these monkish quarrels,
These wordy wars of proud ill-manner'd schoolmen,
To us and our lay interest? Let 'em rail,
And worry one another at their pleasure.
This duke of late by many worthy offices
Has sought my friendship; and, yet more, his son,
The noblest youth our England has to boast of,
The gentlest nature and the bravest spirit,
Has made me long the partner of his breast:
And see! he comes.

Enter LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.

Oh, Guilford! just as thou wert ent'ring here,
My thought was running all thy virtues over,

And wond'ring how thy soul could choose a partner
So much unlike itself.
Guil. How could my tongue
Take pleasure and be lavish in thy praise!
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature,
Thy open manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble!
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next heav'n, I trust.
Pem. Oh, gen'rous youth!
What can a heart, stubborn and fierce like mine,
Return to all thy sweetness?—Yet I would,
I would be grateful—Oh, my cruel fortune!
Would I had never seen her, never cast
Mine eyes on Suffolk's daughter!
Guil. So would I!
Since 'twas my fate to see and love her first.
Pem. Oh! why should she, that universal goodness,
Like light, a common blessing to the world,
Rise like a comet fatal to our friendship,
And threaten it with ruin?
Guil. Heav'n forbid!
But tell me, Pembroke, is it not in virtue
To arm against this proud imperious passion?
If blind mistaken chance and partial beauty
Should join to favour Guilford?
Pem. Name it not;
My fiery spirits kindle at the thought,
And hurry me to rage.
Guil. And yet I think
I should not murmur were thy lot to prosper,
And mine to be refus'd; though sure the loss
Would wound me to the heart.
Pem. Ha! couldst thou bear it?
And yet perhaps thou might'st: thy gentle temper
Is form'd with passions mix'd in due proportion,
Where no one overbears nor plays the tyrant;
While mine, disdaining reason and her laws,
Like all thou must imagine wild and furious,
Now drives me headlong on, now whirls me back,
And hurls my unstable fluttering soul
To ev'ry mad extreme. Then pity me,
And let my weakness stand—

Enter SIR JOHN GATES.

Sir J. The lords of council
Wait with impatience—
Pem. I attend their pleasure:
This only, and no more then. Whosoever
Fortune decrees, still let me call to mind
Our friendship and our honour: and since love
Condemns us to be rivals for our prize,
Let us contend, as friends and brave men ought,
With openness and justice to each other,
That he who wins the fair one to his arms
May take her as the crown of great desert;
And if the wretched loser does repine,
His own heart and the world may all condemn him.

[*Exit.*

Guil. How cross the ways of life lie! While we think
We travel on direct in one high road,
And have our journey's end oppos'd in view,
A thousand thwarting paths break in upon us
To puzzle and perplex our wand'ring steps:
Love, friendship, hatred, in their turn mislead us;
And ev'ry passion has its separate int'rest.
Where is that piercing foresight can unfold
Where all this mazy error will have end,
And tell the doom reserv'd for me and Pembroke?
'Tis in vain
This blind divining; let me think no more on't.
And see, the mistress of our fate appears.

Enter LADY JANE GREY, *and Attendants.*

Hail, princely maid! who with auspicious beauty
Cheer'st ev'ry drooping heart in this sad place,
Who, like the silver regent of the night,
Lift'st up thy sacred beams upon the land,
To bid the gloom look gay, dispel our horrors,
And make us less lament the setting sun.
Lady J. Yes, Guilford, well dost thou compare my presence
To the faint comfort of the waning moon;
Like her cold orb a cheerless gleam I bring.
But say, how fares the king?
Guil. He lives as yet,
But ev'ry moment cuts away a hope,
Adds to our fears, and gives the infant saint
Great prospect of his op'ning heav'n.
Lady J. Oh, Guilford! what remains for wretched England,
When he, our guardian angel, shall forsake us?
Guil. I own my heart bleeds inward at the thought,
And yet forgive me, thou my native country,
Thou land of liberty, thou nurse of heroes,
Forgive me, if in spite of all thy dangers,
New springs of pleasure flow within thy bosom,
When thus 'tis given me to behold those eyes,
Thus gaze, and wonder.
Lady J. Oh! vain flattery!
Lead me to pay my duty to the king,
To wet his pale, cold hand with these last tears,
And share the blessings of his parting breath.
Guil. Were I like dying Edward, sure a touch
Of this dear hand would kindle life anew.
But I obey, I dread that gath'ring frown:
And oh! whene'er my bosom swells with passion,
And my full heart is pain'd with ardent love,
Allow me but to look on you and sigh;
'Tis all the humble joy that Guilford asks.
Lady J. Still wilt thou frame thy speech to this vain purpose,
When universal ruin gathers round,
And no escape is left us? Are we not
Like wretches in a storm, whom ev'ry moment
The greedy deep is gaping to devour?
The hope of life has ev'ry heart forsook,
And horror sits on each distracted look;
Trembling they dread just heav'n's avenging pow'r,
Mourn their past lives, and wait the fatal hour.

[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND *and* DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Nor. Yet then be cheer'd my heart, amidst thy mourning:
Though never day of grief was known like this,
Let me rejoice, and bless the hallow'd light,
Whose beams auspicious shine upon our union,
And bid me call the noble Suffolk brother.
Suf. I know not what my secret soul presages,

But something seems to whisper me within
That we have been too hasty.
Nor. Doubt not anything,
Nor hold the hour unlucky that good heav'n
Has giv'n to-day a blessing in our children,
To wipe away our tears for dying Edward.
Suf. In that I trust. Good angels be our guard.
And make my fears prove vain! But see! my wife!
With her your son, the gen'rous Guilford comes:
She has inform'd him of our present purpose.

Enter DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK *and* LORD GUILFORD.

Guil. How shall I speak the fulness of my heart?
What shall I say to bless you for this goodness?
Oh, gracious princess! but my life is yours,
And all the bus'ness of my years to come
Is to attend with humblest duty on you,
And pay my vow'd obedience at your feet.
Duch. Yes, noble youth! I share in all thy joys.
But haste! inform thy daughter of our pleasure.
Nor. All desolate and drown'd in flowing tears,
By Edward's bed the pious princess sits,
And ev'ry sigh is wing'd with pray'rs so potent,
As strive with heav'n to save her dying lord.
Duch. From the first early days of infant life
A gentle band of friendship grew between 'em,
And, while our royal uncle Henry reign'd,
As brother and as sister bred together,
Beneath one common parent's care they liv'd.
Nor. A wondrous sympathy of soul conspir'd
To form the sacred union.

Enter LADY JANE GREY, *weeping.*

Lady J. Wo't thou not break, my heart?
Suf. Alas! what mean'st thou?
Guil. Oh, speak!
Duch. How fares the king?
Nor. Say, is he dead?
Lady J. The saints and angels have him.
Duch. When I left him,
He seem'd a little cheer'd.
Lady J. As I approach'd to kneel and pay my duty,
He rais'd his feeble eyes, and faintly smiling,
"Are you, then, come?" he cry'd; "I only liv'd
To bid farewell to thee, my gentle cousin."
With that he press'd my hand, and oh!—he said,
"When I am gone, do thou be good to England,
Keep to that faith in which we both were bred,
And to the end be constant. More I would,
But cannot"—There his falt'ring spirits fail'd,
Then sinking on his pillow, with a sigh
He breath'd his innocent and faithful soul
Into his hands who gave it.
Nor. Our grief be on his grave. Our present duty
Enjoins to see his last commands obey'd.
I hold it fit his death be not made known
To any but our friends. To-morrow early
The council shall assemble at the Tower:
Meanwhile I beg your grace would straight inform

(*To the Duchess of Suffolk.*)

Your princely daughter of our resolution:
Our common int'rest in that happy tie
Demands our swiftest care to see it finish'd.
Duch. My lord, you have determin'd well. Lord Guilford,
Be it your task to speak at large our purpose.
Daughter, receive this lord as one whom I,
Your father and his own, ordain your husband:
What more concerns our will and your obedience
We leave you to receive from him at leisure.

[*Exeunt Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, and Duke of Northumberland.*

Guil Wo't thou not spare a moment from thy sorrows,
One little pause, while humbly I unfold
The happiest tale my tongue was ever blest with?
Lady J. My heart is cold within me; ev'ry sense
Is dead to joy: but I will hear thee, Guilford.
Yet, oh! forgive me, if to all the story,
Though eloquence divine attend thy speaking,
Forgive me if I cannot better answer
Than weeping—thus, and thus—
Guil. If I offend thee,
Let me be dumb for ever!
No; though our noble parents had decreed,
And urg'd high reasons which import the state,
This night to give thee to my faithful arms,
My fairest bride, my only earthly bliss—
Lady J. How? Guilford! on this night?
Guil. This happy night;
Yet, if thou art resolv'd to cross my fate,
If this my utmost wish shall give thee pain,
Now rather let the stroke of death fall on me,
And stretch me out a lifeless corse before thee.
Lady J. Alas! I have too much of death already,
And want not thine to furnish out new horror.
Guil. Let me but call thee mine, confirm that hope,
To charm the doubts which vex my anxious soul,
For all the rest do thou allot it for me,
And at thy pleasure portion out my blessings.
Lady J. Trust our fate.
Permit me now to leave thee and retire;
I'll summon all my reason and my duty
To soothe this storm within, and frame my heart
To yield obedience to my noble parents.
Guil. Good angels minister their comforts to thee!
And oh!
I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away
Those murd'rous thoughts of grief that kill thy quiet,
Restore thy gentle bosom's native peace,
Lift up the light of gladness in thy eyes,
And cheer my heaviness with one dear smile.

Lady J. Yes, Guilford, I will study to forget
All that the Royal Edward has been to me,
My private loss no longer will I mourn,
But ev'ry tender thought to thee shall turn;
With patience I'll submit to heav'n's decree,
And what I lost in Edward find in thee.
But oh! when I revolve what ruins wait
Our sinking altars and the falling state,
Now sorrow to my lab'ring breast succeeds,
And my whole heart for wretched England bleeds.

[*Exit.*

Guil. My heart sinks in me at her soft complaining,
And ev'ry moving accent that she breathes
Resolves my courage, slackens my tough nerves,
And melts me down to infancy and tears.

Enter EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Pem. Edward is dead; so said the great Northumberland,
As now he shot along by me in haste:
He press'd my hand, and in a whisper begg'd me
To guard the secret carefully as life
Till some few hours should pass, for much hung on it.
Much may indeed hang on it. (*Aside.*) See, my Guilford!
My friend!

(*Speaking to him.*)

Guil. Ha! Pembroke!

(*Starting.*)

Pem. Wherefore dost start?
Why sits that wild disorder on thy visage,
Somewhat that looks like passions strange to thee,
The paleness of surprise and ghastly fear?
Since I have known thee first, and call'd thee friend,
I never saw thee so unlike thyself,
So chang'd upon a sudden.
Guil. How! so chang'd?
Pem. So to my eye thou seem'st.
Guil. The king is dead.
Pem. I learn'd it from thy father
Just as I enter'd here. But say, could that,
A fate which ev'ry moment we expected,
Distract thy thought or shock thy temper thus?
Guil. Oh, Pembroke! 'tis in vain to hide from thee,
For thou hast look'd into my artless bosom,
And seen at once the hurry of my soul.
'Tis true thy coming struck me with surprise.
I have a thought—but wherefore said I one?
I have a thousand thoughts all up in arms.
Pem. Then sure our better angels call'd me hither!
For this is friendship's hour and friendship's office,
To come when counsel and when help is wanting,
To share the pain of ev'ry gnawing care,
To speak of comfort in the time of trouble,
To reach a hand and save thee from adversity.
Guil. And wo't thou be a friend to me indeed?
And while I lay my bosom bare before thee,
Wo't thou with patience hear, and judge with temper?
And if perchance thou meet with something harsh,
Somewhat to rouse thy rage and grate thy soul,
Wo't thou be master of thyself and bear it?
Pem. Away with all this needless preparation!
Thou know'st thou art so dear, so sacred to me,
That I can never think thee an offender.
If it were so that I indeed must judge thee,
I should take part with thee against myself.
Guil. But suppose
The thought were somewhat that concern'd our love.
Pem. No more; thou know'st we spoke of that to-day,
And on what terms we left it. 'Tis a subject,
Of which, if possible, I would not think;
I beg that we may mention it no more.
Guil. Can we not speak of it with temper?
Pem. No,
Thou know'st I cannot; therefore pr'ythee spare it.
Guil. Oh! could the secret I could tell thee sleep,
And the world never know it, my fond tongue
Should cease from speaking ere I would unfold it;
Or vex thy peace with an officious tale;
But since, howe'er ungrateful to thy ear,
It must be told thee once, hear it from me.
Pem. Speak, then, and ease the doubts that shock my soul.
Guil. Suppose thy Guilford's better stars prevail,
And crown his love—
Pem. Say not suppose; 'tis done:
Seek not for vain excuse or soft'ning words:
Thou hast prevaricated with thy friend,
By underhand contrivances undone me;
And while my open nature trusted in thee,
Thou hast stepp'd in between me and my hopes,
And ravish'd from me all my soul held dear:
Thou hast betray'd me—
Guil. How! betray'd thee, Pembroke!
Pem. Yes, falsely, like a traitor.
Guil. Have a care.
Pem. But think not I will bear the foul play from thee;
There was but this which I could ne'er forgive.
My soul is up in arms; my injur'd honour,
Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge;
And though I love thee—fondly—
Guil. Hear me, yet,
And Pembroke shall acquit me to himself;
Hear while I tell how fortune dealt between us,
And gave the yielding beauty to my arms—
Pem. What, hear it! stand and listen to thy triumph!
Thou think'st me tame indeed. No, hold, I charge thee,
Lest I forget that ever we were friends,
Lest, in the rage of disappointed love,
I rush at once and tear thee for thy falsehood.
Guil. Thou warn'st me well! and I were rash as thou art
To trust the secret sum of all my happiness
With one not master of himself. Farewell,

(*Going.*)

Pem. Ha! art thou going? think not thus to part,
Nor leave me to the rack of this uncertainty.
Guil. What wouldst thou further?
Pem. Tell it to me all;
Say thou art marry'd, say thou hast possess'd her,

And rioted in vast excess of bliss,
That I may curse myself, and thee, and her.
Come, tell me how thou didst supplant thy friend;
How didst thou look with that betraying face,
And smiling plot my ruin?
Guil. Give me way:
When thou art better tempered I may tell thee,
And vindicate at full my love and friendship.
Pem. And dost thou hope to shun me, then, thou traitor?
No; I will have it now, this moment, from thee,
(*Laying his hand upon his sword.*)
Or stab the lurking treason in thy heart.
Guil. Ha! stay thee there, nor let thy frantic hand
(*Stopping him.*)
Unsheath thy weapon. If the sword be drawn,
If once we meet on terms like those, farewell
To ev'ry thought of friendship; one must fall.
Pem. Curse on thy friendship! I would break the band.
Guil. That as you please—Beside, this place is sacred,
And wo' not be profan'd with brawls and outrage.
You know I dare be found on any summons.
Pem. 'Tis well. My vengeance shall not loiter long:
Henceforward let the thoughts of our past lives
Be turn'd to deadly and remorseless hate.
Here I give up the empty name of friend,
Renounce all gentleness, all commerce with thee,
To death defy thee as my mortal foe;
And when we meet again, may swift destruction
Rid me of thee, or rid me of myself.
[*Exit.*
Guil. The fate I ever fear'd is fall'n upon me,
And long ago my boding heart divin'd
A breach like this from his ungovern'd rage.
Oh! Pembroke, thou hast done me much injustice,
For I have borne thee true unfeign'd affection:
'Tis past, and thou are lost to me for ever.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Tower.*

Enter EARL OF PEMBROKE *and* BISHOP GARDINER.

Gar. Nay, by the rood, my lord, you were to blame
To let a hair-brain'd passion be your guide,
And hurry you into such mad extremes.
Marry, you might have made much worthy profit
By patient hearing; the unthinking lord
Had brought forth ev'ry secret of his soul;
Then, when you were the master of his bosom,
That was the time to use him with contempt,
And turn his friendship back upon his hands.
Pem. Thou talk'st as if a madman could be wise.
Oh, Winchester, thy hoary frozen age
Can never guess my pain, can never know
The burning transports of untam'd desire.
Gar. Have you not heard of what has happen'd since?
Pem. I have not had a minute's peace of mind,
A moment's peace, to rest from rage, or think.
Gar. Learn it from me, then; but, ere I speak,
I warn you to be master of yourself.
Though, as you know; they have confin'd me long,
Gra'mercy to their goodness! pris'ner here:
Yet as I am allow'd to walk at large,
Within the Tower, and hold free speech with any,
I have not dreamt away my thoughtless hours:
To prove this true, this morn a trusty spy
Has brought me word that yester ev'ning late,
In spite of all the grief for Edward's death,
Your friends were marry'd.
Pem. Marry'd! who? Damnation!
Gar. Lord Guilford Dudley and the Lady Jane.
Pem. Curse on my stars!
Gar. Nay, in the name of grace,
Restrain this sinful passion; all's not lost
In this one single woman.
Pem. I have lost
More than the female world can give me back:
I had beheld ev'n her own sex unmov'd,
Look'd o'er 'em like a bed of gaudy flow'rs
That lift their painted heads and live a day.
Then shed their trifling glories unregarded;
My heart disdain'd their beauties, till she came,
With ev'ry grace that nature's hand could give,
And with a mind so great it spoke its essence
Immortal and divine.
Gar. She was a wonder;
Detraction must allow that.
Pem. A wonder, Winchester!
Thou know'st not what she was, nor can I speak her,
More than to say she was that only blessing
My soul was set upon, and I have lost her.
Gar. Your state is not so bad as you would make it,
Nor need you thus abandon ev'ry hope.
Pem. Ha! Wo't thou save me, snatch me from despair,
And bid me live again?
Gar. She may be yours.
Suppose her husband die.
Pem. Oh! vain, vain hope!
Gar. Marry, I do not hold that hope so vain.
These gospellers have had their golden days,
And lorded it at will, with proud despite
Have trodden down our holy Roman faith,
Ransack'd our shrines, and driv'n her saints to exile;
But if my divination fail me not,
Their haughty hearts shall be abas'd ere long,
And feel the vengeance of our Mary's reign.
Pem. And wouldst thou have my fierce impatience stay?
Bid me lie bound upon a rack, and wait
For distant joys, whole ages yet behind?
Can love attend on politicians' schemes,
Expect the slow events of cautious counsels,
Cold unresolving heads and creeping time?

Gar. To-day, or I am ill-inform'd, Northumberland,
With easy Suffolk, Guilford, and the rest,
Meet here in council on some deep design,
Some traitorous contrivance, to protect
Their upstart faith from near approaching ruin:
But there are punishments—halters and axes
For traitors, and consuming flames for heretics:
The happy bridegroom may be yet cut short
Ev'n in his highest hope—But go not you,
Howe'er the fawning sire, old Dudley, court you;
No, by the holy rood I charge you, mix not
With their pernicious counsels—Mischief waits 'em,
Sure, certain, unavoidable destruction.
Pem. Ha! join with them the cursed Dudley's race,
Who while they held me in their arms betray'd me,
Scorn'd me for not suspecting they were villains,
And made a mockery of my easy friendship!
No, when I do, dishonour be my portion.
Gar. I would not have you. — Hie you to the city,
And join with those that love our ancient faith.
Gather your friends about you, and be ready
T' assert our zealous Mary's royal title,
And doubt not but her grateful hand shall give you
To see your soul's desire upon your enemies;
The church shall pour her ample treasures forth too,
And pay you with ten thousand years of pardon.
Pem. No: keep your blessings back, and give me vengeance:
Give me to tell that soft deceiver, Guilford,
Thus, traitor, hast thou done, thus hast thou wrong'd me,
And thus thy treason finds a just reward.
Gar. But soft! no more! the lords o' the council come;
Ha! by the mass, the bride and bridegroom too!
Retire with me, my lord; we must not meet 'em.
Pem. 'Tis they themselves, the cursed, happy pair!
Haste, Winchester, haste! let us fly for ever,
And drive her from my very thoughts if possible.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY *and* LADY JANE GREY.

Guil. What shall I say to thee? what pow'r divine
Will teach my tongue to tell thee what I feel,
To pour the transports of my bosom forth,
And make thee partner of the joy dwells there?
Oh, my fair one!
Thy Edward shines amongst the brightest stars,
And yet thy sorrows seek him in the grave.
Lady J. Alas! my dearest lord, a thousand griefs
Beset my anxious heart; and yet, as if
The burthen were too little, I have added
The weight of all thy cares, and, like the miser,
Increase of wealth has made me but more wretched,
I tremble, and my anxious heart is pain'd
Lest aught but good should happen to my Guilford.
Guil. Nothing but good can happen to thy Guilford.
While thou art by his side, his better angel,
His blessing and his guard.
Lady J. Why came we hither?
Guil. To thee, my princess,
Whose royal veins are rich in Henry's blood,
With one consent the noblest heads are bow'd;
From thee they ask a sanction to their counsels,
And from thy healing hand expect a cure
For England's loss in Edward.
Lady J. How! from me!
Alas! my lord—But sure thou mean'st to mock me!
Guil. No, by the love my faithful heart is full of!
But see, thy mother, gracious Suffolk, comes
To intercept my story: she shall tell thee,
For in her look I read the lab'ring thought,
What vast event thy fate is now disclosing,

Enter DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.

Duch. No more complain, indulge thy tears no more,
Thy pious grief has giv'n the grave its due;
Make room to entertain the coming glory!
For majesty and purple greatness court thee,
Homage and low subjection wait: a crown,
A crown, my daughter, England's crown, attends
To bind thy brows with its imperial wreath,
Lady J. Amazement chills my veins! What says my mother?
Duch. 'Tis heav'ns decree; for our expiring Edward,
When now just struggling to his native skies,
Ev'n on the verge of heav'n, in sight of angels
That hover'd round to waft him to the stars,
Ev'n then declar'd my Jane for his successor.
Lady J. Could Edward do this? could the dying saint
Bequeath his crown to me? Oh! fatal bounty,
To me! but 'tis impossible!
Duch. But see, thy father
Northumberland, with all the council, come,
To pay their vow'd allegiance at thy feet,
To kneel and call thee queen.
Lady J. Support me, Guilford;
Give me thy aid; stay thou my fainting soul,
And help me to repress this growing danger.

Enter DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lords and others of the Privy Council.*

Nor. Hail, sacred princess! sprung from ancient kings,
Our England's dearest hope, undoubted offspring
Of York and Lancester's united line,
Hail, royal Jane! behold we bend our knees,
(*They kneel.*)
The pledge of homage and thy land's obedience;
With humblest duty thus we kneel, and own thee

Our liege, our sovereign lady, and our queen.
Lady J. Oh! rise,
My father, rise?
(*To Suffolk.*)
And you my father too!
(*To Northumberland.*)
Rise all, nor cover me with this confusion.
(*They rise.*)
What means this mock, this masking shew of greatness?
Why do ye hang these pageant glories on me,
And dress me up in honours not my own?
Nor. The daughters of our late great master, Henry,
Stand both by law excluded from succession.
To make all firm,
And fix a pow'r unquestion'd in your hand,
Edward by will bequeath'd his crown to you,
And the concurring lords in council met
Have ratified the gift.
Lady J. Are crowns and empires,
Trifles of such light moment, to be left
Like some rich toy,
The pledge of parting friends! Can kings do thus,
And give away a people for a legacy?
Nor. Forgive me, princely lady, if my wonder
Seizes each sense, each faculty of mind,
To see the utmost wish the great can form,
A crown, thus coldly met; a crown, which, slighted
And left in scorn by you, shall soon be sought,
And find a joyful wearer, one, perhaps,
Of blood unkindred to your royal house,
And fix its glories in another line.
Lady J. Where art thou now, thou partner of my cares?
(*Turning to Guilford.*)
Guil. See, by thy side thy faithful Guilford stands,
Prepar'd to keep distress and danger from thee,
To wear thy sacred cause upon his sword,
And war against the world in thy defence.
Nor. Oh!
Methinks I see you seated on the throne,
Assembled senates wait with awful dread
To firm your high commands and make 'em fate.
Lady J. You turn to view the painted side of royalty,
And cover all the cares that lurk beneath.
Is it to be a queen, to sit aloft
In solemn dull uncomfortable state,
The flatter'd idol of a servile court?
Is it to draw a pompous train along,
A pageant for the wond'ring crowd to gaze at?
Alas, Northumberland! my father! is it not
To live a life of care, and when I die,
Have more to answer for before my Judge
Than any of my subjects?
Suf. Behold, we stand upon the brink of ruin,
And only thou canst save us. Persecution,
The fiend of Rome and hell, prepares her tortures;
See where she comes in Mary's priestly train!
Still wo't thou doubt, till thou behold her stalk
Red with the blood of martyrs, and wide wasting
O'er England's bosom?
Guil. Amidst that ruin,
Think thou behold'st thy Guilford's head laid low,
Bloody and pale—
Lady J. Oh, spare the dreadful image!
Guil. Oh, would the misery be bounded there,
My life were little; but the rage of Rome
Demands whole hecatombs, a land of victims.
Mary shall by her kindred Spain be taught
To bend our necks beneath a brazen yoke,
And rule o'er wretches with an iron sceptre.
Lady H. Avert that judgment, heav'n!
Whate'er thy Providence allots for me,
In mercy spare my country.
Guil. Oh, my queen!
Does not thy great, thy gen'rous heart relent,
To think this land, for liberty so fam'd,
Shall have her tow'ring front at once laid low,
And robb'd of all its glory!
Lady J. Yes, my lov'd lord, my soul is mov'd like thine,
At ev'ry danger which invades our England;
My cold heart kindles at the great occasion,
And could be more than man in her defence:
But where is my commission to redress?
Or whence my pow'r to save? Can Edward's will,
Or twenty men in council, make a queen?
Can you, my lords, give me the pow'r to canvass
A doubtful title with King Henry's daughters?
Where are the rev'rend sages of the law
To guide me with their wisdoms, and point out
The paths which right and justice bid me tread?
Nor. The judges all attend, and will, at leisure,
Resolve you ev'ry scruple.
Lady J. They expound;
But where are those, my lord, that make the law?
Where are the ancient honours of the realm,
The nobles with the mitred fathers join'd?
The wealthy commons solemnly assembled?
Where is that voice of a consenting people
To pledge the universal faith with mine,
And call me justly queen?
Guil. Our foes, already
High in their hopes, devote us all to death:
Haste, then, and save us, while 'tis giv'n to save
Your country, your religion,
Nor. Save your friends!
Suf. Your father!
Duch. Mother!
Guil. Husband!
Lady J. Take me, crown me,
Invest me with this royal wretchedness;
Let me not know one happy minute more;
Let all my sleepless nights be spent in care,
My days be vex'd with tumults and alarms
If only I can save you, if my fate
Has mark'd me out to be the public victim,
I take the lot with joy. Yes, I will die
For that eternal truth my faith is fix'd on,
And that dear native land which gave me birth.
Guil. Wake ev'ry tuneful instrument to tell it,
And let the trumpet's sprightly note proclaim
My Jane is England's queen!
Thy name shall echo through the rescu'd isle,
And reach applauding heav'n;
Lady J. Oh, Guilford, what do we give up for glory?
For glory! that's a toy I would not purchase;
An idle, empty bubble: but, for England!

What must we lose for that! Since, then, my fate
Has forc'd this hard exchange upon my will,
Let gracious heav'n allow me one request:
For that blest peace in which I once did dwell,
All that I ask is, though my fortune frown,
And bury me beneath this fatal crown,
Let that one good be added to my doom,
To save this land from tyranny and Rome.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Tower.*

Enter EARL OF PEMBROKE *and* BISHOP GARDINER.

Gar. In an unlucky and accursed hour
Set forth that traitor duke, that proud Northumberland.
Do thou, oh, holy Becket, the protector,
The champion, and the martyr of our church,
Appear, and once more own the cause of Rome;
Beat down his lance, break thou his sword in battle,
And cover foul rebellion with confusion.
Pem. I saw him marching at his army's head;
I mark'd him issuing through the city-gate
In harness all appointed as he pass'd,
And (for he wore his beaver up) could read
Upon his visage horror and dismay.
No voice of cheerful salutation cheer'd him,
None wish'd his arms might thrive, or bade God speed him;
But through a staring, ghastly-loooking crowd,
Unhail'd, unbless'd, with heavy heart he went,
As if his traitor father's haggard ghost,
And Somerset fresh bleeding from the axe,
On either hand, had usher'd him to ruin.
Gar. Nor shall the holy vengeance loiter long.
At Farmingham, in Suffolk, lies the queen,
Mary, our pious mistress, where each day
The nobles of the land and swarming populace
Gather, and list beneath her royal ensigns.
The fleet commanded by Sir Thomas Jerningham,
Set out in warlike manner to oppose her,
With one consent have join'd to own her cause;
The valiant Sussex, and Sir Edward Hastings,
With many more of note, are up in arms,
And all declare for her.

Enter an Officer, with a guard.

Off. Seize on 'em both.

(*Guards seize Pem. and Gar.*)

My lord, you are a pris'ner to the state.
Pem. Ha! by whose order?
Off. By the queen's command,
Sign'd and deliver'd by Lord Guilford Dudley.
Pem. Curse on his traitor's heart!
Gar. Rest you contented;
You have loiter'd here too long; but use your patience;
These bonds shall not be lasting.
Off. As for you, sir,

(*To Gardiner.*)

'Tis the queen's pleasure you be close confin'd;
You've us'd that fair permission was allow'd you
To walk at large within the Tower unworthily:
You're noted for an over-busy meddler,
A secret practiser against the state,
For which henceforth your limits shall be straiter.
Hence, to your chamber.
Gar. Farewell, gentle Pembroke,
I trust that we shall meet on blither terms;
Till then amongst my beads I will remember you,
And give you to the keeping of the saints.

[*Exeunt part of the Guards with Gardiner.*

Pem. Now whither must I go?
Off. This way, my lord.

(*Going off.*)

Enter LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.

Guil. Hold, captain! ere you go, I have a word or two
For this your noble pris'ner.
Off. At your pleasure:
I know my duty, and attend your lordship.

(*Retires with the Guards.*)

Guil. Is all the gentleness that was betwixt us
So lost, so swept away from thy remembrance,
Thou canst not look upon me?
Pem. Ha! not look!
What terrors are there in the Dudley's face
That Pembroke dares not look upon and scorn?
And yet 'tis true, I would not look upon thee:
Our eyes avoid to look on what we hate,
As well as what we fear.
Guil. You hate me, then?
Pem. I do; and wish perdition may o'ertake
Thy father, thy false self, and thy whole name.
Guil. And yet, as sure as rage disturbs thy reason,
And masters all the noble nature in thee,
As sure as thou hast wrong'd me, I am come
In tenderness of friendship to preserve thee,
To plant ev'n all the pow'r I have before thee,
And fence thee from destruction with my life.
Pem. Friendship from thee! but my just soul disdains thee.
Hence! take the prostituted bauble back,
But thou art come, perhaps, to vaunt thy greatness,
And set thy purple pomp to view before me,
To let me know that Guilford is a king,
That he can speak the word and give me freedom.
Oh! short liv'd pageant! hadst thou all the pow'r
Which thy vain soul would grasp at, I would die,
Rot in a dungeon, ere receive a grace,
The least, the meanest courtesy, from thee.
Guil. Oh! Pembroke, but I have not time to talk,
For danger presses; danger unforeseen,
And secret as the shaft that flies by night,
Is aiming at thy life. Captain, a word:

(*To the Officer.*)

I take your pris'ner to my proper charge;
Draw off your guard, and leave his sword with me.

[*The Officer delivers the sword to Lord Guilford, and goes out with his Guard. Guilford offers the sword to Pembroke.*

Receive this gift ev'n from a rival's hand;

And if thy rage will suffer thee to hear
The counsel of a man once call'd thy friend,
Fly from this fatal place and seek thy safety.
Pem. How now! what shew, what mockery is this?
Guil. Oh! take thy sword, and let thy valiant hand
Be ready arm'd to guard thy noble life:
The time, the danger, and the wild impatience,
Forbid me all to enter into speech with thee,
Or I could tell thee——
Pem. No; it needs not, traitor!
For all thy poor, thy little arts are known.
Thou fear'st my vengeance, and art come to fawn,
To make a merit of that proffered freedom,
Which, in despite of thee, a day shall give me.
Nor can my fate depend on thee, false Guilford;
For know, to thy confusion, ere the sun
Twice gild the east, our royal Mary comes
To end thy pageant reign and set me free.
Guil. Ungrateful and unjust! hast thou, then, known me
So little to accuse my heart of fear?
Hast thou forgotten Musselborough's field?
Did I then fear, when by thy side I fought,
And dy'd my maiden sword in Scottish blood?
But this is madness all.
Pem. Give me my sword.

(*Takes his sword.*)

Perhaps, indeed, I wrong thee: thou hast thought,
And conscious of the injury thou hast done me,
Art come to proffer me a soldier's justice,
And meet my arm in single opposition;
Lead, then, and let me follow to the field.
Guil. Yes, Pembroke, thou shalt satisfy thy vengeance,
And write thy bloody purpose on my bosom:
But let death wait to-day. By our past friendship,
In honour's name, by ev'ry sacred tie,
I beg thee ask no more, but haste from hence.
Pem. What mystic meaning lurks beneath thy words?
What fear is this which thou wouldst awe my soul with?
Is there a danger Pembroke dares not meet?
Guil. Oh! spare my tongue a tale of guilt and horror!
Trust me this once, believe me when I tell thee,
Thy safety and thy life is all I wish.
Away!
Pem. Curse on this shuffling, dark, ambignous phrase!
If thou wouldst have me think thou mean'st me fairly,
Speak with that plainness honesty delights in,
And let thy double tongue for once be true.
Guil. Forgive me, filial piety and nature,
If thus compell'd, I break your sacred laws,
Reveal my father's crime, and blot with infamy
The hoary head of him who gave me being,
To save the man whom my soul loves from death.

(*Gives a paper.*)

Read there the fatal purpose of thy foe.
Since he parted,
Thy ways have all been watch'd, thy steps been mark'd,
Thy secret treaties with the malcontents
That harbour in the city, thy conferring
With Gard'ner here in the tower, all is known,
And, in persuance of that bloody mandate,
A set of chosen ruffians wait to end thee:
There was but one way left me to preserve thee;
I took it, and this morning sent my warrant
To seize upon thy person. But, begone!
Pem. 'Tis so; 'tis truth; I see his honest heart.

(*Aside.*)

Guil. I have a friend of well-try'd faith and courage,
Who, with a fit disguise, and arms conceal'd,
Attends without to guard thee hence with safety.
Pem. What is Northumberland? and what art thou?
Guil. Waste not the time; away!
Pem. Here let me fix,
And gaze with everlasting wonder on thee.
What is there good or excellent in man
That is not found in thee? Thy virtues flash,
They break at once on my astonish'd soul.
Think I know thee honest.
Guil. For ever I could hear thee; but thy life—
Oh, Pembroke, linger not.
Pem. And can I leave thee,
Ere I have clasp'd thee in my eager arms,
And giv'n thee back my sad, repenting heart?
Believe me, Guilford, like the patriarch's dove,

(*Embracing.*)

It wander'd forth, but found no resting-place
Till it came home again to lodge with thee.
Guil. What is there that my soul can more desire
Than these dear marks of thy returning friendship?
The danger comes: if you stay longer here,
You die, Pembroke.
Pem. Let me stay and die;
For if I go, I go to work thy ruin.
Thou know'st not what a foe thou send'st me forth,
That I have sworn destruction to the queen,
And pledg'd my faith to Mary and her cause:
My honour is at stake.
Guil. I know 'tis given:
But go—the stronger thy engagements there
The more's thy danger here. Fly, begone!
Pem. Yes, I will go; for see, behold she comes!
Oh, Guilford, hide me, shield me from her sight;
Ev'ry mad passion kindles up again,
Love, rage, despair—and yet I will be master—
I will remember thee—Oh, my torn heart!
I have a thousand thousand things to say,
But cannot, dare not stay to look on her.

[*Exit.*

Enter LADY JANE GREY, *reading.*

Guil. What read'st thou there, my queen?
Lady J. 'Tis Plato's Phædron;
Where dying Socrates takes leave of life
With such an easy, careless, calm indifference,
As if the trifle were of no account,
Mean in itself, and only to be worn
In honour of the giver.
Guil Shall thy soul
Still scorn the world, still fly the joys that cou t?
Still shall she soar on contemplation's wing,
And mix with nothing meaner than the stars
Lady J. The faithless counsellors

Are fled from hence to join the princess Mary.
The servile herd of courtiers, who so late
Is low obedience bent the knee before me;
They who with zealous tongues and hands uplifted,
Besought me to defend their laws and faith,
Vent their lewd execrations on my name,
Proclaim me trait'ress now, and to the scaffold
Doom my devoted head,

Guil. The changeling villains!
That pray for slavery, fight for their bonds,
And shun the blessing, liberty, like ruin.
But wherefore do I loiter tamely here?
Give me my arms: I will preserve my country
Ev'n in her own despite. Some friends I have
Who will or die or conquer in thy cause,
Thine and religion's, thine and England's cause.

Lady J. Art thou not all my treasure, all my guard?
And wo't thou take from me the only joy,
The last defence is left me here below?
Think not thy arm can stem the driving torrent,
Or save a people who with blinded rage
Urge their own fate and strive to be undone.
Northumberland, thy father is in arms,
And if it be in valour to defend us,
His sword, that long has known the way to conquest,
Shall be our surest safety.

Enter DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Suf. Oh! my children!

Lady J. Alas! what means my father?

Suf. Oh! my son!
Thy father, great Northumberland, on whom
Our dearest hopes were built—

Guil. Ha! what of him?

Suf. Is lost, betray'd!
His army, onward as he march'd, shrunk from him,
Mouldered away, and melted by his side;
With some few followers he arriv'd at Cambridge,
But there ev'n they forsook him, and himself
Was forc'd, with heavy heart and wat'ry eye,
To cast his cap up with dissembled cheer,
And cry "God save Queen Mary!" But, alas!
Little avail'd the semblance of that loyalty;
For soon, thereafter, by the Earl of Arundel
With treason he was charg'd, and there arrested,
And now he brings him pris'ner up to London.

Lady J. Then there's an end of greatness, the vain dream
Of empire and a crown that danc'd before me,
Is vanish'd all at once—Why, fare it well!

Guil. And canst thou bear this sudden turn of fate
With such unshaken temper?

Lady J. For myself,
If I could form a wish for heaven to grant,
It should have been to rid me of this crown.
And thou, o'erruling, great, all-knowing Pow'r!
Thou who discern'st our thoughts, who seest 'em rising
And forming in the soul, oh! judge me, thou,
If e'er ambition's guilty fires have warm'd me,
If e'er my heart inclin'd to pride, to pow'r,
Or join'd in being a queen. I took the sceptre
To save his land, thy people, and thy altars:
And now behold I bend my grateful knee

(Kneeling.)

In humble adoration of that mercy
Which quits me of the vast unequal task.

Enter DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.

Duch. Nay, keep that posture still, and let us join,
Fix all our knees by thine, lift up our hands,
And seek for help and pity from above;
For earth and faithless men will give us none.

Lady J. What is the worst our cruel fate ordains us?

Duch. Curs'd be my fatal counsels! curs'd my tongue,
That pleaded for thy ruin and persuaded
Thy guiltless feet to tread the paths of greatness!
My child, I have undone thee.

Lady J. Oh! my mother,
Should I not bear a portion in your sorrows?

Duch. Alas! thou hast thy own, a double portion.
Mary is come, and the revolting Londoners,
Who beat the heav'ns with thy applauded name,
Now crowd to meet and hail her as their queen.
Sussex is entr'd here, commands the tow'r,
Has plac'd his guards around, and this sad place,
So late thy palace, is become our prison.
I saw him bend his knee to cruel Gard'ner,
Who, freed from his confinement, ran to meet him,
Embrac'd and bless'd him with a band of blood;
Each hast'ning moment I expect 'em here,
To seize and pass the doom of death upon us.

Guil. Ha! seiz'd! shalt thou be seiz'd, and shall I stand
And tamely see thee borne away to death?
Then blasted be my coward name for ever.
No, I will set myself to guard this spot,
To which our narrow empire now is shrunk:
Here I will grow the bulwark of my queen,
Nor shall the hand of violence profane thee
Until my breast have borne a thousand wounds,
Till this torn, mangled body sink at once
A heap of purple ruin at thy feet.

Lady J. And could thy rash, distracted rage do thus?
Draw thy vain sword against an armed multitude?
Oh! call thy better, nobler courage to thee,
And let us meet this adverse fate with patience.
Be thyself,
For see, the trial comes!

Enter EARL OF SUSSEX, BISHOP GARDINER, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

Sus. Guards, execute your orders; seize the traitors;
Here my commission ends. To you, my lord,

(To Gardiner.)

So our great mistress, royal Mary, bids,
I leave the full disposal of these pris'ners:
To your wise care the pious queen commends
Her sacred self, her crown, and what's yet more,
The holy Roman church, for whose dear safety
She wills your utmost diligence be shewn
To bring rebellion to the bar of justice.
Yet further, to proclaim how much she trusts
In Winchester's deep thought and well tried faith,
The seal attends to grace those rev'rend hands;
And when I next salute you, I must call you

Chief minister and chancellor of England.
Gar. Unnumber'd blessings fall upon her head!
My ever gracious lady! to remember
With such full bounty her old humble beadsman!
For these her foes, leave me to deal with them.
Sus. The queen is on her entrance, and expects me.
My lord, farewell.
Gar. Farewell, right noble Sussex;
Commend me to the queen's grace; say, her bidding
Shall be observ'd by her most lowly creature.

[*Exit Sussex.*

Lieutenant of the Tow'r, take hence your pris'ners:
Be it your care to see 'em kept apart,
That they may hold no commerce with each other.
Guil. Wilt thou part us?
Gar. I hold no speech with heretics and traitors.
Lieutenant, see my orders are obey'd.

[*Exit.*

Guil. Inhuman, monstrous, unexampled cruelty!
Oh, tyrant! but the task becomes thee well;
Thy savage temper joys to do death's office,
To tear the sacred bands of love asunder,
And part those hands which heav'n itself hath join'd.
Duch. To let us waste the little rest of life
Together had been merciful.
Suf. Then it had not
Been done like Winchester.
Guil. Thou stand'st unmov'd,
Calm temper sits upon thy beauteous brow,
Thy eyes that flow'd so fast for Edward's loss,
Gaze unconcern'd upon the ruin round thee,
As if thou hadst resolv'd to brave thy fate,
And triumph in the midst of desolation.
Lady J. And dost thou think, my Guilford, I can see
My father, mother, and ev'n thee, my husband,
Torn from my side, without a pang of sorrow?
How art thou thus unknowing in my heart!
Words cannot tell thee what I feel: there is
An agonizing softness busy here
That tugs the strings, that struggles to get loose,
And pour my soul in wailing out before thee.
Guil. Give way, and let the gushing torrent come;
Behold the tears we bring to swell the deluge
Till the flood rise upon the guilty world,
And make the ruin common.
Lady J. Guilford! no;
The time for tender thoughts and soft endearments
Is fled away and gone; joy has forsaken us;
Our hearts have now another part to play;
They must be steel'd with some uncommon fortitude,
That fearless we may tread the paths of horror,
Ev'n in the hour of death be more than conquerors.
Guil. Oh! teach me: say, what energy divine
Inspires thy softer sex and tender years
With such unshaken courage?
Lady J. Truth and innocence;
A conscious knowledge rooted in my heart,
That to have sav'd my country was my duty.
Yes, England; yes, my country; I would save thee;
But heav'n forbids, heav'n disallows my weakness.
And to some dear selected hero's hand
Reserves the glory of thy great deliverance.
Lieut. My lords, my orders—
Guil. See, we must—must part.
Lady J. Yet surely, we shall meet again.
Guil. Fain would I cheer my heart with hopes like these,
But my sad thoughts turn ever to the grave,
To that last dwelling whither now we haste,
Where the black shade shall interpose betwixt us,
And veil thee from these longing eyes for ever.
Lady J. 'Tis true, by those dark paths our journey leads,
And through the vale of death we pass to life:
But what is there in death to blast our hopes?
Behold the universal works of nature,
Where life still springs from death.
Mark with what hopes upon the furrow'd plain,
The careful ploughman casts the pregnant grain;
There hid, as in a grave, awhile it lies,
Till the revolving season bids it rise,
Then large increase the buried treasures yield,
And with full harvest crown the plenteous field.

[*Exeunt with Guards.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter BISHOP GARDINER, *as Lord Chancellor, and the Lieutenant of the Tower. Servants with lights before them.*

Lieut. Good morning to your lordship: you rise early.
Gar. Nay, by the rood, there are too many sleepers;
Some must stir early, or the state shall suffer.
Did you, as yesterday our mandate bade,
Inform your pris'ners, Lady Jane and Guilford,
They were to die this day?
Lieut. My lord, I did.
Gar. 'Tis well. But say, how did your message like 'em?
Lieut. My lord they met the summons with a temper
That shew'd a solemn, serious sense of death,
Mix'd with a noble scorn of all its terrors:
In short, they heard me with the self-same patience
With which they still have borne them in their prison.
In one request they both concurr'd; each begg'd
To die before the other.
Gar. That dispose
As you think fitting.
Lieut. The Lord Guilford only
Implor'd another boon, and urg'd it warmly;
That, ere he suffer'd, he might see his wife,
And take a last farewell.
Gar. That's not much;

That grace may be allow'd him; see you to it.
How goes the morning?
Lieut. Not yet four, my lord.
Gar. By ten they meet their fate. Yet one thing more:
You know 'twas ordered that the Lady Jane
Should suffer here within the Tow'r. Take care
No crowds may be let in, no maudlin gazers,
To wet their handkerchiefs, and make report
How like a saint she ended. Some fit number,
And those, too, of our friends, were most convenient:
But above all, see that good guard be kept:
You know the queen is lodged at present here:
Take care that no disturbance reach her highness.
And so, good morning, good master lieutenant.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*

How now! what light comes here?
Serv. So please your lordship,
If I mistake not, 'tis the Earl of Pembroke.
Gar. Pembroke, tis he; what calls him forth thus early?
Somewhat he seems to bring of high import.

Enter EARL OF PEMBROKE, *and a Page with a light before him,*

Good morrow, noble Pembroke! what importunate
And strong necessity breaks on your slumbers,
And rears your youthful head from off your pillow
At this unwholesome hour?
Pem. Oh! rev'rend Winchester! my beating heart
Exults and labours with the joy it bears;
The news I bring shall bless the breaking morn.
Gar. What happiness is this?
Pem. 'Tis mercy! mercy,
That makes dominion light; mercy, that saves.
Mary, our royal ever-gracious mistress,
Has to my services and humblest pray'rs
Granted the lives of Guilford and his wife,
Full and free pardon!
Gar. Ha, what said you? Pardon!
But, sure, you cannot mean it; could not urge
The queen to such a rash and ill-tim'd grace?
What! save the lives of those who wore her crown!
My lord, 'tis most unweigh'd pernicious counsel,
And must not be complied with.
Pem. Not complied with!
And who shall dare to bar her sacred pleasure,
And stop the stream of mercy?
Gar. That will I,
Who wo' not see her gracious disposition
Drawn to destroy herself.
Pem. Thy narrow soul
Knows not the godlike glory of forgiving,
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless heart conceive
How large the pow'r, how fix'd the empire is,
Which benefits confer on generous minds.
Gar. These are romantic, light, vain-glorious dreams.
Have you consider'd well upon the danger?
How dear to the fond many, and how popular,
These are whom you would spare? Have you forgot
When at the bar before the seat of judgment,
This Lady Jane, this beauteous trait'ress, stood,
With what command she charm'd the whole assembly!
With silent grief the mournful audience sat,
Fix'd on her face, and list'ning to her pleading:
Her very judges wrung their hands for pity;
Their old hearts melted in 'em as she spoke,
And tears ran down upon their silver beards.
Ev'n I myself was mov'd, and, for a moment,
Felt wrath suspended in my doubtful breast,
And question'd if the voice I heard was mortal.
But when her tale was done, what loud applause,
Like bursts of thunder, shook the spacious hall!
At last, when sore constrain'd, th' unwilling lords
Pronounc'd the fatal sentence on her life,
A peal of groans ran through the crowded court,
As ev'ry heart was broken, and the doom,
Like that which waits the world, were universal.
Pem. And can that sacred form, that angel's voice,
Which mov'd the hearts of a rude, ruthless crowd,
Nay, mov'd even thine, now sue in vain for pity?
Gar. Alas! you look on her with lovers' eyes;
I hear and see through reasonable organs,
Where passion has no part. Come, come, my lord,
You have too little of the statesman in you.
Pem. And you, my lord, too little of the churchman.
Is not the sacred purpose of our faith
Peace and good-will to man? The hallow'd hand
Ordain'd to bless, should know no stain of blood.
'Tis true I am not practis'd in your politics;
'Twas your pernicious counsel led the queen
To break her promise with the men of Suffolk,
To violate, what in a prince should be
Sacred above the rest, her royal word.
Gar. Yes, and I dare avow it: I advis'd her
To break through all engagements made with heretics,
And keep no faith with such a miscreant crew.
Pem. Where shall we look for truth, when ev'n religion,
The priestly robe and mitred head, disclaim it?
I tell thee, Winchester, doctrines like thine
Have stain'd our holy church with greater infamy
Than all your eloquence can wipe away:
Hence 'tis that those who differ from our faith
Brand us with breach of oaths, with persecution,
With tyranny o'er conscience, and proclaim
Our scarlet prelates men who thirst for blood,
And Christian Rome more cruel than the Pagan.
Gar. Nay, if you rail, farewell. The queen must be
Better advis'd than thus to cherish vipers,
Whose mortal stings are arm'd against her life:
But while I hold the seal, no pardon passes
For heretics and traitors.

[*Exit.*

Pem. 'Twas unlucky
To meet and cross upon this froward priest;
But let me lose the thought on't; let me haste,

Pour my glad tidings forth in Guilford's bosom,
And pay him back the life his friendship sav'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

LADY JANE GREY *discovered kneeling at her devotions; a light and a book placed on a table before her. Enter Lieutenant of the Tower,* LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY, *and one of Lady Jane Grey's women.*

Lieu. Let me not press upon your lordship farther,
But wait your leisure in the ante-chamber.
Guil. I will not hold you long.

[*Exit Lieut.*

Wom. Softly, my lord,
For yet behold she kneels.
But she has ended, and comes forward.

(*Lady J. rises and comes forward.*)

Lady J. Ha!
Art thou my Guilford? wherefore dost thou come
To break the settled quiet of my soul?
I mean to part without another pang,
And lay my weary head down full of peace.
Guil. Forgive the fondness of my longing soul,
That melts with tenderness, and leans towards thee,
Though the imperious dreadful voice of fate
Summon her hence, and warn her from the world.
But if to see thy Guilford give thee pain,
Would I had died, and never more beheld thee,
Though my lamenting, discontented ghost
Had wander'd forth unbless'd by those dear eyes,
And wail'd thy loss in death's eternal shades.
Lady J. My heart had ended ev'ry earthly care,
Had offer'd up its pray'rs for thee and England,
And fix'd its hopes upon a rock unfailing;
While all the little bus'ness that remain'd
Was but to pass the forms of death and constancy,
And leave a life become indiff'rent to me:
But thou hast waken'd other thoughts within me;
Thy sight, my dearest husband and my lord!
Strikes on the tender strings of love and nature;
My vanquish'd passions rise again, and tell me
'Tis more, far more than death to part with thee.

Enter EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Pem. Oh! let me fly; bear me, thou swift impatience,
And lodge me in my faithful Guilford's arms!

(*Embracing.*)

That I may snatch thee from the greedy grave,
That I may warm his gentle heart with joy,
And talk to him of life, of life and pardon.
Guil. What means my dearest Pembroke?
Pem. Oh! my speech
Is chok'd with words that crowd to tell the tidings!
But I have sav'd thee; and—oh; joy unutterable!
The queen, my gracious, my forgiving mistress,
Has giv'n not only thee to my request,
But she, she too, in whom alone thou liv'st,
The partner of thy heart, thy love is safe.
Guil. Millions of blessings wait her! Has she—tell me
Oh! has she spar'd my wife?
Pem. Both, both are pardon'd.
But haste, and do thou lead me to thy saint,
That I may cast myself beneath her feet,
And beg her to accept this poor amends
For all I've done against her. Thou fair excellence!

(*Kneeling.*)

Canst thou forgive the hostile band that arm'd
Against thy cause, and robb'd thee of a crown?
Lady J. Oh! rise, my lord, and let me take your posture;
Life and the world are hardly worth my care,
But you have reconcil'd me to 'em both;
Then let me pay my gratitude, and for
This free, this noble, unexpected mercy,
Thus low I bow to heav'n, the queen, and you.
Pem. To me! forbid it, goodness! if I live,
Somewhat I will do shall deserve your thanks.
Hear me, you saints, and aid my pious purpose:
These that deserve so much, this wondrous pair,
Let these be happy, ev'ry joy attend 'em;
A fruitful bed, a chain of love unbroken,
A holy death, and everlasting memory.

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lieut. The Lord chancellor
Is come with orders from the queen.

Enter BISHOP GARDINER *and Attendants.*

Pem. Ha! Winchester!
Gar. The queen, whose days be many,
By me confirms her first accorded grace;
But, as the pious princess means her mercy
Should reach ev'n to the soul as well as body,
By me she signifies her royal pleasure
That thou, Lord Guilford, and the Lady Jane,
Do instantly renounce, abjure your heresy
And yield obedience to the see of Rome.
Lady J. What! turn apostate?
Guil. Ha! forego my faith?
Gar. This one condition only seals your pardon;
But if, through pride of heart and stubborn obstinacy,
With wilful hands you push the blessing from you,
Know ye your former sentence stands confirm'd,
And you must die to-day.
Pem. 'Tis false as hell;
The mercy of the queen was free and full.
Think'st thou that princes merchandise their grace
As Roman priests their pardons?
Gar. My lord, this language ill beseems your nobleness,
Nor come I here to bandy words with madmen,

Behold the royal signet of the queen,
Which amply speaks her meaning. You, the pris'ners,
Have heard at large its purport, and must instantly
Resolve upon the choice of life or death.
Pem. Curse on—But wherefore do I loiter here?
I'll to the queen this moment, and there know
What 'tis this mischief-making priest intends.

[*Exit.*

Gar. Your wisdom points you out a proper course
A word with you, lieutenant.

(*Talks with the Lieutenant.*)

Guil. Must we part, then?
What are those hopes that flattered us but now,
Those joys that like the spring with all its flow'rs
Pour'd out their pleasures ev'rywhere around us?
In one poor minute gone!
Lady J. Such is this foolish world, and such the certainty
Of all the boasted blessings it bestows:
Then, Guilford, let us have no more to do with it;
Think only how to leave it as we ought.
Guil. Yes, I will copy thy divine example;
By thee instructed, to the fatal block
I bend my head with joy, and think it happiness
To give my life a ransom for my faith.
Lady J. Oh! gloriously resolv'd!
Gar. The day wears fast; Lord Guilford, have you thought?
Will you lay hold on life?
Guil. What are the terms?
Gar. Death or the mass attend you.
Guil. 'Tis determined:
Lead to the scaffold.
Gar. Bear him to his fate.
Guil. Oh! let me fold thee once more in my arms,
Thou dearest treasure of my heart, and print
A dying husband's kiss upon thy lip!
Shall we not live again ev'n in those forms?
Shall I not gaze upon thee with these eyes?
Lady J. Oh! wherefore dost thou soothe me with thy softness?
Why dost thou wind thyself about my heart,
And make this separation painful to us?
Guil. My sight hangs on thee. Oh! support me, heav'n,
In this last pang, and let us meet in bliss!

[*Led off by the Guards.*

Lady J. Can nature bear this stroke?
Wom. Alas! she faints.

(*Supporting her.*)

Lady J. Wo't thou fail now? The killing stroke is past,
And all the bitterness of death is o'er.
Gar. Here let the dreadful hand of vengeance stay.
Have pity on your youth and blooming beauty:
Cast not away the good which heav'n bestows;
Time may have many years in store for you,
All crown'd with fair prosperity. Your husband
Has perish'd in perverseness.
Lady J. Cease, thou raven!
Nor violate with thy profaner malice
My bleeding Guilford's ghost: 'tis gone, 'tis flown,
But lingers on the wing and waits for me.

(*The scene draws, and discovers a scaffold hung with black, Executioner and Guards.*)

And see, my journey's end.
1 *Wom.* My dearest lady!

(*Weeping.*)

2 *Wom.* Oh, misery!
Lady J. Forbear, my gentle maids!
Nor wound my peace with fruitless lamentations;
The good and gracious hand of Providence
Shall raise you better friends than I have been.
1 *Wom.* Oh, never, never!
Lady J. Help to disarray
And fit me for the block: do this last service,
And do it cheerfully. Now you will see
Your poor, unhappy mistress sleep in peace,
And cease from all her sorrows. These few trifles,
The pledges of a dying mistress' love,
Receive and share among you.
Gar. Will you yet
Repent, be wise, and save your precious life?
Lady J. Oh, Winchester, has learning taught thee that,
To barter truth for life?
Gar. Mistaken folly!
You toil and travel for your own perdition,
And die for damned errors.
Lady J. Who judge rightly,
And who persists in error, will be known
Then when we meet again. Once more, farewell!

(*To her women.*)

Goodness be ever with you!
Gar. Wo't thou, then, die?
Thy blood be on thy head.
Lady J. My blood be where it falls; let the earth hide it;
And may it never rise or call for vengeance.
Oh, that it were the last shall fall a victim
To zeal's inhuman wrath! Thou gracious heav'n!
Hear and defend, at length, thy suff'ring people;
Raise up a monarch of the royal blood,
Brave, pious, equitable, wise, and good;
And deal out justice with a righteous hand;
And when he fails, oh, may he leave a son
With equal virtues to adorn his throne,
To latest times the blessing to convey,
And guard that faith for which I die to-day.

[*Goes up to the scaffold. The scene closes.*

Enter EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Pem. Horror on horror! blasted be the hand
That struck my Guilford! Oh, his bleeding trunk
Shall live in these distracted eyes for ever!
Curse on thy fatal arts, thy cruel counsels!

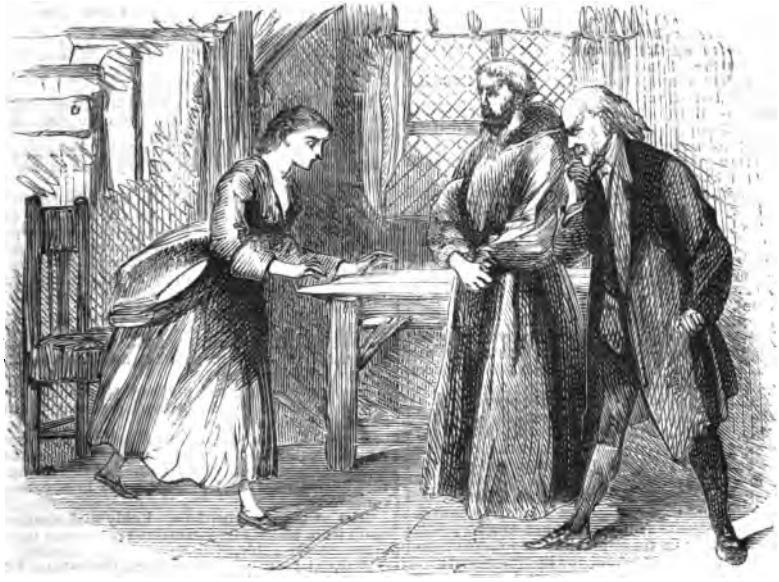
(*To Gardiner.*)

The queen is deaf and pitiless as thou art.
Gar. The just reward of heresy and treason
Is fall'n upon 'em both for their vain obstinacy.

Untimely death, with infamy on earth,
And everlasting punishment hereafter.
Pem. And canst thou tell? who gave thee to explore
The secret purposes of heav'n, or taught thee
To set a bound to mercy unconfin'd?
But know, thou proud, perversely judg'ng Winchester,
Howe'er your hard, imperious censures doom,
And portion out our lots in worlds to come,
To those with honest hearts pursue the right,
And follow faithfully truth's sacred light,
Though suff'ring here shall from their sorrows cease,
Rest with the saints and dwell in endless peace.
[*Exeunt.*

THE GOLD MINE; OR, THE MILLER OF GRENOBLE.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY E. STIRLING.



Marg.—"IT IS TRUE, THEN—IT IS TRUE!"—*Act* ii, *scene* 2.

Persons Represented.

MARTIN SIMON.
CHEVALIER MARCELLIN DE PEYRAS.
MICHELOT.
EUSEBE NOEL.
RABISSON, *the Tinker.*
OFFICER.
PRIOR.
PEASANTS, SOLDIERS, SERVANTS, &c.
MARGARET.
LADY ERNESTINE DE BLANCHEFORT.
BEATRICE.

SCENE, *France.*—PERIOD, Louis XV.

Played at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 1854. (Licensed.)

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Monastery called Lantaret, on Mount Pelvoux, the French Alps. An Interior of Gothic, massive character; wood fire, rude table, and benches. Peals of thunder heard, and lightning seen at intervals through the windows. A bell heard tolling, wind and rain.* MARTIN SIMON *discovered stretched full length on a bench before the fire, completely concealed in his riding coat. Sound of horses heard without, and voices.*

Voice. (Without.) Enter, in heaven's name, young sirs. You will here find rest and shelter.

A door is opened by a monk, and MARCELLIN *and* ERNESTINE, *disguised as a youth, enter. They appear travel-stained, wearing riding coats. The monk points to a cross affixed on the wall.*

Mar. Thanks, good father, for our preservation. We must have perished this fearful night, but for your aid.

Monk. There, all thanks are due, my children. *(Bows his head.)* We are but his humble instruments.

Ernest. (With emotion, bowing before the cross.) We are justly punished, Marcellin, for our disobedier

Mar. Reverend father! you see how completely my young brother is overcome by fatigue. May I request that the chamber intended for his accommodation be immediately prepared.

(The monk bows and exits. Ernestine sits near the fire, Marcellin supporting her. Martin Simon slowly rises from his recumbent position.

Martin. Your brother, sir, appears delicate, to venture among the passes of Pelvoux. Unaccustomed to the fatigues of travelling, eh?

Mar. You are right, sir. To-day is the first time he has travelled any great distance.

Martin. With all due deference, sir, you must have had powerful motives for allowing so delicate a child to undertake such a journey; considering the storm you have encountered, it is miraculous how you have escaped with life.

Mar. It *is* truly, miraculous. Until we entered this internal gorge, I could have formed no idea, how wind, and rain, combined with snow, could make themselves so dreaded. My poor brother was thrown from his horse, and without the assistance of that good monk, I know not what would have become of us. You are much better now, are you not, Ernest?

Ernest. Yes, brother.

Martin. So, so, my young friends; you are quite strangers to our mountains, then? Is there any indiscretion in my asking, on which side you mean to bend your steps?

Mar. In what can it concern you, pray?

Martin. This much: that by to-morrow, all trace of the high road will be destroyed by this night's storm. I thought you might be glad of a companion, well acquainted with the windings and passes of our mountains.

Mar. Thank you for your kind intentions. I begin to think that an experienced guide would not be quite useless to us in this strange country; but is it the custom in these mountains to proffer kind offices to persons of whom you know nothing?

Martin. Sir, *it is* the custom, and every mountaineer would deem himself failing in duty, did he not warn, and render all the assistance in his power, to two rash youths, bent on mad adventures in our rude country.

Mar. We have been imprudent, in taking this route to Piedmont.

Martin. You are going to Piedmont.

Mar. Yes. Can you conduct us there by byeroads? those least frequented, you understand me. You shall be well repaid.

Martin. O-ho, young man, it is your wish to leave France, eh? Unless you trust me with the motives, I cannot aid your schemes. I should almost fear, despite your gentlemanly appearances, I had to do with——

Mar. What, man? Have we the appearance of highwaymen?

Ernest. Pray, Marcellin, control yourself. Sir *(to Martin)*, do not entertain a bad opinion of us, because, like criminals, we are reduced to the necessity of flight and concealment. We deserve pity rather than hatred.

(A noise of horses and voices heard without.)

Mich. *(Without.)* Quick, men, quick, take the bridle; I'm benumbed and frozen by these winds.

Ernest. *(running to window.)* The Procureur Michelot, my father's evil counsellor! *(Returns to Mar.)* We are lost—*(sinks on a chair.)* utterly lost now.

Mar. Silence!

Taking her hand, and is in the act of leading her out, when MICHELOT, *and two Officers enter, accompanied by a monk. Marcellin and Ernestine retire up stage, wrapped in their cloaks. Michelot is placed in a chair by the fire. The monk gives him a cordial.*

Mich. *(pointing to Martin Simon.)* Who is that man? arrest him.

Martin. *(laughing.)* What for?

Mich. No, no—we'll wait a second. Proceed more cautiously. Who are you? Where do you come from? and where are you going?

Martin. Who are you? Where do you come from? and where are you going? And by what authority do you question me?

Mich. By what authority? the law, sir—the law. Take care, sir, take care; I am appointed by the civil and criminal authorities of Lyons, to capture and arrest; but that is no business of yours. Answer my question—oh, oh! for mercy's sake, good father, give me another drop of your cordial, I'm very ill. *(Drinks)* Come, your answer, rascal.

(That warms me.)

Martin. I am no rascal, my name's Martin Simon, proprietor of the village Bout du Monde, some leagues off—what then?

The Prior. Both I, and my brotherhood can testify that Martin Simon is the benefactor of this house, and men call him——

Martin. Enough, good father, there is no reason for telling this stranger what names the peasants of our valleys bestow on me; it is sufficient for him that he knows what I am *not*, what I *am*, cannot concern him.

Mich. A thousand pardons. I only wished to enquire from which side you arrived?

Martin. Grenoble.

Mich. Ah! oh, you came from Grenoble. Did you, by chance, meet a young man, tall, well-dressed,—yes, I think he's tall—haughty in manner, black eyes, are his eyes black?—accompanied by a pretty girl, delicate-looking, and dressed in green satin, I think—either green, blue, or black, rose-coloured, or white; but satin it was. They are travelling either on horseback, or in a litter, or in a carriage, or may be on foot, for on this point I am not well informed. In short, sir, have you met two persons, to whom this description, can in any way apply.

Martin. Runaways in satin dresses, at this time of night, among the passes of Pelvoux!

(Laughs.)

Mich. Then you have not seen them, eh? Who are these travellers? Approach, sir. Who are you? Whence come you? *(to Marcellin.)* Where go you?

(Mar. touches pistol.)

Mich. They don't answer, seize them!

(Officers move towards them.)

Martin. Come, come, Sir Judge, or Sir Soldier, or Sir Lawyer,—or whatever your title may be—pray tell me, what have my nephews done, to be thus arrested like criminals?

Mich. Your nephews?

Martin. Certainly. My brother John's sons, two brave lads, whom I took yesterday, for the first time, to Grenoble. Bow to the gentlemen, boys, where's your manners?

Ernest. (*aside.*) Saved!

Mar. Hush!

Mich. Why did they not answer me at first?

Martin. For the best of all reasons, they cannot speak a word of French—only conversing in their own village patois. Besides, the poor devils are quite done up; had they been at home two hours since, they would have been fast asleep in their beds. Why look, even now, they are nodding before the company, like ill-mannered youths, as they are. They were just retiring, as you came in. I'll beg these good monks to show us our cells; where I will see that my young rogues want nothing, after which, return to sup with you, brave men.

(*Pushing Marcellin and Ernestine, whilst speaking, towards door.*)

Mich. I am satisfied; to-morrow we'll examine them further. Let me see my cell; these infernal roads shook me to pieces—can't stand—good night, friend (*to Martin*). Father, follow with the cordial.

(*The Prior leads the way; Michelot exits, supported by Officers. Martin secures the door.*)

Martin. You are not yet safe—for I am convinced that you are the persons of whom these men are in search.

Ernest. (*raising his hand.*) Sir, you shall know all,—you have a right to our unreserved confidence; for without your generosity and presence of mind, we should have been utterly lost. Disclose all, Marcellin, it is my wish.

Mar. It is also mine; but for him, the blood of that miserable Michelot might have been shed.

Martin. What have you done to make yourselves objects of this fear? I fancied that I heard this lawyer mention a lady.

Ernest. It is I.

(*Raising her hat, her hair falls.*)

Mar. We are not brothers, but lovers—husband and wife—flying from inexorable relations, who refuse their consent to our union. This lady is Ernestine de Blanchefort, daughter of the Marquis de Blanchefort, president of Lyons. I am the Chevalier Marcellin de Peyras.

Martin. De Peyras! are you the son of Philipe de Peyras, whose eldest brother—— are you Philipe's son?

Mar. I am. But how came you acquainted with my deceased father's name?

Martin. Is there anything surprising in my asking, if you are the son of a man whom I have heard occasionally mentioned? What are your difficulties, and in what way can I aid you? forget not, time presses.

Mar. Our history is short, and simple. I saw Ernestine—the most envied girl in Lyons—loved her, demanded her hand; her father refused me, under the plea that he would not give her fortune to a spendthrift. I was driven from the house; in this extremity, what was I to do? We planned the elopement, fled with the intention of crossing over to Savoy, to be married there; an accident to our carriage, and, above all, the storm, caused us to accept the hospitality of these charitable monks. You now perceive the danger of our critical position—encreased by the arrival of Michelot; a subtle lawyer, and the Marquis de Blanchefort's creature. Now, sir, that you know who we are, and the reason of our flight, it remains with you to consider whether you are willing to continue your good offices, or not.

Martin. Young people, you are even more culpable than I imagined; a girl of a noble, and esteemed family, who, to follow the fortunes of a spendthrift, has had the hardihood to abandon and dishonour her old father; I can, and ought to do nothing for you—perhaps, for my own conscience, I have already done too much.

Mar. Sir!

(*Haughtily.*)

Ernest. Let him speak; his reproaches cannot equal those of my own conscience. You, Marcellin, have misled my reason, with my heart; but, you, sir, recall to a sense of honour, and duty. Do not, pray, abandon me, counsel, protect—be my help, my support.

(*Weeps.*)

Mar. What does all this mean? Is this what you promised me? Where is the affection, which was to stand every test? Did you lead me to expect that, at the least trifling obstacle in our path, I was to be abandoned for the protection of the first man who presented himself?

Martin. Young man, you don't know Martin Simon. You consider him a presumptuous peasant, coarse as his dress; but this peasant can obtain (if he takes the fancy into his head) her father, the Marquis de Blanchefort's consent to your marriage; suffer me to lead you back to him, and implore his forgiveness.

Mar. Softly, softly — you reckon somewhat strongly on your eloquence—nothing but gold can touch his humanity. The Marquis is stern, and harsh—if we return, I shall pass my days in the dungeons of Pieno Encise—Ernestine will be condemned to a convent.

Martin. Can this be true?

Ernest. Too true. From him, we cannot hope for mercy.

Martin. Poor child! Have you no mother?

Ernest. If I had, should I be here?

Martin. Lady—you have done wrong in leaving your parent, whatever his conduct may have been. You, sir, had no right to entice her from her duty; but I will not refuse my assistance. It will be imprudent, in the Marquis's present state of exasperation, for you to return immediately to Lyons. I must hit upon some plan to render this terrible judge more reasonable, and calm.

Mar. You advise us to gain the frontier, instantly, then?

Martin. That's an extreme measure; for the present, unnecessary. I dwell in the village, a few leagues off—Bout-du-Monde. It is perfectly lost among these savage mountains—there, in my humble home, you can find a safe asylum; my daughter, Margaret, will be a companion to this young lady—I will go to Lyons, see Monsieur Blanchefort, and, doubt not, soon be able to return with your pardon.

Mar. Generous friend! I most fondly wish to find some such tranquil retreat. You will ne-

obtain her father's forgiveness. He is avaricious. My lands and castle of Peyras are in creditors' hands. Had I not extravagantly squandered all, he would not have refused my dear Ernestine's hand.

Martin. Well, well, we shall see, Chevalier. Suppose I have the power to compel him.

Ernest. Compel!

Martin. Never heed. You had better pass for brother and sister until I can get you lawfully married; and that time shall not be long, I promise you. Immediately I'll prepare our good friends, the monks, for this sudden departure, and see that the horses are led to the door. No delay, we shall be far away before the officers of justice awake from their slumbers.

Mar. Friend!

Ernest. (*Offering her hand.*) Protector!

Martin. Courage, my child. I promise to watch over you.

Ernest. My blessings on you; in opening my eyes to my indiscretion, you have not crushed me with your scorn; but pitying my weakness, have rewarded my repentance by enabling me to regain my self-respect.

(*Kisses his hand fervently.*)

Martin. Peace, my child, and follow me—all will be well.

(*He leads them towards the door as the scene closes.*)

SCENE II.—*The passes of Pelvoux, a mountain gorge very wild in character.* EUSEBE NOEL, *the schoolmaster of Bout-du-Monde, enters, with a book in one hand, and a staff in the other; he appears perfectly abstracted in study. His clothes are old and worn, manner vacant.*

Eusebé. (*Reading.*) Wondrous! Felicitous thought! Power of eloquence! this mountain scene surpasses all others. (*Looking at rocks.*) Not a trace, or sign to direct my search. Infandum—how on earth came I so far from the village? Time and space vanish before Virgil—it is great, it is glorious! (*Searching.*) These defiles must lead to it—why am I kept from the knowledge? But it will come, I shall possess all—all! exultimus!

(*Reads.*)

Enter MARTIN SIMON, MARCELLIN, *and* ERNESTINE.

Mar. Who is that scare-crow?

Martin. Eusebe Noel, our Bout-du-Monde schoolmaster. What the devil makes him prowl about here, with his Virgil, when he ought to be at home whipping his scholars. (*Loud.*) Well, schoolmaster, what are you dreaming now?

(*Touching his shoulders.*)

Eusebé. (*Starting up.*) I was reading the fourth book of the Æneid, certainly the finest of all.

Martin. Let the fourth, and all the books, go to the devil. Has my daughter sent you to meet me, or have you wandered thus far in your customary fits of absence?

Eusebé. Mademoiselle desired me to meet you by the rock of Ouille. Are you conducting these gentlemen to your house?

Martin. What if I am?

Eusebé. Do it not—do it not. Misfortunes will happen which will make you repent of your hospitality.

Martin. And why?

(*Smiles.*)

Eusebe. Because omens are inauspicious. On starting to meet you this morning, I opened a book—my eyes fell on this verse: "Quis novis, hic nostris successit, sedibus hospes.

Martin. I care nothing for such rubbish, or comprehend it.

Eusebé. I am sorry I never taught you Latin. If you admit strangers into your house, they will bring sorrow and trouble.

Martin. Master Eusebe, are you not ashamed of yourself? Tell me, at once, what message has my daughter sent by you?

Eusebé. She told me, she told—what did she tell me? Yes, that was it—she told me that she was very well, and hoped you were the same.

Martin. Was that all? Margaret could never have sent all this distance so common-place a message.

Eusebé. That was all.

Martin. (*To Mar.*) I am certain he has forgotten something; the addle-head. Let us hasten to the village—trudge on, Master Eusebe, we shall be on your heels.

Eusebé. Quis novis, hic nostris successit.

Mar. I trust, sir, this person has not made you uneasy?

Martin. My daughter may have had some important intelligence for me, and trusting to this fool's zeal, may have——

Mar. What motives could influence him to display such hostile feelings to mere strangers?

Martin. He never sees either me or Margaret welcome any one to our house, without showing evident symptoms of displeasure. Oh! he is a deep one.

Eusebé. Sunt nobis, castaneæ, molles, et pressi, copia, lactus.

Martin. What are you muttering? do you depreciate a country which has heaped benefits on your head.

Eusebé. A country—containing mines of gold.

(*Abstracted.*)

Martin. (*Seizing his hand, aside.*) Idiot! Do you wish to attract to our valleys all the rascality and scum of France? Is it for you to propagate such absurdities?

Eusebé. (*Alarmed.*) Have I been talking, baillie, what have I said?

Martin. What message did my daughter give you?

Eusebé. Rabisson has again appeared in the village, and seems disposed to take up his quarters at Bout-du-monde.

(*Aside.*)

Martin. Curse on him! I comprehend now why Margaret has sent me warning. I must at once see if he has had the audacity to present himself at my door. Conduct these young people to the village—I'll meet this beggar alone—answer no questions to these strangers, except those any inhabitant of the valley would answer—but beware how you tell them more. My good friends, I have just heard some news which obliges me to precede you; follow

Monsieur Eusebe, who will act as your guide, and will see everything is suitably arranged for your reception. Adieu! in an hour we shall meet again. *(Touches his hat, and exits. Aside.)* Rabaisson must be silenced.

Eusebé. Forget not my advice, baillie, Quis novis, hic—oh! I had forgotten.

Mar. Come, my learned friend, we are impatient to see the fair Margaret.

Ernest. Oh, yes, do tell us something about her.

Eusebé. What can it signify to you?

Ernest. I am to be her companion for a time.

Eusebé. You!

(Ernest raises her hat.)

Eusebé. A woman! It is a wom—I—I believe—excuse me, madam, less happy than Æneas, I recognized not a divinity by her walk.

(Bowing.)

Mar. Why, you are a perfect adept in the school of gallantry.

Eusebé. This young lady——

Mar. Is the wife of this young gentleman.

Eusebé. Married. So much the better; neither of you can marry Margaret.

Ernest. So, so, from your joy, monsieur, it strikes me, you wish to do so.

Eusebé. I—I, gracious powers! Look at me. Have I ever said that I even dreamt of such a thing? If I did, I must be a greater fool than the villagers take me, or than even I consider myself.

Ernest. Is she not rich, and beautiful?

Eusebé. Both. When her father dies, she will have the disposal of—no matter, I dare not aspire to her hand; the daughter of Martin Simon, the Miller of Grenoble, and King of Pelvoux.

Mar. Do you mean to say that the person to whom we have been talking, is called the King of Pelvoux?

Eusebé. It is. The richest man in—no matter. *(Noise of horses heard. Looking off.)* Soldiers, entering the defile riding rapidly towards us.

Ernest. They are in pursuit of us.

(Clings to Mar.)

Mar. *(Looking.)* Most assuredly it is so, and more than this, they have seen us.

Ernest. Marcellin, they will carry me to my father. I shall never bear the shame. Kill me, in mercy, kill me!

Mar. How far off is the village?

Eusebé. Virgil has said——

Mar. Answer me, fool!

Eusebé. A mile.

Mar. Go as quickly as you can, tell Monsieur Martin Simon we are pursued—tell him to arm the village.

Eusebé. Eh—what? What can be done against officers of the mountain patrol? Virgil says—no matter.

Mar. *(Drawing a pistol out.)* Hasten fool! Ernestine, go with him; I will keep them in check.

Ernest. I will not leave you; if we must fall into their hands, pray, I beseech you, make no resistance; think—

Eusebé. Think nothing, Virgil says to act is—no matter.

Mar. Rascal, are you still here?

(Levels pistol.)

Eusebé. I am extinct.

(Runs out.)

Voices heard without, in pursuit. Hollo! holloa! stop, stop, or we fire!

Mar. In heaven's name, Ernestine, do not persist in remaining with me. How can this mistimed devotion serve you? Go—go!

(Exiting with her, keeping the pursuers in check, with his pistols.)

SCENE III.—*The valley of Bout-du-Monde, and mill; a fertile valley, surrounded by rocks and mountains, a winding mountain road, descending to the valley. The Homestead of Martin Simon open to the view, with flowers, trees, and seat near the mountain road.*

Eusebé. *(Entering hastily.)* Monsieur Martin Simon, hasten! Majuister!

[Enters house.

ERNESTINE *and* MARCELLIN *enter on the mountain path, followed by* MICHELOT *and Officers—a pause—Ernestine hurries towards house, and enters.*

Mar. Approach, and you are dead men!

Mich. I know that voice. It is no other than the Chevalier de Peyras, himself. Forward, gentlemen.

Mar. Another step, and it is your last.

Mich. *(Running behind the Officers.)* Stop, stop, let me get out of the way—he is a hot-headed young man, and will do as he says. Let us try what persuasion will do. *(Bowing.)* My express orders are to apprehend you, Chevalier, with all deference due to your rank and station. You wouldn't injure an honest man, simply because he does his duty. *(Aside.)* Shoot the rascal if you can, without danger to me.

Mar. You an honest man! Take care, your life hangs on the slightest movement of my hand.

Mich. In the name of the law.

Officer. I'll speedily make an end of this. *(Drawing a pistol.)* Surrender, in the king's name!

Mar. Never!

MARTIN SIMON, *in his bailie's gown, followed by villagers, enters rapidly from house. Some from village, all armed.*

Martin. Lower your arms, all of you. Woe to him who fires the first shot.

Mich. Sir, your appearance bespeaks you a magistrate. I summon you in the king's name to—— ah, me! this is one of the rogues I saw last night at the Lantaret.

Martin. Forget, sir, what I was last night. This morning, I am bailie of Bout-du-monde.—on the bounds of which you stand, consequently I have the right to demand, by virtue of what warrant do you act?

Mich. Do you fancy that I am so ignorant of the law, I, procureur to the President of Lyons? Read this, sir. *(Gives warrant.)* My warrant.

Martin. *(Reads.)* "Order to arrest, wherever they may be found, the Lady Ernestine de Blanchefort, and the Chevalier Marcellin de Peyras. Given and ordered, &c." Yes, but this won't do. A subtle lawyer, like yourself, ought not to be ignorant of the fact, that this writ can only be recognized in the territory of the president of Lyons—out of it it is null and void.

(Returns it.)

Mich. I summon you to give me aid and assistance.

Martin. I will not suffer an illegal act to be carried into execution before my eyes. Neither you, nor the men, shall lay a finger on this young man, until you can shew me legal authority for so doing.

(*Speaks aside to Michelot.*)

Mich. (*To Officers.*) Sir, I renounce for the present, the execution of the arrest entrusted to me. You may return. I take upon myself the responsibility of this step, and in token of reconciliation, accept the hospitality of Monsieur Martin Simon.

(*Peasants shout. Michelot gives money to Officers, they exit. Villagers depart.*

Mar. (*To Martin aside.*) I know, sir, that you like to act as you please; and begin to fancy that whatever you do is right. But why is it your wish that I should meet this sly, intriguing lawyer under your roof?

Martin. I do very much like to have my own way in all things. Take comfort, these mysteries will soon be unveiled. I expect to convert Michelot into a zealous advocate for your marriage.

Mar. Convert him! He, who prevented my union with Ernestine by calumniating me to her father?

Martin. He shall now become one of the witnesses to it.

They approach the house, MARGARET, *Martin Simon's daughter, and* ERNESTINE, *enter from the house; Ernestine in female attire.*

Ernest. (*Hastens to Mar.*) Are you really restored to me? I despaired of ever seeing you again?

Martin. My daughter, sirs,—my good Margaret.

(*All bow.*)

Mar. (*Aside.*) How lovely!

Martin (*To Marg. aside.*) Is he come?

Marg. Not yet, my father.

Martin. Let us hope that he will not. (*Loud.*) Have you supplied all this lady's wants?

Marg. I have done my best.

Martin. Gentlemen, you are both welcome; we banish all ceremony. Chevalier embrace your—embrace Margaret, and we'll go to breakfast.

(*Martin and Michelot enter house, and seat themselves.*)

Ernest. If you knew how much I love him.

Marg. Had I a brother, I should love him as you do yours.

Mar. Mademoiselle Margaret, think you that there is no other attachment save that subsisting between brother and sister?

Marg. There is the love between a child and its parents.

Mar. Lady, I should have imagined that one so lovely could not have remained in ignorance of another love.

(*Marg. retires.*)

Ernest. You have made her angry.

Mar. She is not angry, only startled. Perhaps, this is the first compliment the young rustic has ever had paid her.

Mich. (*At door*) Is Mademoiselle de Blanchefort so much occupied with her new acquaintance, that she cannot find time to notice her old ones?

(*Bowing low.*)

Ernest. (*Aside.*) Marcellin, this designing man will ruin us.

Mar. May heaven guard him from attempting it.

Mich. You treat me cruelly—the true friend of your father. I have discovered, through Monsieur Martin Simon, that 'tis possible to arrange your marriage, and I shall be the first to approve of it. I love you both so much. (*Aside.*) The reprobates!

(*Bows.*)

Mar. My mysterious protector again!

Martin. (*At window, laughing.*) Your mysterious protector informs you, to-morrow Monsieur Michelot will start for Lyons, with a letter from me to the Marquis. In a few days he will return with his consent; and in the church of Bout-du-monde, the ceremony shall take place.

Ernest. Do this, sir, obtain my father's forgiveness, and I will bless you all my life.

Mar. Will you inform me by what means the Marquis is to be vanquished?

Martin. That is my *secret.* I like to render a service—but it *must* be after my own fashion.

(*During this, breakfast is placed by servants. Margaret attending.*)

Marg. (*At door.*) All is in readiness, father.

Martin. So are our appetites. We'll do justice to it, Margaret. Come, sirs, no ceremony. We are plain people here, and offer nothing but a hearty welcome.

(*They all enter house, and are seen seated at the breakfast table.* EUSEBE NOEL *and* RABISSON *the grinder, a vagabond, heard disputing.*)

Eusebé. Maturale fugam! Hence you good-for-nothing. Nothing will be done for you in the house.

(*They enter,* RABISSON *smoking a short pipe, dissipated in appearance, in rags, carrying his wheel at his back, singing "Wine, jolly wine!"*

Rab. Knives to grind.

Eusebé. Do you take the king of Pelvoux's dwelling for an ale-house, drunkard? Vi prohibete minas.

Rab. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha! what are you shouting out at me? I will see the bailie, master schoolmaster. *Will* see him—do you hear that? (*Cries.*) Knives to grind.

Eusebé. I am quite certain the bailie will not see *you.* Go and get drunk elsewhere, old wine butt.

Rab. Wine butt! Take care what you say, wise one. I have not forgotten the day that you forced me into your house, and made me drink, in order to get out of me, what I knew about the bailie's fortune. But you had to deal with one more cunning than yourself, old rat trap. I said nothing, but you! you fell dead drunk under the table. Do you remember that, schoolmaster, eh? Do you remember, knives to grind? ha, ha!

Eusebé. (*In a whisper.*) Hush! silence!

Rab. I won't keep silence. My affairs with the

bailie and his daughter, don't concern you. I will go in; if they are not pleased to see me, let them tell me so, but they will not dare do it. *(Laughs.)* No, no, Martin Simon will never have the heart to send his poor friend Rabisson, the grinder, away—not he. *(Running towards house, Eusebé places himself before the door.)* Knives to grind.

Eusebé. You are not fit to appear in company with those now assembled in the dining-room. Ne sutor, ultra crepidam!

Rab. The dining room is the very place for my work. Let me attend to my trade. Knives, or scissors to grind. *(Loud.)* Any old china to mend.

(Martin starts up, rushes to door, collars Rabisson.)

Martin. What do you want here, miserable wretch?

Rab. Money!

(Marg. appears at door.)

Martin. Have I not forbidden you ever to come here?

Rab. I—I called to ask if you had any scissors to grind?

Marg. *(To Martin.)* He is intoxicated.

Martin. *(Speaking to the guests.)* Pardon this silly interruption; the old rascal, sometimes, takes upon himself a most insufferable familiarity. To give the rogue his due, few persons are more obliging with——

Rab. *(Smiling.)* Knives to grind.

(Commences grinding. Michelot, unobserved, peeps from window.)

Martin. *(To Eusebé.)* Oblige me by preparing some refreshment for this fellow—he wishes to speak with me.

Rab. Alone.

(Singing.)

Les gueux, les gueux,
Sont les gens heureux.

Knives to grind.

Eusebé. The King of Pelvoux and a grinder! wonderful amalgamation!

(Enters the house.)

Marg. *(to Martin.)* Have you decided on my plan respecting him, that can ensure our safety?

Martin. He has so often broken his faith with me, that I am at a loss for an oath more solemn to bind him.

Marg. Let a proposition come from me. Monsieur Rabisson!

Rab. *(Rises.)* Well.

(Rudely.)

Martin. *(Knocking off his cap.)* You old vagabond! Where have you learned not to take off your cap when you speak to my daughter?

Rab. *(Replacing cap, coolly.)* Excuse me, I have a cold in my head, and choose to keep it on.

Marg. Permit it, he is old. You promised that you would never again disturb our tranquility. You swore it. You have taken a false oath.

Rab. Mus'n't I gain my living? Think you, with five or six hundred livres, given me by your father at different times, that I can purchase land in the country, and live with folded arms, doing nothing? Besides, it is my fancy to travel. I like air and exercise; they do me good. Do you not see how healthy I am? You all wish me dead, but I shall live to be a hundred—see you all out, ha, ha!

Martin. What can this matter to me, drunkard? Because, once in my house, you saw what no one else has ever seen. Take care, lest you urge me too far. Think you, that if, in sober earnest, I wished to get rid of an indiscreet, troublesome old man, either men or opportunity would be wanting? Think you, that if some fine morning, any one was to discover your body at the foot of Le Greve, he would trouble himself to find out if it came there by accident or design? What does the life or death of a vagabond—a visionary—who wishes to extort money by inventing his own idle trash.

(Michelot leaves house, unperceived, and conceals himself.)

Rab. I care little about them belonging to me. Let them question M. Durand, the rich banker at Grenoble, who changes the golden ingots for you into current money. Ha, ha! he could tell something, eh? Got any knives to grind, now—eh, miller?

Martin. Dog! *(About to strike him.)* Another word——

Marg. Remember your promise. *(Aside.)* He knows too much, we must buy his silence at any price.

Mich. *(Aside, behind tree.)* I can't hear a word.

Marg. Monsieur Rabisson—neither I nor my father have anything to fear from this or any revelation you may like to make. Our friends at Grenoble are far more powerful than you imagine. However, taking into consideration that you are very old, and also, in truth, to reward you for having hitherto kept our secret; my father is willing to assure you a happy life for the rest of your days.

Rab. How will he manage that? Get some one to knock me on the head? You see, I'm not so thick as my coat, and I've taken into my brain to make a good thing of this secret, and I will.

Mich. *(Aside.)* A secret!

Marg. I will tell you what shall be done for you. No more money, as in times past; experience having taught us that you know not how to keep it. But what say you to a farm? cows, and a vineyard?

Rab. *(Joyfully.)* A farm! for me! Cows, real cows! A vineyard, where I should be master? the real master! Huzza! Let the devil grind knives, now! Cows—milk—cows—wine!

(Joyfully.)

Marg. A farm which shall be secured to you by a legal document.

Rab. And shall I live like a nobleman at court—like a king—make my own butter and cheese! Drink my own wine! But where's my farm? In the clouds, eh? or the moon?

Marg. I believe you come from Auvergne. There it shall be purchased—in the country where you were born.

Mich. *(Aside.)* And where he ought to be hanged.

Rab. Ah! *(Sighs.)* You are a beautiful young lady: not like your stern father, who has only hard words for me. How they will stare at me in my own country, whither I dared not return in my rags—my wheel at my back—as poor as I left it, forty-five yeas ago. A farm! *(Sighs.)* Poor mother! why couldn't you have lived to enjoy it with me? Your unfeeling, thoughtless son, whose conduct wounded your good heart so sorely. *(Wipes tear from his eyes.)* She's better, perhaps, where she is

—at rest. What jolly days and nights I'll have. I'll bet, some pretty village girl will be glad to marry me—or my farm. Aye, perhaps a rich one may take a fancy to me, or my cows.

Marg. You comprehend that, in securing tranquillity for *you*, we do not intend neglecting precautions for the confirmation of our own.

Rab. You're not going to cut off the cows? I'm so fond of milk.

Marg In the contract, it shall be stipulated that, if ever you leave Auvergne—to come into Dauphne—the farm shall again become our property.

Martin. The plan is admirable—we are saved.

Mich. The girl ought to have been a lawyer.

(*Aside.*)

Marg. Do you agree to these conditions?

Rab. Yes, yes, and glad enough I shall be to leave a place, where one word from your father may—stop my knife-grinding. Yes, it is a bargain. When shall I have my farm, my fields, my vines, my cows—two cows, mind—and a calf in, if you like.

Martin. It will be impossible to satisfy him before two or three months. I shall have to purchase the first farm that become vacant.

Rab. Two months! And where am I to go in the meanwhile, starve?

Martin. To Briancon, and there wait till all be arranged. I will give you some crown pieces to take you there.

Rab. When shall I start?

Martin. This very instant; a quarter of an hour's drunkenness will make you utter many imprudent words.

Marg. Father, it will be late before he reaches Quille; besides, this man's walk is anything but steady.

Martin. He must go, Margaret. To remain in the village is dangerous.

Rab. I won't go to-night. I have not forgotten your threats, Bailie; and have no fancy to be found at the bottom of some precipice, where it might be said that *accident* had hurled me. No, no; now that I am going to be rich I don't wish to die—not I!

Martin. Who talks of doing you an injury? Fool! To-morrow, at break of day, and not later, I insist upon your departure for Briancon; and have a care, guard well your tongue.

(*Going.*)

Rab. I shall say nothing, and on your side, take care all is correct, or else—

Marg. No menaces; my father will honourably keep his word; see that you do the same.

Rab. Mademoiselle Margaret, I know you are a good girl, but—he—he is a morose man, and I shall take my precautions. Let me give you some advice—watch that schoolmaster, the Prior of the Lantaret also. I am not sure, but they already know more than you wish, mum! I'm not asleep.

(*Places finger on lips, goes up stage, working his wheel.*)

Martin. I can now breathe freely; thanks to you, my child.

(*Takes her hand.*)

Marg. Alas! I much fear, that sooner or later, this secret will escape us.

Martin. In that case, our preparations are made; and I will keep my oath, given to my dying father

(*They exit into house. Michelot steals forward teasingly.*)

Mich. The mystery increases. I could not catch a word of the secret; that old tinker holds it. I would give—

Rab. (*Working.*) Two cows, a calf, and farm, grinder Rabisson!

(*Sings.*)

Les gueux, les gueux.

Mich. (*Beckoning him.*) Hush!

Rab. What for? An't you fond of singing?

Mich. You have a secret?

Rab. That, I intend to keep. What then, Master black coat? Are you a lawyer?

Mich. I am.

Rab. No—really!

Mich. Without doubt.

Rab. Well then, if you are truly a lawyer, you ought to love money—here is a crown, would you like to earn it?

Mich. What is to be done for it, friend?

Rab. Write a few words on a piece of paper, that shall be entrusted to your keeping: but no one must know it in that house.

(*Pointing.*)

Mich. Where shall I find you?

Rab. I start early to-morrow for Grenoble; meet me by the valley gates, at sun-rise.

Mich. I will be there. Adieu, Monsieur Grinder!

(*Going towards house.*)

Rab. Adieu, Monsieur Black Coat.

(*Bowing, working, and singing.*)

The beggars oh! the beggars oh!
They are a merry race,
Long may they live, 'tis beggars give
Good fellowship a place.

(*Working and singing as the act descends.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Bout du Monde. A large, antique apartment, open to the mountain road. In the distance pine trees and shrubs. A staircase, with landing leading to another room. Sunrise.* MADEMOISELLE DE BLANCHEFORT *and* MARCELLIN *discovered. She is seated at a table, her head resting on her hand; he is carelessly gazing from the window.*

Ernest. I knew well that one day I should suffer for the error and passions of a moment, but I could not think it would be so soon.

Mar. What say you, ma chere? I do not understand you. (*Carelessly.*)

Ernest. I said, Marcellin, that you already made me feel most cruelly, how I am lowered in your eyes, as in the world's, by having consented to leave my father, my family, and my native town, to follow you through all kinds of difficulty and danger. You—*you* to give the first signs of repentance!

Mar. How, young lady, have I merited these reproaches? I am not conscious.

Ernest. If you are *not* conscious, my unhappiness is only the greater. Think you I have not discovered that you no longer love me?

(*Weeping.*)

Mar. Scenes and sobs! Ma foi, you devour me with ennui! You are unreasonable. In which of

my duties have I failed? You speak of sacrifices—have I made none? If you have left your dull and sombre home—if you *have* abandoned a harsh, miserly old father, who never bestowed a kind word on you—have I not also left the city, where, in spite of my creditors, I lived a happy, joyous life, to vegetate with you, in a foreign land?

(Yawns.)

Ernest. The sentiment that led you to do so has not been very lasting. You love pleasure. In the riotous life so dear to you, you have known more lovely women—some more skilled in the art of pleasing—and they have even failed to secure your wandering affections; but *I*, in my mad pride, hoped to be more blessed, and for *you*, gave up fortune, consideration, family——

Mar. My faults, if I have any, are not so great as you make out. What is it you reproach me with?

Ernest. I no longer occupy your thoughts. Your words have not the truth, the tenderness, which always influenced me. I feel, I know, you regret the promise you have made me.

Mar. You are deceived. I love you, and shall always love you. The dangers that we have passed, have, perhaps, occupied my thoughts too exclusively. Think no more of these silly suspicions. Remember that to-day, perhaps, we shall be united by the indissoluble ties of marriage. *(Raising her hand to his lips.)* Can I give you stronger proof of the sincerity and constancy of my attachment?

Ernest. I feared that I had become indifferent, hateful, and I felt induced to release you from your engagement to me.

Mar. You would have done this? What would have become of you?

Ernest. I should die.

Mar. Let us talk of more agreeable topics. What think you of our host?

Ernest. That he is most generous and noble; employing his fortune in forming the happiness of all who approach him.

Mar. Couldn't this fortune be better employed than in securing the happiness of a few hundred peasants? What uses, a gentleman—a man of the world—would make of this wealth. How happy you and I should be if we possessed this inexhaustible treasure.

Ernest Can we not be happy without it?

Mar. My lovely friend, like all women, you are fond of ornaments, grandeur, display. Imagine, then, what presents a husband, rich as this obscure mountaineer, could make you—what gold, brilliants, pearls; how beaming you would appear in the bright, golden palace that I would build for you. The envy of queens. I believe what the country people report, that Martin Simon has discovered a gold mine, which he works for his own profit. Do you understand a mine of gold? If we had it! I have heard that old vagabond, Rabisson, whose insolent behaviour surprised us so on our arrival, knows the secret. I wished to question him; but, ma bleu! he has suddenly disappeared.

Ernest. Take heed, lest you prove ungrateful to a man who has already rendered us such service.

(Margaret is seen crossing the road.)

Mar. Look! It is she—it is Margaret! Is she not beautiful? *(Runs to window.)* Does not this young girl merit a better sort of husband than this coarse peasant, who may one day aspire to her hand?

Enter MARGARET.

Marg. Monsieur Michelot has returned from Lyons, and brings important news for you.

Mar. Michelot!

Ernest. Has my father consented to——

Marg. Your marriage with the Chevalier de Peyras? I cannot tell you.

Ernest. Who has told you, made you believe that—*(Blushing.)*—I am not his sister.

Marg. Seek no longer to deceive me. This young man is not your brother.

Ernest. *(Agitated.)* Believe me, that necessity alone could—

Marg. He is not your brother. You have uttered a falsehood, and take care heaven does not punish you for it.

Mar. Mademoiselle Margaret, I know that you have a right to be severe; but is it generous to trample on a companion because, perhaps, she is endowed with less courage and strength than yourself?

Marg. Yes, I confess I have not been sufficiently indulgent—that I have allowed myself to be carried away by an angry feeling. *(To Ernest no.)* Pardon me, as you would a child, who hurts, when it wishes to caress. Forget what has just passed—I will be your friend.

Mar. *(Gaily.)* Peace being now made, it will not soon be broken again. Where is this redoubtable Lawyer Michelot and his parchments.

Marg. In the village with my father.

(A group of peasants appear coming down the road, carrying a rude bier, on which is a body, covered with a cloak. Male and female peasantry surrounding it, evincing, by gesture, great emotion.)

Mar. Let us go to them.

(Taking the arms of the ladies. When they reach the door, Ernestine speaks.)

Ernest. What are these good people doing?

Marg. The object wrapped in a cloak looks like a body deprived of life! *(Runs to door.)* Beatrice! mother! what are they carrying with such precaution?

Beat. Nothing—nothing at all, little one. Can we see your father?

Marg. I pray you, tell me what it is!

Beat. Is the girl silly? Well, it is the body of a man that has been found at the foot of Le Greve precipice, about a league hence, and we are come for your father to draw out the verbal process. Go; this is not a fit sight for you, child.

Mary. Do they know who the unhappy creature is?

Beat. It is the wretched, drunken Rabisson—the knife-grinder.

Marg. *(Staggering back, clinging to a chair, and almost shrieking.)* Dead—at the foot of a precipice!

(Sinks in chair.)

Beat. There, you are already ill with fright. Your father will scold me for having spoken to you about it.

Marg. *(Slowly rising)* But—but you do not say who has murdered him?

Beat. Eh? Who spoke of murder? The old

rascal most likely stumbled into the gulf, from having taken more than one cup. Twenty crowns were found upon him. Had he been murdered for plunder, his money would have been stolen, as well as the grinding-wheel. Now you know all. Adieu. Forget not my message to your father. We'll take the body to Baptiste's barn.

[*Exeunt, with body.*

Marg. (*Hurriedly and wildly.*) I shall not forget. He shall know it—know all—*all!*

(*Hastens out.*)

Mar. The secret perishes with my friend the grinder. Fortune conspires against me.

Ernest. Margaret is dreadfully agitated.

Mar. Possibly. Death in any form is not an agreeable object to contemplate. (*Aside.*) I would have given my right hand for a moment's talk with the vagabond, before Destiny, with its infernal shears, stepped in.

Enter MICHELOT *and* MARTIN SIMON, *in conversation. Martin, embracing Ernestine, seats himself at table; Michelot does the same.*

Martin. Now, good-for-nothing children, is this the welcome you give your bright fortune?

Ernest. Has my father forgiven me?

Martin. Not only forgiven you, but gives his full consent to your marriage with the Chevalier.

Ernest. Heaven reward him.

(*Clasping her hands.*)

Mar. (*To Martin.*) It is you, and you only, I have to thank.

Martin. Peace—be quiet. I have but acted up to my principles, for which you surely owe me no great thanks. Sit down, and let us have some conversation together. Much of what I have to say concerns you, and a little relates to myself. (*All seat themselves.*) Perhaps, my dear children, you have wondered at my influence over every person who approaches me, for you are yet too young to be aware how much may be achieved by silver or gold.

(*Gives letter to Ernestine.*)

Ernest. What! has my father's determined opposition been overcome with gold?

Martin. One moment. You can read that letter by and by. There is an important document—your marriage contract—(*Takes parchment from Michelot.*)—in which your father grants for a wedding portion a hundred thousand livres.

Ernest. My good, excellent father, to rob himself to enrich me.

Martin. He does not enrich you, therefore your future husband must do that, by granting a dowry of one hundred thousand livres for his pretty *fiancée*.

Mar. I agree to this clause with all my heart, seeing that I have not a sous left.

Martin. You must be mistaken. (*Taking up a bundle of papers.*) Here is a bundle of papers, in which I find balances of accounts and acquittances, from lawyers, usurers, &c., amounting to one hundred and eighteen thousand livres. Your Chateau de Peyras is free from mortgage, and is once more your own.

Mar. Mine! Who has done this? Restored to my father's inheritance! The old maner-house in which I was born!

Martin. Poor Michelot, whom you have so harshly judged.

Mar. Michelot has not paid my debts. He is not rich enough.

Martin. This is not all. A banker in Grenoble has been charged to purchase for you a villa in the environs of that city, and present you with a bill of exchange of one hundred thousand pounds to maintain your rank and dignity.

Mar. I cannot accept so many benefits without knowing my benefactor.

Martin. (*Rising and taking his hand.*) Young man, have you no relative anxious to redeem the honour of your house?

Mar. None.

Martin. Yes; one, Chevalier, although in the humble condition in which he now lives, he bears not his own illustrious name. That relative is Martin Simon, Baron of Peyras!

Mar. You?

Martin. I—Martin—the actual head of your family, for I am the eldest branch.

Mar. What, are you that brother of my father who disappeared so suddenly?

Martin. Reflect. (*Laughing.*) The Baron de Peyras, of whom you speak, would to-day number ninety-two years. *No!* he was my father, and died among these mountains. (*Points to a portrait.*) That portrait, and his memory, are all that is left. (*Marcellin bows to it.*) Yes—yes, salute that portrait, for he whom it represents was a man of noble and generous character—he—the Baron Bernard de Peyras—he left his chateau and your father Philipe, after a violent quarrel, never to return. He had been deceived, wronged most cruelly by that brother—his betrothed wife seduced from him! Generous, even under such a trial, he gave the guilty couple a donation of his property, and caused his ungrateful brother to marry Mademoiselle de Montuel—your mother.

Mar. I can well remember the profound sadness that weighed down my father's spirits in his old age. The name of my uncle Bernard always drew tears from his eyes.

Martin. He fled to these mountains—an outcast, a wanderer—to hide his grief and his hatred to the world. Men shrank in terror from him—"The Spirit of the Mountain." Such was the name given him by the mountaineers. He came for food to a goatherd's cabin. There he was treated kindly by a woman. With that admirable instinct that women possess, she understood what was passing in his breast. She won him back to life, to share his sorrows, his labours, and his joys. This simple-hearted peasant was that goatherd's daughter; and I, her son, inherit her plebeian blood, and thus cheerfully abandon the brilliant title of Baron de Peyras, for one more illustrious, that I have made for myself—an honest man!

Ernest. More than father!

(*Taking his hand.*)

Martin. When I heard at the Hospice de Lantaret that you were, my relation I resolved to help you, if I found you worthy of my assistance. No more thanks. I am rich. Let that suffice.

Ernest. Will you not permit me to thank my adopted parent.

Mar. (*Kissing her.*) Giddy pate! The Prior of the Lantaret is here, to marry you.

Mar. Baron!

Martin. No more barons! Devil take me, if I

should feel easy with such a title. My name's Martin Simon. I resign all rank, titles, name, and estates for you, and glad enough to get rid of 'em. Besides, ain't I King of Pelvoux? There's dignity enough for any man—eh, lawyer? *(Touching Michelot's shoulder.)*

(MARGARET *reappears on threshold of door, much moved, and pallid.)*

Martin. Margot, my child, where have you been? We wanted you to assist in a most moving scene. Just now, we were all weeping no, all except Michelot. Lawyers never weep; it would be unprofessional. Everything is explained to these dear children, and their happiness is secured.

Marg. Is it so? I can now, then, call your attention to less agreeable duties.

Martin. How grave thou art. Salute your cousin, de Peyras, and congratulate his pretty bride.

Marg. Let me be excused both. I cannot frame my breath to utter wishes for their happiness.

Martin. What is the matter with thee, Margaret?

Marg. (*Aside. Drawing him to her, and whispering.*) Rabisson!

Martin. Rabisson found dead? It is impossible?

Mich. Rabisson! (*Eagerly.*)

Marg. (*Chokingly.*) I have seen the body.

Mich. Are you speaking of the man who behaved so insolently the day we arrived at Bout de Monde? —is it he who has been found dead?

Martin. The same.

Marg. (*Deeply moved.*) Were you ignorant of this event, father?

Martin. How could I know what you only just told me. If the drunkard has chosen to fall down the precipice of the Greve, what then? I cannot see that there is much to grieve about; it is only one good-for-nothing less in the world.

Mich. Had this miserable man no acknowledged enemy?

Martin. Enemy? No, no! A simple accident has caused his death. His immoderate love of the bottle was well known. The bottle, for once, has proved his enemy. I suppose it happened the same day he set off hence.

Mich. Why so, pray?

Martin. Why? Because I had given him money, and because he filled his leathern gourd with wine at a house in the village, from this I infer the old rascal was drunk before he arrived at the place where he perished.

Mich. Are you sure of this? I can make some singular revelations in the proces verbal, that you are called upon to draw up, as bailie of the village in which the accident happened.

Martin & Marg. You?

Mich. Yes. I set out for Grenoble the morning that that man left your house. I met him in a wild place, where, it is said, he perished. I exchanged a few words with him; and, on oath, I can affirm that he was not in the least intoxicated.

Marg. (*In a hoarse, broken accent.*) Guilty! guilty!

Martin. I don't see that your interview with the poor devil throws any fresh light on the affair. You deposition, however, shall be inserted in the verbal process. What puzzles me is this same verbal process. I have never been called upon to draw up such an Act before.

Mich. If my feeble experience as a lawyer can be of service—

Martin. I accept your services gratefully. Assist me through this mournful business. Let us set to work at once. We must not damp these dear children's spirits with such gloomy images. Margaret, go to Noel, let him know we want him to write out the process at Baptist's barn. Remember, the evening, we signed the contract—to-morrow, the wedding, rogues. *(Laughing.)* You're impatient enough, I'll swear.

[*Exits with Michelot.*

Ernest. Marcellin, is not the discovery of a corpse, at this time, a melancholy lesson for us?

Mar. We will try to ward it from us.

[*Exit up stairs.*

Ernest. He loves me no longer! (*Weeping.*) Miserable girl!

Marg. (*Taking her hand.*) I am still more miserable—I, who deserve not to be so.

(*As she is speaking, she, in a hurried manner, puts on a cloak.* MARCELLIN *stands on landing-place, observing, as the scene is closed.*)

SCENE II.—*The house of Eusebé Noel, the schoolmaster. Window and door. Fire-place and gleams of fire.*

Enter the PRIOR *of the* LANTANET, *followed by* EUSEBE.

Prior. Enough, my son. I am ready to listen to your excuses; but it is as an experienced man of the world, not as a confessor.

Eusebé. I have no excuses for you—you, that know—that saw—— (*Trembling.*)

Prior. Nothing. Be prudent, my son. Collect your senses. Is there nothing you wish to reveal in reference to—the treasure?

Eusebé. (*Aside.*) He wishes to extort my very thoughts. No, no, good father, all I ask at your hands is consolation, advice in this.

(*Margaret passes window hurriedly.*)

Prior. Hush! (*Hurriedly.*)

Enter MARGARET, *quickly.*

Marg. I heard that you were in the village, reverend father, and much need your wisdom, your charitable counsel. Eusebe, my father requests your presence at Baptiste's barn.

Eusebé. Don't you think poor Noel's advice can be serviceable? You know how devoted I am to you, and feel anxious to console you. Let me remain.

Marg. Be it so. Remain, both of you.

Prior. Well, my child, what have you to say?

Marg. You—you knew of Rabisson's death?

Eusebé. (*Starting, and placing his hands over his eyes.*) I know it—I know it! I saw the dead body.

Marg. I wish to know if he died from accident, or in any other manner.

(*Eusebé and Prior exchange glances.*)

Eusebé. (*Feebly.*) Who can say—

Marg. Then—then nobody has expressed a suspicion that the death of the miserable man was the result of—of crime? Answer! (*Vehemently.*) Has nobody entertained such a suspicion? Answer me frankly. In the name of all you hold dear, in what manner, think you, did Rabisson meet with his death? Was he assassinated?

Eusebé. (*In agony.*) Do not question me—do not force me to tell you.

Marg. He dares not speak, fearing to lacerate my heart with the horrible suspicions that we have mutually conceived! You will not hide from me the impression that has been made upon me by this terrible event? (*To Prior.*) You are heaven's minister, and you *dare* not lie! Answer me, then! Has not this man perished by the hand of some murderer?

Prior. There are reasons for thinking such to be the case.

Marg. It is true, then—it is true! Both of them think it—both of them! (*Weeps.*) And I—I thought that to me alone had this mystery of shame and crime been revealed! They suspect who the guilty man is in their hearts—they even accuse and judge him—although, in my presence, they have not dared to call my *father a murderer!*

Eusebé. Eh? Is it possible?

Prior. The miserable daughter accuses her own father!

Marg. (*Hastily.*) Who dare to accuse him?—the benefactor of the whole country round. Who has dared utter such a blasphemy? Do you—whom he has loaded with benefits? Eusebe Noel, you were poor, without shelter, when he welcomed you here, gave you the house in which we now stand, with it safety—repose—happiness! And you, reverend father, have you forgotten the ready succour, the gold always granted when you demanded it? Ungrateful men! Forgive me—pardon me, friends. I accuse you wrongfully. You cannot suspect as I do. You have not heard what I have heard—you know not what I know. Tell me that I am mad—unjust—wicked, to have conceived such thoughts. I am here, father to accuse myself of having, for one moment, believed that he, to whom I owe my being, had committed such a crime—he, so good, so gentle, so affectionate! You are old men, wise, and prudent—I, a young girl, guilty of a great sin; punish me, make me feel my weakness—tell me I am mad.

Eusebé. Compose yourself, Margaret, my sweet pupil. He is not—cannot be guilty of the crime you impute.

Marg. I will tell you all, that you may judge fairly. There is an important secret, on which depends his security—his fortune. One individual had penetrated this secret, or, at least, part of it—Rabisson. I have seen my father—so noble, so proud—crouch, and turn pale, before a ragged beggar. I have seen him, with a shudder, tolerate the insolent familiarity that this despicable old man gave full scope to in my father's house. Once, losing all patience, I heard him threaten death to this drunkard. The day following that on which these threats were uttered, a man was found dead in the Gulf of Le Greve, exactly as my father had menaced in his transport of passion. Tell—tell me, am I warranted in my suspicions now? (*With sob.*) (*Marcellin is seen watching at window.*)

Prior. Daughter, I affirm before heaven that I believe him guiltless.

Marg. (*Kissing his hand.*) You are good and wise—you cannot dissemble your thoughts. I offer you a chalice of pure gold for the service of your chapel at the Lantanet. Noel, you say nothing. For pity's sake, give me some assurance that you think him innocent also.

Eusebé. Can you doubt it?

Marg. It is enough. I was mad—a cruel, suspicious daughter. If you knew what I have suffered. But now it is over. I ask not who the guilty man is, so long as my father is free. I owe you more than life. (*Going.*)

Prior. Whither are you going, child?

Marg. To confess my fault, and implore forgiveness at my father's knees.

Prior. Stay, Margaret. It is not enough that he is innocent in your eyes: others, also, must believe him so.

Marg. Can any one else suspect him?

Eusebé. Mistrust that lawyer, Michelot; I have reasons for thinking that he knew the grinder much better than he chooses to confess. Purchase his silence at any price. He knows your secret.

Marg. (*Starting.*) Our secret!

Prior. My child, dissimulation is no longer of any avail, for your secret is known to the whole country. The *mine!*

Marg. Is the fact really ascertained? Has the appointed time arrived at last? Well, then, should it be so, should the source of our wealth be as you describe, can any one living reproach us with having employed unworthily the gold which heaven has blessed us with? Has it not always assisted the poor and miserable?

Prior. It is true, but will it always be thus? May not the gold become to you and to others the origin of all sorts of evils? Employ this fortune in doing good. Let your father leave it to our holy house. We are poor. The wandering traveller finds not with us the comforts that we desire he should enjoy. Bestow on us the precious treasure.

Eusebé. Believe him not, Margaret—believe him not. His convent is overwhelmed with riches. Few travellers stop at the Lantaret. No, no; if your father gives up the possession, he had better far hand it over to some upright, honest man to do good, than give to greedy monks, who have taken the vows of poverty. Would it not be better to make an old friend happy? Make me rich, and I will prove myself worthy. I have suffered so much myself, that I shall know how to compassionate others. I will be as generous as your father.

Marg. Why did such sordid ideas rise to trouble the joy imparted by your good opinion of my father? Receive my thanks for your comfort and advice. I leave this house calmer than I entered it, although I have not confessed all the sorrow that crushes my heart.

Prior. You have other sorrows?

Marg. Yes, yes. But no matter, so long as I can dissemble through the day.

Prior. Nevertheless, this day should be devoted to joyous feelings. Dees it not celebrate the union of a friend with a relative, both dear to you?

Marg. He, my relative—she, my friend.

(*Going.*)

Prior. Promise this gold mine shall be ours, and should your father's position prove desperate, I will save him.

(*Aside. Taking her hand.*)

Eusebé. What are you saying to her? (*To her.*) Trust me—make me rich.

(*Taking her other hand.*)

Marg. (*Sighs.*) Sirs, it would not be becoming in

me to penetrate my father's present or future designs. Address yourselves to him.

[*Exits, Eusebé and Prior following*

SCENE III.—*Same as the first of the Act.*

En'er MARCELLIN, *hurriedly.*

Mar. What did Margaret mean when she spoke of a secret sorrow, and when she expressed her fears of not being able to command herself during the day? These words struck me more than the strange mysteries I have penetrated. It is now certain Martin Simon does possess a mine. Before, I only suspected it. Yes, and it appears that others more alert are already in the field to claim it, Michelot at their head. I was certain that that cursed, pettifogging attorney had some interest in it all. How the drivelling school-master, and hypocritical monk, sought to profit by the bewilderment of the poor girl. Her father's supposed guilt gives them all a good handle to work with. But let me see. What share have I in all this—his own relative? (*Sits.*) If this little Margaret did not regard me with an indifferent eye—me, Marcellin de Peyras. Yes, in spite of her queenly airs, such a thing may not be impossible. If such were the case, I hold a capital chance to silence these ambitious spirits that seek the treasure. Marry Margaret. It would then be mine. (*Pause.*) Ay, but Ernestine—how the devil did the idea possess me with running away with that little idiot? The contract is already signed; then, contracts can always be broken. But does she love me, that's the question?

(MARGARET *seen descending the road very thoughtfully. She enters, casts aside her cloak—not seeing Marcellin—then stands absorbed in thought. He rises, and takes her hand.*)

Mar. You look ill, Margaret.

Marg. (*Disengaging her hand.*) I am ill.

Mar. Since yesterday you appear to be the prey of violent grief. Cannot you trust me—your relative and friend?

Marg. I cannot.

Mar. Do you doubt my zeal to serve you?—my devotion? Perhaps, Margaret, you may be ignorant how much I would do to gain your affection?

Marg. I have no cause to doubt the truth of your words; but there are circumstances, sir, when the greatest sacrifice—even that of existence—cannot help the sufferer. Let us drop the subject. I wish not to sadden you on a day that ought to be unclouded—a day on which you marry her whom you love so well. In a few hours you will quit these mountains, and return to that life of luxury and pleasure for which you were born. What present or future interest can either of you take in those inhabitants of this obscure valley, whom you have only met by chance?

Marcel. And who has asserted that all this will take place? Who says I can so easily forget those dear persons who have shewn so much zeal for my happiness? Who says that I can now find charms in the brilliant life that you describe? Who tells you that I am resolved to marry Mademoiselle De Blanchfort?

Marg. (*In a trembling voice.*) Is not all ready for the ceremony? Is not our house decked out as if for a fete, when sorrow is on the eve of entering it, perhaps for ever. You forget that, at this moment—this moment, your intended bride selects her wedding ornaments. The priest prepares to ascend the steps of the altar.

Mar. Look at me, Margaret! am I ready? Is this the dress of a happy bridegroom, anxious to conduct the beloved of his choice to the altar?

Marg. I do not understand you.

Mar. This marriage will never take place.

Marg. (*Much agitated.*) And why?

Marcel. Because I no longer love her—because I never truly loved her—because I love another more worthy of my love. Listen, Margaret—until now I have deceived myself; the strong, ardent attachment that I am capable of forming ought not to be bestowed on such weak, frivolous, and imperfect beings as those with whom I had mingled, before visiting this peaceful valley. Would there not be some danger in uniting my fate to that of a woman, whose past errors would for ever make me distrust her after conduct? I no longer think as I thought a few days since—a new sentiment has arisen in my breast for one, whose life would be passed in the observance of duties; one whose stolid virtue would be a guarantee for the future. Such a one I have found, Margaret, and love with all the strong energy of my soul!

Marg. Marcellin—

Marcel. My whole life should be devoted to her. For her I would renounce all that I had hitherto sought; all my pride would be to please *her;* all my happiness bounded by that one thought. Do you comprehend me, Margaret? Can it be necessary for me to say that the woman of whom I speak is yourself?

(*Sinks on his knees.*)

Marg. Chevalier de Peyras—neither your hand nor your name is any longer your own. You cannot, without infamy, offer them to another; another could not accept them without shame and remorse. As to myself, I will candidly tell you the impression that you have made upon me. The day that I first saw you I felt for you, what I had never felt before for another; it was like an old and a long-past friendship revived once again; I felt a wish to devote and sacrifice myself, and my dearest wishes to you! Pride not yourself upon these impressions; for they only took me by surprise, and have combatted with all my reason's strength. Who can tell if they would have been entirely eradicated, had sentiments and recollections of honour, and unblemished truth been alone associated with your remembrance. Now that I see you in your natural baseness,—listen to what I say. (*Points to mountain.*) See you that immense rock, which shoots up like an eagle, by the side of Pelvoux? Margaret de Peyras would precipitate herself from its heights, into the valley beneath, sooner than become your wife.

Mar. I see that you hate me; recollect at least, there is one person on whom I might let fall the weight of my displeasure.

Marg. If you allude to that unhappy girl whom you have so shamefully deceived, remember that

you incur quite as much danger as shame in refusing her the reparation that you have promised, and which is justly her due.

Mar. I am prepared to confront both the shame and peril; but you have not understood me. An important secret weighs upon your own and father's existence; this I will know, now that your scorn has released me from all scruples and obligations. I will know where the gold mine can be found; for, from it springs your immense fortune and proud disdain.

Marg. Thus, then, even the love you feign for me was not sincere. It was not I whom you loved, it was my father's gold. Marcellin, Marcellin! why not have left me a little longer in the belief that it was your passion for me, which made you trample under foot such sacred duties?

Mar. Margaret; you have betrayed yourself. You love me! I know it.

Marg. I! I! I despise you!

[*Exits, rapidly*

Marcel. Despised! Ma—Foi! Be it so! This removes all family considerations, feelings of gratitude, &c., that I might be supposed to entertain. I am now decided; I break off this marriage, unless she reveals where this golden treasure is to be found.

(Ascends the stairs.)

Enter MARTIN, *throws himself into a chair, apparently unconcerned; Michelot arranges papers, which he carries.*

Mich. You must permit me to speak further of your own affairs, now all is so satisfactorily settled for your proteges.

Martin. What are you driving at, Monsieur Lawyer? It appears to me, that I am the best judge of how much, or how little care is required for my own affairs.

Mich. A little patience. I allude to that unhappy story about Rabisson the grinder.

Martin. Well, how can that event affect me? I have drawn up a statement, related all the circumstances which came within my knowledge, about the accident. You will place the document before the Parliament of Grenoble. What remains more for me to do?

Mich. You forget, sir, that you have yourself said, in this document, that it was possible this vagabond might either have been *murdered* or *accidentally killed.* An inquest will be ordered by the parliament on the spot.

Martin. It was *you* who insisted on the possibility of the murder, and I let you insert it in the process, and there's an end of it.

Mich. I much fear, my generous friend, that it does not end there *with you.* I regret that a man whom I esteem, almost love—for in spite of our short acquaintance I love you as much as any man in the world—(*Sighs.*)—I regret, I say, that my conscience forces me to suspect——

Martin. Go on; I am waiting for you to explain yourself.

Mich. Well, then,—although it costs me much to afflict you, my good and worthy host,—I fear that I find myself bound to prosecute you before the Parliament as guilty of this murder.

Martin. (*Starting up.*) Are you mad? Prosecute me, man?

Mich. Not so mad as you fancy. Pray sit down. *(They sit close to each other.)* My dear friend, be not angry with me if I make known your danger. I know that there is no actual proof of an act of violence; but suppose it could be proved that the dead man was master of a secret of the highest importance to the very person that, the evening before the murder, threatened to have him thrown down a precipice, exactly where his body was found?

Martin. Who could bear witness that I had ever threatened him? You would not accuse me of this abominable murder?

Mich. Eh? Why—no; not directly. I shall endeavour to make it appear that you are only an accomplice, instead of being the actual perpetrator. This will alter the question and save your life; the galleys you cannot possibly escape.

Martin. Rascal!

Mich. Dear friend, pray be patient. The kind reception I have met with in your house makes me love you so much. *(Takes a paper from his pocket-book.)* This paper I drew up by the roadside at the request of the murdered man, on the morning he quitted the village. It states, as you may read, *(gives paper,)* that he, Rabisson, being in possession of a secret, which touches you personally, and you, being the only person interested in his death, must be responsible for that death, if it should be either sudden or violent; in which case, he delegated me, your dear friend, to prosecute you. I, as in duty bound, accepted the office. A few hours after the miserable creature had signed the paper he was killed.

Martin. It has no witness, nor is it even signed.

Mich. Pardon me. *(Taking up the paper.)* This cross at the bottom of the paper he marked before my eyes. I am the witness. My testimony——

Martin. *(Pacing the stage hurriedly.)* It is all a horrible plot, yet everything conspires to overwhelm me. (*Looking Michelot in the face.*) Well, what course has my *dear benevolent friend* decided on?

Mich. Sir, my duty—my conscience.—(*Vesitating.*)

Martin. Thy conscience, wretch? Thine? Would you dare persuade me that you believe a word of this absurd tale? No, you have some sordid interest in threatening me which, if you were not as weak as cowardly, you would speak out at once!

Mich. Compose yourself; I am your friend; my heart bleeds to afflict you thus, but what am I to do? What can feeling have to do with Law or Justice?

Martin. What must you do? Tear up those pieces of paper immediately.

Mich. And the recompense? Remember your life and honour depend upon it. Even supposing your life be saved, your reputation is for ever tarnished. The slightest exertion on the part of justice will soon bring to light the secret discovered by Rabisson; then, are you not interested in not calling attention to that quarter—a gold mine; of which you will soon be dispossessed in the King's name. It is your interest to hush up the affair; don't shake your head, we can do it. I give you this paper, if we can come to a proper understanding.

Martin. Now I begin to see the matter more clearly, and congratulate Monsieur Michelot on having renounced the high sounding words, Duty and Conscience. I like, when I speak to the Devil, to see his claws and club foot. Well, sir, what

price do you ask for your paper, and your integrity, from your *dear* friend?

Mich. Your words are harsh. The point, you see, is to consult our mutual interests; certainly there are sacrifices required. In order, then, to come to the point, I would remind you that I am a bachelor, and that I am willing to continue so no longer. I have a pretty little fortune, a good reputation at court, and am, perhaps, not the ugliest of men. A son-in-law of this description would be very useful to you, Monsieur Simon.

Martin. Am I to understand that you ask the hand of my daughter as the price of your silence?

Mich. As the price of your fortune—of your honour—of your life! You are completely in my power. If I say the word, you are imprisoned, judged, condemned to an infamous death.

Martin. Is that all?

Mich. I will only add, that with respect to the marriage portion you would give your child, we should easily come to terms. We could share the mine in a fraternal manner, and I would simply be your partner.

Martin. (*Seizing Michelot by the throat.*) My daughter to thee! My beautiful, my proud, my generous Margaret to an old villain! to a base miser—to an infamous plotter, like thee! I'll shake you to atoms! (*Shakes him.*) Avenge with one blow, all the miserable creatures from whom you have wrung life drops, in the course of your execrable career.

(*Raises his hand.*)

Mich. Help! will you murder me as you murdered Rabisson?

Martin. What care I?

(*Shaking him.*)

Mich. Leave me; I am suffocated!—I will proclaim aloud the crime you committed.

Martin. Do so—I'll help thee. (*Calls.*) Here, help, help! (*Villagers, Beatrice, Old John, &c., appear at window and door.*) Come in all, and hear this wretch denounce me as an assassin! Let him bring the officers to drag me to prison—I am ready!

(*Casting Michelot off.*)

Peasant. Knock him down!—

Old John. Throw him into the guisanne!

(*They surround Michelot.*)

Mich. Good people,—you will be answerable for this. Help, help!

Re-enter MARCELLIN *on stairs.* MARGARET *and* ERNESTINE *enter.*

Mich. Save me from this barbarity!

(*Breaking away.*)

Marg. Father! what is this?

Martin. My child, leave us to treat this miserable scoundrel as he deserves—he has dared accuse me of a horrible crime.

Peasants. To the river with him.

(*Advancing.*)

Marg. Father, if this accusation be false, ought you to act as if it were true, by sanctioning violence against your accuser?

Martin. If it be false. Is this the way you receive this calumny?

Marg. In order to defeat calumny, it is wiser to destroy the basis on which it is founded, than to insult the calumniator.

Mich. Read, read young lady. (*Gives papers.*) It is easier to deny than to discuss facts.

(*Ernestine, Marcellin, and Margaret read papers.*)

Ernest. There is some fatal mistake here. Take heed, Mons. Michelot, lest the judge, my father, demand from you a severe account of the manner in which you have treated friends who have welcomed me so kindly. We all know M. Martin's strong integrity, unblemished virtue, and nobility of mind.

Martin. Thanks, my dear child; it is *thus* my *daughter* should have spoken in your place.

Mar. (*Aside to Margaret.*) These proofs are overwhelming. Promise me your hand, and the gold mine, and I will get rid of Michelot; obtain these papers; and save your father.

Marg. Never!

Mich. (*Aside to her.*) The mine, and I will destroy the papers.

Marg. Neither one nor the other.

Mar. These proofs about which you talk so loudly, are evidently fabrications, and falsehood. And were you a man of honour, my sword should——

Mich. Heaven is my witness, that I endeavoured to conceal the terrible event. Now the secret no longer rests with me. The only advice that I can give Mons. Martin Simon, is to pass the frontiers as quickly as he can, before a warrant is issued against him.

Martin. I will not fly, I am innocent——

(EUSEBE *and the* PRIOR *make their way through the crowd.*)

Eusebé. And I am guilty!

(*All appear astonished.*)

Marg. You?

Eusebé. Yes, I—it was I who cast the miserable old man into the abyss, on the morning that the fatal accident happened, I was rambling on the mountains, reading. In the distance perceiving Rabisson consulting with the lawyer, I hastened towards the spot; I saw them write something which Mons. Michelot carefully put up. Before I could reach them, the lawyer had disappeared. I well knew the grinder was master of a secret which would immensely benefit the person to whom he chose to confide it in. I therefore, pressed him to reveal it to me. He became savage; a quarrel took place; he struck me; I thrust him back; he staggered on the edge of the precipice, and disappeared.

Mich. It is false—a lie invented to save the real criminal!

Prior. (*Advancing.*) It is true. I saw the struggle between the two men; I also saw Eusebe, weeping over the body of his inanimate enemy. His deep grief and penitence disarmed my anger: it was agreed, that unless another was accused, unbroken silence on the subject should be kept, hoping his death might be attributed to accident. But hearing a man, whose reputation is without blemish, had been suspected of the crime, I then forced Eusebe to declare the truth.

Marg. Is this true?

Eusebé. I swear it. The beggar possessed the secret I had coveted for fifteen years. I saw him about to snatch the golden prize from my grasp, and I——

Marg. Pardon, father! pardon for unjust suspicions. *(Taking his hand.)* Let me implore you to reveal the existence of this much sought treasure. Give up the fatal secret to those fit and worthy to inherit it, not to an unprincipled lawyer, a hypocritical monk, or spendthrift libertine. When your own child suspects you, your friend betrays, when snares *multiply* beneath your feet, passions raging like tempests, even *murder!* All this for hidden gold; for, deceive not yourself, father, this Eusebe Noel, fought and slew Rabisson for this hated metal, which poisons and taints all within its reach. Give up the mine, restore it to the King of France, and defeat their sordid hopes.

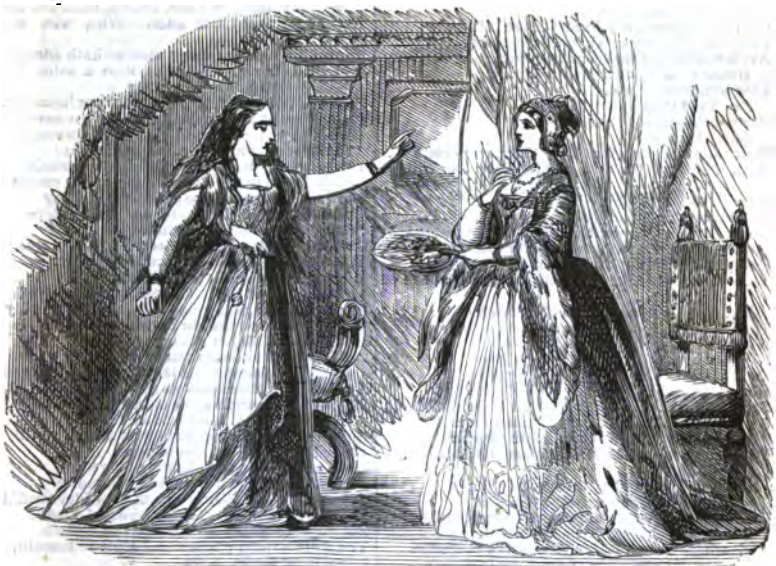
Martin. You have but spoken my wishes, Margaret. Dispute no longer, most worthy, considerate friends, for unattainable riches. They are lost to you for ever! When my father first discovered this mine, he swore for himself and his descendants, that the day on which it might become the source of woe and crime, it should be placed far beyond the reach of man. I, his son, the Miller of Grenoble, now fulfil that promise, and make known to all, that I restore the gold mine to our sovereign lord, the king of France!

Omnes. Long live the king!

(Shouts. Picture. Music.)

FAZIO; OR, THE ITALIAN WIFE.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.



Bianca.—"NAY, THINK, OH! THINK," &c.—*Act* 1, *scene* 3.

Persons Represented.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.	FALSETTO.	GENTLEMEN.
GONSALVO.	PHILARIO.	BIANCA.
AURIO.	THEODORE.	COUNTESS ALDABELLA.
GIRALDI FAZIO.	ANTONIO.	CLARA.
BARTOLO.	PIERO.	SENATORS, GUARDS, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room with crucibles and apparatus of Alchymy.*

Enter FAZIO *and* BIANCA.

Faz. Why, what a peevish, envious fabulist
Was he, that vowed cold wedlock's atmosphere
Wearies the thin and dainty plumes of love;
That a fond husband's holy appetite,
Like the gross surfeit of intemperate joy,
Grows sickly and fastidious at the sweets
Of his own chosen flower! My own Bianca,
With what delicious scorn we laugh away
Such sorry satire!
Bian. Which of thy smooth books
Teaches this harmony of bland deceit?
Oh, my own Fazio! if a serpent told me
That it was stingless in a tone like thine,
I should believe it. Oh, thou sweetly false!
That at cold midnight quitt'st my side to pore
O'er musty tomes, dark sign'd and character'd,
O'er boiling skellets, crucibles and stills,
Drugs and elixirs.
Faz. Ay, chide on, my love,
The nightingale's complaining is more sweet
Than half the dull unvarying birds that pipe
Perpetual amorous joy.—Tell me, Bianca,
How long is't since we wedded?
Bian. Would'st thou know
The right and title to thy weariness?—
Beyond two years.
Faz. Days, days, Bianca! Love
Hath in its calendar no tedious time,
So long as what cold lifeless souls call years.
Oh, with my books, my sage philosophy,
My infants, and their mother, time slides on
So smoothly, as 'twere fall'n asleep, forgetting
Its heaven-ordained motion. We are poor;
But in the wealth of love, in that, Bianca,
In that we are eastern sultans. I have thought

If that my wondrous alchymy should win
That precious liquor, whose transmuting new
Makes the black iron start forth brilliant gold,
Were it not wise to cast it back again
Into it native darkness?

Bian. Out upon it!—
Oh, leave it there, my Fazio! leave it there!—
I hate it! 'Tis my rival, 'tis thy mistress!
Ay, this it is that makes thee strange and restless,
A truant to thine own Bianca's arms,
This wondrous secret.

Faz. Dost thou know, Bianca,
Our neighbour, old Bartolo?

Bian. O yes, yes!
That yellow wretch, that looks as he were stain'd
With watching his own gold; every one knows him,
Enough to loathe him. Not a friend hath he,
Nor kindred nor familiar; not a slave,
Not a lean serving wench, nothing e'er entered
But his spare self within his jealous doors,
Except a wandering rat; and that, they say,
Was famine-struck, and died there.—What of him?

Faz. Yet he, Bianca, he is of our rich ones:
There's not a galliot on the sea, but bears
A venture of Bartolo's; not an acre,
Nay, not a villa of our proudest princes,
But he hath cramp'd it with a mortgage; he,
He only stocks our prisons with his debtors.
I saw him creeping home last night: he shuddered
As he unlock'd his door, and looked around
As if he thought that every breath of wind
Were some keen thief: and when he lock'd him in,
I heard the grating key turn twenty times,
To try if all were safe. I look'd again
From our high window by mere chance, and saw
The motion of his scanty moping lantern;
And, where his wind-rent lattice was ill stuffed
With tattered remnants of a money-bag,
Through cobwebs and thick dust I spied his face,
Like some dry wither-boned anatomy,
Through a huge chest-lid, jealously and scantily
Uplifted, peering upon coin and jewels,
Ingots and wedges, and broad bars of gold,
Upon whose lustre the wan light shone muddily,
As though the New World had outran the Spaniard,
And emptied all its mines in that coarse hovel.
His ferret eyes gloated as wanton o'er them,
As a gross Satyr on a sleeping Nymph!
And then, as he heard something like a sound,
He clapp'd the lid to, and blew out the lantern.
And I, Bianca, hurried to thy arms,
And thanked my God that I had braver riches.

Bian. Oh, then, let that black furnace burst! dash down
Those ugly and mis-shapen jars and vials.
Nay, nay, most sage philosopher, to-night,
At least to-night, be only thy Bianca's.
(She clings to him.)

Faz. *(Looking fondly on her.)* Why, e'en the prince of bards was false and slanderous,
Who girt Jove's bride in that voluptuous zone,
Ere she could win her weary lord to love;
While my earth-born Bianca bears by nature
And ever-blooming cestus of delight!

Bian. So courtly and so fanciful, my Fazio;
Which of our dukes hath lent thee his cast poesies?
Why, such a musical and learned phrase
Had soften'd the marchesa, Aldabella,
That high signora, who once pamper'd thee
Almost to madness with her rosy smiles;
And then my lady queen put on her winter,
And froze thee till thou wert a very icicle,
Had not the lowly and despised Bianca
Shone on it with the summer of her pity!

Faz. Nay, taunt not her, Bianca, taunt not her!
Thy Fazio loved her once. Who, who would blame
Heaven's moon, because a maniac hath adored it,
And died in his dotage? E'en a saint might wear
Proud Aldabella's scorn, nor look less heavenly.
Oh, it dropp'd balm upon the wounds it gave;
The soul was pleased to be so sweetly wrong'd,
And misery grew rapturous. Aldabella!
The gracious! the melodious! Oh, the words
Laugh'd on her lips; the motion of her smiles
Shower'd beauty, as the air-caressed spray
The dews of morning; and her stately steps
Were light as though a winged angel trod
Over earth's flowers, and feared to bruise away
Their delicate hues; ay, e'en her very robes
Were animate and breathing, as they fell
The presence of her loveliness, spread around
Their thin and gauzy clouds, minister'd freely
Officious duty on the shrine where Nature
Hath lavish'd all her skill.

Bian. A proud loose wanton!

Faz. She wanton! Aldabella lewd. Then, then
Are the pure lilies black as soot within,
The stainless virgin snow is hot and rancid,
And chastity—ay, it may be in heaven.
But all beneath the moon is wild and haggard.
If she be spotted, oh, unholiness
Hath never been so delicately jogged,
Since that bad devil walk'd fair Paradise.

Bian. Already silent? Hath your idol quaff'd
Enough of your soft incense? Fazio, Fazio!
But that her gaudy bark would eye disdain
The quiet stream whereon we glide so smooth,
I should be fearful of ye.

Faz. Nay, unjust!
Ungenerous Bianca! who foregoes,
For the gay revel of a golden harp,
Its ecstacies and rich enchanting falls,
His own domestic lute's familiar pleasing?
But thou, thou vain and wanton in thy power,
Thou know'st canst make e'en jealousy look lovely,
And all thy punishment for that bad passion
Be this—*(Kisses her.)* Good night!—I will but snatch a look
How the great crucible doth its slow work,
And be with thee; unless thou fanciest, sweet,
That Aldabella lurks behind the furnace;
And then, Heaven knows how long I may be truant,
[Exit Bianca.

Faz. Oh, what a liar of the first magnitude
Were poor young Fazio, if his skill should work
The wond'rous secret, your deep-closeted sages
Grow grey in dreaming of! Why, all our Florence
Would be too narrow for his branching glories;
It would o'erleap the Alps, and all the north
Troop here to see the great philosopher.
He would be wealthy too—wealthy in fame;
And that's more golden than the richest gold.
(A groan without.)
Holy St. Francis! what a groan was there!

Bar. *(Without.)* Within there! — Oh! within there, neighbour! Death!
Murder, and merciless robbery!

FAZIO *opens the door—Enter* BARTOLO.

Faz. What! Bartolo!

Bar. Thank ye, my friend! Ha, ha, ha! my old limbs!
I did not think them half so tough and sinewy.
St. Dominic! but their pins prick'd close and keen.
Six of 'em, strong and sturdy, with their daggers,
Tickling the old man to let loose his ducats!
Faz. Who, neighbour, who?
Bar. Robbers, black crape-faced robbers,
Your only blood-suckers, that drain your veins,
And yet their meagre bodies ayp grow sparer.
They knew that I had moneys from the Duke
But I o'erreach'd them, neighbour: not a ducat,
Nay, not a doit, to cross themselves withal,
Got they from old Bartolo.——Oh; I bleed!
And my old heart beats minutes like a clock.
Faz. A surgeon, friend!
Bar. Ay, one of your kind butchers,
Who cut and slash your flesh for their own pastime,
And then, God bless the mark! they must have money!
Gold, gold, or nothing! Silver is grown coarse,
And rings unhandsomely. Have I 'scaped robbing,
Only to give?——Oh there, there, there! Cold, cold!
Cold as December.
Faz. Nay, then, a confessor!
Bar. A confessor! one of your black smooth talkers,
That drone the name of God incessantly,
Like the drear burthen of a doleful ballad.
That sing to one of bounteous cordials
To the Franciscans of some hospital!
Oh, there's a shooting!—Oozing here!—Ah me.
My ducats and my ingots scarcely cold
From the hot Indies! Oh! and I forgot
To seal those jewels from the Milan Duke!
Oh! misery, misery! Just this very day,
And that mad spend-thrift Angelo hath not sign'd
The mortgage on those meadows by the Arno.
Oh, misery, misery! Yet I 'scaped them bravely
And brought my ducats off!——
Faz. Why, e'en lie there, as foul a mass of earth
As ever loaded it. 'Twere sin to charity
To wring one drop of brine upon thy corpse.
In sooth, Death's not nice-stomach'd, to be cramm'd
With such unsavoury offal. What a god
'Mong men might this dead wither'd thing have been,
That now must rot beneath the earth, as once
He rotted on it! why, his wealth had won
In better hands an atmosphere around him,
Musical ever with the voice of blessing,—
Nations around his tomb, like marble mourners,
Vied for their pedestals. In better hands?
Methinks these fingers are nor coarse nor clumsy.
Philsoophy! Philosophy! thou'rt lame
And tortoise-paced to my fleet desires!
I scent a shorter path to fame and riches
The Hesperian trees nod their rich clusters at me,
Tickling my amorous and withdrawing grasp;—
I would, yet dare not;—that's a coward's reckoning.
Half of the sins lies in "I would." To-morrow,
If that it find me poor, will write me fool,
And myself be a mock unto myself.
Ay, and the body murder'd in my house!
Your carrion breeds most strange and loathsome insects—
Suspicion's of the quickest and the keenest—
So, neighbour, by your leave, your keys! In sooth,
Thou hadst no desperate love for holy church;
Long-knolled bell were no sweet music to thee.
A "God be with thee" shall be all thy mass;
Thou never loved'st those dry and droning priests.
Thou'lt rot most cool and quiet in my garden;
Your gay and gilded vault would be too costly.
[*Exit with the body of Bartolo.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter FAZIO, *with a dark lantern.*

Faz. I, wont to rove like a household dog,
Caress'd by every hand, and fearing none,
Now prowl e'en like a gray and treasonous wolf.
'Tis a bad deed to rob, and I'll have none on't:
'Tis a bad deed to rob,—and whom? the dead?
Ay, of their winding-sheets and coffin nails.
'Tis but a quit-rent for the land I sold him,
Almost two yards to house him and his worms;
Somewhat usurious in the main, but that
Is honest thrift to your keen usurer.
Had he a kinsman, nay a friend, 'twere devilish.
But now whom rob I? why the state: In sooth,
Marvellous little owe I this same state,
That I should be so dainty of its welfare.
Methinks our Duke hath pomp enough; our Senate,
Sit in their scarlet robes and ermine tippets,
And live in proud and pillar'd palaces,
Where their Greek wines flow plentiful. Besides,
To scatter it abroad amid so many,
It were to cut the sun out into spangles,
And mar its brilliance by dispersing it.
Away! away! his burying is my Rubicon!
Cæsar or nothing! Now, ye close-lock'd treasures,
Put on your gaudiest hues, outshine yourselves!
With a deliverer's, not a tyrant's hand,
Invade I thus your dull and peaceful slumbers,
And give you light and liberty. Ye shall not
Moulder and rust in pale and pitiful darkness,
But front the sun with light bright as his own.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Street near Fazio's door.*

Re-enter FAZIO, *with a sack: he rests it.*

Faz. My steps were ever to this door, as though
They trod on beds of perfume and of down.
The winged birds were not by half so light,
When through the lazy twilight air they wheel
Home to their brooding mates. But now, methinks,
The heavy earth doth cling around my feet.
I move as every separate limb were gyved
With its particular weight of manacle.
The moonlight that was wont to seem so soft,
So balmy to the slow respired breath,
Icily, shiveringly cold falls on me.
The marble pillars, that soared stately up,
As though to prop the azure vault of heaven,
Hang o'er me with a dull and dizzy weight.
The stones whereon I tread do grimly speak,
Forbidding echoes, ay, with human voices:
Unbodied arms pluck at me as I pass,
And socketless pale eyes look glaring on me.
But I have passed them: and methinks this weight
Might strain more sturdy sinews than mine own.
Howbeit, thank God, 'tis safe! Thank God!—for what?
That a poor honest man's grown a rich villain.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Fazio's House.*

Enter FAZIO, *with his sack, which he opens and surveys.*

Faz. I thank ye, bounteous thieves! most liberal thieves!
Your daggers are my worship. Have ye leap'd
The broad and sharp-stak'd trenches of the law,
Mock'd at the deep damnation that attaints
The souls of murderers, for my hands unbloodied,
As delicately, purely white as ever,
To pluck the golden fruitage? Oh, I thank ye,
Will chronicle ye my good friends and true.

Enter BIANCA. *Fazio conceals the treasure.*

Bian. Nay, Fazio, nay; this is too much; nay, Fazio,
I'll not be humoured like a froward child,
Trick'd into sleep with pretty tuneful tales.

Faz. We feast the Duke to-morrow: shall it be
In the Adorni or Vitelli palace?
They're both on sale, and each is fair and lofty,

Bian. Why, Fazio, art thou frantic? Nay, look not
So strangely—so unmeaningly. I had rather
That thou would'st weep, than look so wildly joyful.

Faz. Ay, and a glorious banquet it shall be:
Gay servants in as proud caparisons,
As though they served immortal gods with nectar.
Ay, ay, Bianca! there shall be a princess;
She shall be lady of the feast. Let's see
Your gold and crimson for your fair-hair'd beauties:—
It shall be gold and crimson. Dost thou know
The princess that I mean?—Dost thou, Bianca?

Bian. Nay, if thou still wilt flout me, I'll not weep:
Thou shalt not have the pitiful bad pleasure
Of wringing me to misery. I'll be cold
And patient as a statue of my wrongs.

Faz. I have just thought, Bianca, these black stills
An ugly and ill-fitting furniture:
We'll try an they are brittle. (*Dashing them in pieces.*)
I'll have gilding,
Nothing but gilding, nothing but what looks glittering:
I'm sick of black and dingy darkness. Here,
(*Uncovering the sack.*)
Look here, Bianca, here's a light! Take care;
Thine eyesight is too weak for such a blaze.
It is not daylight; nay, is not morn—
And every one is worth a thousand florins.
Who shall be princess of the feast to-morrow?
(*She bursts into tears.*)
Within, within, I'll tell thee all within. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace of Fazio.*

Enter FALSETTO, DANDOLO, PHILARIO, *and a Gentleman.*

Fal. Serve ye lord Fazio?

Gent. Ay, sir, he honours me
With his commands.

Fal. 'Tis a brave gentleman!
Tell him Signior Falsetto, and Philario
The most renowned Improvisatore,
And Signior Dandolo, the court fashionist,
Present their duty to him.

Gent. Ay, good sirs.
(*Aside.*) My master hath a Midas touch; these follows
Will try if he hath ears like that great king.
[*Exit.*

Enter FAZIO, *splendidly dressed.*

Fal. Most noble lord, most wonderful philosopher,
We come to thank thee, sir, that thou dost honour
Our Florence with the sunlight of your fame.
Thou that hast ravish'd nature of a secret
That maketh thee her very paragon:
She can but create gold, and so canst thou:
But she doth bury it in mire and murk,
Within the unsunn'd bowels of the earth;
But thou dost set it on the face of the world,
Making it shame its old and sullen darkness.

Faz. Fair sir, this cataract of courtesy
O'erwhelms my weak and unhabituate ears.
If I may venture such uncivil ignorance,
Your quality?

Fal. I, my good lord, am one
Have such keen eyesight for my neighbour's virtues,
And such a doting love for excellence,
That when I see a wise man, or a noble,
Or wealthy, as I ever hold it pity
Man should be blind to his own merits, words
Slide from my lips; and I do mirror him
In the clear glass of my poor eloquence.

Faz. In coarse and honest phraseology,
A flatterer.

Fal. Flatterer! Nay, the word's grown gross.
An apt discourser upon things of honour.
Professor of art panegyrical.
'Twere ill, were I a hawk, to see such bravery,
And not a thrush to sing of it. Wealth, sir,
Wealth is the robe and outward garb of man,
The setting to the rarer jewelry,
The soul's unseen and inner qualities.
And then, my lord, philosophy! 'tis that,
The stamp and impress of our divine nature,
By which we know that we are gods, and are so.
But wealth and wisdom in one spacious breast!
Who would not hymn so rare and rich a wedding?
Who would not serve within the gorgeous palace,
Glorified by such strange and admired inmates?

Faz. (*Aside.*) Now the poor honest Fazio had disdain'd
Such scurvy fellowship; howbeit, Lord Fazio
Must lacquey his new state with these base jackalls.
Fair sir, you'll honour me with your company.
(*To him.*)
May I make bold, sir, with your state and title?
(*To Dan.*)

Dan. Oh, my lord, by the falling of your robe,
Your cloth of gold one whole hair-breadth too low,
'Tis manifest you know not Signior Dandolo.

Faz. A pitiable lack of knowledge, sir.

Dan. My lord, thou hast before thee in thy presence
The mirror of the court, the very calendar,
That rules the swift revolving round of fashion:
Doth tell what hues do suit what height o' the sun;
When your spring pinks should banish from the court
You sober winter browns; when July heat
Doth authorize the gay and flaunting yellows;—
The court thermometer, that doth command
Your three-piled velvet abdicate its state
For the airy satins. Oh, my lord, you are too late,
At least three days, with your Venetian tissue,

Faz. I sorrow, sir, to merit your rebuke
On point so weighty.
Dan. Ay, signior, I'm paramount
In all affairs of boot, and spur, and hose;
In matters of the robe and cap, supreme;
In ruff disputes, my lord, there's no appeal
From my irrefragibility.
Faz. Sweet sir,
I fear me, such despotic rule and sway
Over the persons of our citizens
Must be of danger to our state of Florence.
Dan. Good sooth, my lord, I am a very tyrant.
Why, if a senator should presume to wear
A cloak of fur in June, I should indict him
Guilty of leze-majeste against my kingship:
They call me Dandolo, the King of Fashions—
The whole empire of dress is my dominion.
Why, if our duke should wear on ill-grain'd colour
Against my positive enactment, though
His state might shield him from the palpable shame
Of a rebuke, yet, my good lord, opinion,
Public opinion, would hold signior Dandolo
Merciful in his silence.
Faz. A Lycurgus!
Dan. Good, my lord! dignity must be upheld
On the strong pillars of severity.
Your cap, my lord, a little to the north-east,
And your sword—thus, my lord—pointed out this way,
[*Adjusting him.*
In an equilateral triangle. Nay,
Nay, on my credit, my good lord, this hose
Is a fair woof. The ladies, sir, the ladies,
(For I foresee you'll be a ruling planet,)
Must not be taught any heretical fancies,
Fantastical infringements of my codes—
Your lordship must give place to Signor Dandolo
About their persons.
Faz. Gentle sirs, the ladies
Must be too deeply, irresistibly yours.
Dan. No, signior, no; I'm not one of the gallants,
That pine for a fair lip, or eye, or cheek,
Or that poetical treasure, a true heart.
But, my lord, a fair-ordered head-dress makes me
As love-sick as a dove at mating-time;
A tasteful slipper is my soul's delight:
Oh, I adore a robe that drops and floats
As it were lighter than the air around it;
I doat upon a stomacher to distraction,
When the gay jewels, gracefully dispos'd,
Make it a zone of stars: and then a fan,
The elegant motion of a fan is murder,
Positive murder to my poor weak senses.
Faz. (*Turning to Philario.*) But here's a third: the improvisatore,
Gentle Philario, lurks, methinks, behind.
Phil. Most noble lord! it were his loftiest boast
To wed your honours to his harp. To hymn
The finder of the philosophic stone,
The sovereign prince of alchymists; 'twould make
The cold verse-mechanist, the nice balancer
Of curious words and fair compacted phrases,
Burst to a liquid and melodious flow,
Rapturous and ravishing but in praise of thee!
But I, my lord, that have the fluent vein
The rapid rush—
Faz. Fie, sir! Oh fie! 'tis fulsome.
Sir, there's a soil fit for that rank weed flattery
To trail its poisonous and obscene clusters;
A poet's soul should bear a richer fruitage—
The aconite grew not in Eden. Thou,
That thou, with lips tipt with the fire of heaven,
Th' excursive eye, that in its earth-wide range
Drinks in the grandeur and the loveliness,
That breathes along this high-wrought world of man;
That hast within thee apprehensions strong
Of all that's pure and passionless and heavenly—
That thou, a vapid and a mawkish parasite,
Should'st pipe to that witch Fortune's favourites!
'Tis coarse—'tis sickly—'tis as though the eagle
Should spread his sail-broad wings to flap a dung-hill;
As though a pale and withering pestilence
Should ride the golden chariot of the sun;
As one should use the language of the gods
To chatter loose and ribald brothelry.
Phil. My lord, I thank thee for that noble chiding—
Oh, my lord, 'tis the curse and brand of poesy,
That it must trim its fetterless free plumes
To the gross fancies of the humoursome age;
That it must stoop from its bold heights to court
Liquorish opinion, whose aye wavering breath
Is to it as the precious air of life.
Oh! in a capering, chambering, wanton land,
The lozel's song alone gains audience,
Fine loving ditties, sweet to sickliness;
The languishing and luscious touch alone
Of all the full harp's ecstacies, can detain
The palled and pampered ear of Italy.
But, my lord, we have deeper mysteries
For the initiate—Hark!—it bursts!—it flows!

SONG.—PHILARIO.

Rich and Royal Italy!
Dominion's lofty bride!
Earth deem'd no loss of pride
To be enslaved by thee.
From broad Euphrates' bank,
When the sun look'd through the gloom,
Thy eagle's golden plume
His orient splendour drank;
And when at eve he set
Far in the chamber'd west,
That bird of brilliance yet
Bathed in his gorgeous rest.

Sad and sunken Italy!
The plunderer's common prey!
When saw the eye of day
So very a slave as thee!
Long, long a bloody stage
For petty kinglings tame
Their miserable game
Of puny war to wage.
Or from the northern star
Come haughty despots down,
With iron hand to share
Thy bruised and broken crown!

Fair and fervid Italy!
Lady of each gentler art,
Yet couldst thou lead the heart
In mild captivity.
Warm Raphael's Virgin sprung
To worship and to love;
The enamour'd air above
Rich clouds of music hung.
Thy poets bold and free
Did noble wrong to time,
In their high rhymed majesty
Ravishing thy clime.

Loose and languid Italy!
Where now the magic power,
That in thy doleful hour
Made a queen of thee?
The pencil cold and dead,
Whose lightest touch was life;
The old immortal strife
Of thy high poets fled.
From her inglorious urn
Will Italy arise?
Will golden days return
'Neath the azure of her skies?

This is done, oh! this is done,
When the broken land is one;
This shall be, oh! this shall be,
When the slavish land is free!

SCENE II.—*The Public Walks of Florence.*

Enter FAZIO, FALSETTO, DANDOLO, *and* PHILARIO.

Fal. Yonder, my lord, is the lady Aldabella,
The star of admiration to all Florence.
Dan. There, my lord, there is a fair drooping robe—
Would that I were a breath of wind to float it!
Faz. Gentlemen, by your leave I would salute her.
Ye'll meet me anon in the Piazza.
[*Exeunt all but Fazio.*
Faz. Now, lofty woman, we are equal now,
And I will front thee in thy pitch of pride.
Enter ALDABELLA. *She speaks, after a salutation on each side.*
Ald. Oh, thou and I, sir, when we met of old,
Were not so distant, nor so chill. My lord—
I had forgot, my lord! You dawning signiors
Are jealous of your state: you great philosophers
Walk not on earth; and we poor grovelling beings,
If we would win your eminent regards
Must meet ye i' the air. Oh! it sits well
This scorn, it looks so grave and reverend.
Faz. Is scorn, in lady Aldabella's creed,
So monstrous and heretical?
Ald. Again,
Treason again, a most irreverent laugh,
A traitorous jest before so learn'd a sage!
But I may joy in thy good fortune, Fazio.
Faz. In sooth, good fortune, if 'tis worth the joy,
The haughty Lady Aldabella's joy!
Ald. Nay, an thou hadst not dash'd so careless off
My bounteous offering, I had said—
Faz. What, lady?
Ald. Oh, naught—mere sound—mere air!—Thou'rt married, Fazio:
And is thy bride a jewel of the first water?
I know thou wilt say, ay; 'tis an old tale,
Thy fond lip-revel on a lady's beauties:
Methinks I've heard thee descant upon loveliness,
Till the full ears were drunken with sweet sounds.
But never let me see her, Fazio: never!
Faz. And why not, lady? She is exquisite—
Bashfully, humbly exquisite; yet Florence
May be as proud of her, as of the richest
That fire her with the lustre of their state.
And why not, lady?
Ald. Why! I know not why!
Oh, your philosophy! 'tis ever curious.
Poor lady Nature must tell all, and clearly,
To its inquisitorship. We'll not think on't:
It fell from me unawares; words will start forth
When the mind wanders. Oh, no, not because
She's merely lovely:—but we'll think no more on't.
Didst hear the act?
Faz. Lady, what act?
Ald. The act
Of the great Duke of Florence and his Senate,
Entitled against turtle doves in poesy.
Henceforth that useful bird is interdict,
As the mild emblem of true constancy.
There's a new word found; 'tis pure Tuscan, too;
Fazio's to fill the blank up, if it chime;
If not, heaven help the rhymster.
Faz. (*Apart.*) With what an airy and a sparkling grace
The language glances from her silken lips!
Her once-loved voice how exquisite it sounds
E'en like a gentle music heard in childhood!
Ald. Why yes, my lord, in these degenerate days
Constancy is so rare a virtue, angels
Come down to gaze on't: it makes the world proud.
Who would be one o' the many? Why, our Florence
Will blaze with the miracle. 'Tis true, 'tis true:
The odour of the rose grows faint and sickly,
And joys are finest by comparison.
But what is that to the majestic pride
Of being the sole true phœnix?
Faz. Gentle lady,
Thou speak'st as if that smooth word constancy
Were harsh and brassy sounding in thy ears.
Ald. No, no, signior; your good old-fangled virtues
Have gloss enough for me, had it been my lot
To be a miser's treasure: if his eyes
Ne'er open'd but on me, I ne'er had wept
At such a pleasant faithful avarice.
Faz. Lady, there was a time when I did dream
Of playing the miser to another treasure,
One not less precious than thy stately self.
Ald. Oh, yes, my lord, oh, yes; the tale did run
That then and I did love: so ran the tale.
That thou and I should have been wed—the tale
Ran so, my lord—oh, memory, memory, memory!
It is a bitter pleasure, but 'tis pleasure.
Faz. A pleasure, lady! Why, then, cast me off
Like an indifferent weed?—with icy scorn
Why choke the blossom that but woo'd thy sunshine?
Ald. Ah, what an easy robe is scorn to wear!
'Tis but to wrinkle up the level brow,
To arch the pliant eyelash, and freeze up
The passionless and placid orb within—
Castelli! oh, Castelli!
Faz. Who was he, lady?
Ald. One, my good lord, I loved most fondly, fatally.
Faz. Then thou didst love? love, Aldabella, truly,
Fervently, fondly? But what's that to me?
Ald. Oh, yes, my lord, he was a noble gentleman;
Thou know'st him by his title, Conde d'Orsos:
My nearest kinsman, my good uncle:—I,
Knowing our passionate and fanciful nature,
To his sage counsels fetter'd my wild will,
Proud was he of me, deem'd me a fit mate
For highest princes; and his honest flatteries
So pamper'd me, the fatal duteousness
So grew upon me—Fazio, dost thou think
My colour wither'd since we parted? Gleam
Mine eyes at they were wont? Or doth the outside
Still wear a lying smooth indifference,
While the unseen heart is haggard wan with woe?

Faz. Is't possible? And didst thou love me lady?
Though it be joy vain and unprofitable
As is the sunshine to a dead man's eyes,
Pleasurless from his impotence of pleasure;
Tell me and truly—
Ald. My grave sir confessor,
On with thy hood and cowl. So thou wouldst hear
Of pining days and discontented nights;
Ah me's and doleful airs to my sad lute.
Fazio, they suffer most who utter least.
Heaven, what a babbling traitor is the tongue!
Would not the air freeze up such sinful sound?
Oh no, thou hearil'st it not. Ah me! and thou,
I know, wilt surfeit the coarse common ear
With the proud Aldabella's fall. Betray me not,
Be charier of her shame than Aldabella.
(*Fazio falls on his knees to her.*)
My lord, my lord! 'tis public here—no more—
Farewell, my lord, farewell! Betray me not:—
But never let me see *her*, Fazio, never.
[*Exit.*
Faz. (*Solus.*) Love me!—to suffering love me!—why, her love
Might draw a brazen statue from its pedestal,
And make its yellow veins leap up with life,
Fair Chastity, thou hast two juggling fiends
Cabalting for thy jewel; one within,
And that's a soft and melting devil, Love;
Th' other without, and that's a fair rich gentleman,
Giraldi Fazio: they're knit in a league,
And thou, thou snowy and unsociable virtue,
May'st lose no less a votaress from thy nunnery
Than the most beautiful proud Aldabella.
Had I been honest, 'twere indeed to fall;
But now 'tis but a step down the declivity.
Bianca! but Bianca! bear me up,
Bear me up, in the trammels of thy fondness
Bind thou my slippery soul. Wrong thee, Bianca?
Nay, nay, that's deep indeed: fathomless deep
In the black pit of infamy and sin:
I am not so weary yet of the upper air.
Wrong thee, Bianca! No, not for the earth;
Not for earth's brightest, not for Aldabella.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Palace of Fazio.*

Enter FAZIO *and* BIANCA.

Faz. Dost thou love me, Bianca?
Bian. There's a question
For a philosopher. Why, I've answer'd it
For two long years; and, oh, for many more,
It will not stick upon my lips to answer thee.
Faz. Thou'rt in the fashion, then. The court, Bianca,
The ladies of the court, find me a fair gentleman;
Ay, and a dangerous wit, too, that smites smartly.
Bian. And thou believest it all!
Faz. Why, if the gallants,
The lordly and frank spirits of the time,
Troop around thee with gay rhymes on thy beauties,
Tinkling their smooth and amorous flatteries,
Shalt thou be then a solemn infidel?
Bian. I shall not heed them; my poor beauty needs
Only one flatterer.
Faz. Ay, but they'll press on thee,
And force their music into thy deaf ears.
Think ye, ye should be coy, and calm, and cold?
Bian. Oh, no. I fear me a discourteous laugh
Might be their guerdon for their lavish lying.
Faz. But if one trip upon your lip, or wind
Your fingers in his sportive hand, think ye
Ye could endure it?
Bian. Fazio, thou wrong'st me
With such dishonest questionings. My lord,
There's such an awe in virtue, it can make
The anger of a sleek smooth brow like mine
Strike the hot libertine to dust before me.
He'd dare to dally with a fire in his hand,
Kiss rugged briars with his unholy lips,
Ere with his rash assault attaint my honour.
Faz. But if ye see me by a noble lady,
Whispering as though she were my shrine whereon
I lay my odorous incense, and her beauty
Grow riper, richer at my cherishing praise;
If she lean on me with a fond round arm,
If her eye drink the light from out mine eyes,
And if her lips drop sounds for my ear only;
Thou'lt arch thy moody brow, look at me gravely,
With a pale anger on thy silent cheek.
'Tis out of keeping, 'tis not the court fashion.
We must forego this clinging and this clasping;
Be cold, and strange, and courteous to each other;
And say, "How doth my lord?" "How slept my lady?"
As though we dwelt at opposite ends o' the city,
Bian. What hath distemper'd thee? This is unnatural;
Thou could'st not talk thus in thy steadfast senses.
Fazio, thou hast seen Aldabella!——
Faz. Well,
She is so basilisk; there's no death in her eyes.
Bian. Ay, Fazio, but there is; and more than death—
A death beyond the grave—a death of sin—
A howling, hideous, and eternal death—
Death the flesh shrinks from,——No, thou must not see her!
Nay, I am imperative—thou'rt mine, and shalt not.
Faz. Shalt not! Dost think me a thick-blooded slave,
To say "Amen" unto thy positive "shalt not?"
The hand upon the dial, only to point
Just as your humourous ladyship choose to shine!
Bian. Fazio, thou sett'st a fever in my brain;
My very lips burn, Fazio, at the thought;
I had rather thou wer't in thy winding-sheet
Than that bad woman's arms; I had rather grave-worms
Were on thy lips than that bad woman's kisses.
Faz. Howbeit, there is no blistering in their taste:
There is no suffocation in those arms.
Bian. Take heed! we are passionate; our milk of love
Doth turn to wormwood, and that's bitter drinking.
The fondest are most phrenetic: where the fire
Burneth intensest, there the inmate pale
Doth dread the broad and beaconing conflagration.
If that ye cast us to the winds, the winds
Will give us their unruly restless nature;
We whirl and whirl; and where we settle, Fazio,
But he that ruleth the mad winds can know.
If ye do drive the love out of my soul,
That is its motion, being, and its life,
There'll be a conflict strange and horrible,

Among all fearful and ill-visioned fiends,
For the blank void; and their mad revel there
Will make me—oh, I know not what—hate thee!—
Oh, no! I could not hate thee, Fazio;
Nay, nay, my Fazio, 'tis not come to that;
Mine arms, mine arms shall say the next "shall not:"
I'll never startle more thy peevish ears,
But I'll speak to thee with my positive lips.
(*Kissing and clinging to him.*)

Faz. Oh, what a wild and wayward child am I!—
Like the hungry fool, that in his moody fit
Dash'd from his lips his last delicious morsel.
I'll see her once, Bianca, and but once;
And then a rich and breathing tale I'll tell her
Of our full happiness. If she be angel,
'Twill be a gleam of Paradise to her,
And she'll smile at it one of those soft smiles,
That make the air seem sunny, blithe, and balmy.
If she be devil—Nay, but that's too ugly;
The fancy doth rebel at it, and shrink
As from a serpent in a knot of flowers.
Devil and Aldabella!—Fie!—They sound
Like nightingales and screech-owls heard together.
What! must I still have tears to kiss away?
I will return—Good-night! It is but once.
See thou'st the taste o' my lips now at our parting;
And when we meet again, if they be tainted,
Thou shalt—oh! no, thou shalt not, canst not hate me. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Palace of Aldabella.*

Enter ALDABELLA.

Ald. My dainty bird doth hover round the lure,
And I must hood him with a skilful hand:
Rich and renown'd he must be in my train,
Or Florence will turn rebel to my beauty.

Enter CLARA, FAZIO *behind.*

Oh, Clara, have you been to the Ursulines?
What says my cousin, the kind Lady Abbess?

Cla. She says, my lady, that to-morrow
Noviciates are admitted; but she wonders,
My Lady Abbess wonders, and I too
Wonder, my lady, what can make ye fancy
Those damp and dingy cloisters. Oh, my lady!
They'll make you cut off all this fine dark hair—
Why, all the signiors in the court would quarrel,
And cut each other's throats for a loose hair of it.

Ald. Ah, me! what heeds it where I linger out
The remnant of my dark and despised life?—
Clara, thou weariest me.

Cla. Oh, but, my lady,
I saw their dress: it was so coarse and hard-grain'd,
I'm sure 'twould fret your ladyship's soft skin
Like thorns and brambles; and besides, the make on't!—
A vine-dresser's wife at market looks more dainty.

Ald. Then my tears will not stain it. Oh, 'tis rich enough
For lean and haggard sorrow. (*Appearing to perceive Fazio, exit Clara.*) Oh, my lord!
You're timely come to take a long farewell.
Our convent gates are rude, and black, and close:
Our Ursuline veils of such a jealous woof,
There must be piercing in those curious eyes,
Would know if the skin beneath be swarth or snowy.

Faz. A convent for the brilliant Aldabella?
The mirror of all rival loveliness,
The harp to which all gay thoughts lightly dance,
Mew'd in the drowsy silence of a cloister!

Ald. Oh, what regards it, if a blind man lie
On a green lawn or on a steamy moor!
What heeds it to the dead and wither'd heart,
Whose faculty of rapture is grown sere,
Hath lost distinction between foul and fair,
Whether it house in gorgeous palaces,
Or mid wan graves and dismal signs of care!
Oh, there's a grief, so with the threads of being
Ravelled and twined, it sickens every sense:
Then is the swinging and monotonous bell
Musical as the rich harp heard by moonlight;
Then are the limbs insensible if they rest
On the coarse pallet or the pulpy down.

Faz. What mean ye, lady?—thou bewilderest me.
What grief so wanton and luxurious
Would choose the lady Aldabella's bosom
To pillow on?

Ald. Oh, my lord, untold love——
Nay, Fazio, gaze not on me so: my tongue
Can scarcely move for the fire within my cheeks—
It cankereth, it consumeth, untold love.
But if it burst its secret prison-house,
And venture on the broad and public air,
It leagueth with a busy fiend call'd Shame;—
And they both dog their game, till Misery
Fastens upon it with a viper's fang,
And rings its being with its venomous coil.

Faz. Misery and thee!—oh, 'tis unnatural!
Oh, yoke thee to that thing of darkness, misery!—
That Ethiop, that grim Moor!—it were to couple
The dove and kite within one loving leash.
It must not be; nay, ye must be divorced.

Ald. Ah no, my lord! we are too deeply pledg'd.
Dost thou remember our old poet's* legend
Over Hell gates—"Hope comes not here?" Where hope
Comes not, is hell; and what have I to hope?

Faz. What hast to hope?—Thou'rt strangely beautiful.

Ald. Would'st thou leave flattery thy last ravishing sound
Upon mine ears? 'Tis kind, 'tis fatally kind.

Faz. Oh, no! we must not part, we must not part.
I came to tell thee something: what, I know not.
I only know one word that should have been;
And that——Oh! if thy skin were seam'd with wrinkles.
If on thy cheek sat sallow hollowness,
If thy warm voice spake shrieking, harsh, and shrill;
But to that breathing form, those ripe round lips,
Like a full parted cherry, those dark eyes,
Rich in such dewy languors——I'll not say it——
Nay, nay, 'tis on me now!—Poison's at work!
Now listen to me, lady——We must love.

Ald. Love!—Ay, my lord, as far as honesty.

Faz. Honesty!—'Tis a stale and musty phrase;
At least at court: and why should we be traitors
To the strong tyrant, Custom?

Ald. My lord Fazio—
Oh, said I *my* lord Fazio?—thou'lt betray me:
The bride—the wife—she that I mean—My lord,
I am not splenetic nor envious;
But 'tis a name I dare not trust my lips with.

Faz. Bianca, oh, Bianca is her name;
The mild Bianca, the soft fond Bianca.
Oh, to that name, e'en in the Church of God,
I pledged a solemn faith.

*Dante

Ald. Within that Church,
Barren and solitary my sad name
Shall sound, when the pale nun profess'd doth wed
That her cold bridegroom Solitude: and yet—
Her right—ere she had seen you, we had lov'd.
Faz. (*Frantically.*) Why should we dash the goblet from our lips,
Because the dregs may have a smack of bitter?
Why should that pale and clinging consequence
Thrust itself ever 'twixt us and our joys?
Ald. My lord, 'tis well our convent walls are high,
And our gates massy: else ye raging tigers
Might rush upon us simple maids unveil'd.
Faz. A veil! a veil! why, Florence will be dark
At noon-day: or thy beauty will fire up,
By the contagion of its own bright lustre,
The dull dead flax to so intense a brilliance,
'Twill look like one of those rich purple clouds
On the pavilion of the setting sun.
Ald. My lord, I've a poor banquet here within;
Will't please you taste it?
Faz. Ay, wine, wine! ay, wine!
I'll drown thee, thou officious preacher, here!
(*Clasping his forehead.*)
Wine, wine! [*Exeunt'.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Palace of Fazio.*

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Not all the night, not all the long, long night,
Not come to me! not send to me! not think on me!
Like an unrighteous and unburied ghost,
I wander up and down these long arcades.
Oh, in our old poor narrow home, if haply
He lingered late abroad, domestic things
Close and familiar crowded all around me;
The ticking of the clock, the flapping motion
Of the green lattice, the grey curtain's folds,
The hangings of the bed myself had wrought.
Yea, e'en his black and iron crucibles,
Were to me as my friends. But here, oh, here,
Were all is coldly, comfortlessly costly,
All strange, all new in uncouth gorgeousness,
Lofty and long, a wider space for misery—
E'en my own footsteps on these marble floors
Are unaccustom'd, unfamiliar sounds.—
Oh, I am here so wearily miserable,
That I should welcome my apostate Fazio,
Though he were fresh from Aldabella's arms.
Her arms!—her viper coil!—I had forsworn
That thought, lest he should come again and find me mad,
And so go back again, and I not know it.
Oh that I were a child to play with toys,
Fix my whole soul upon a cup and ball—
Oh, any pitiful poor subterfuge,
A moment to distract my busy spirit
From its dark dalliance with that cursed image!
I have tried all: all vainly—Now, but now
I went in to my children. The first sounds
They murmur'd in their evil-dreaming sleep
Was a faint mimicry of the name of father.
I could not kiss them, my lips were so hot.
The very household slaves are leagued against me,
And do beset me with their wicked floutings,
"Comes my lord home to-night?"—and when I say,
"I know not," their coarse pity makes my heart-strings
Throb with the agony.

Enter PIERO.

Well, what of my lord?
Nay, tell it with thy lips, not with thy visage.
Thou raven, croak it out if it be evil:
If it be good, I'll fall and worship thee;
'Tis the office and the ministry of gods
To speak good tidings to distracted spirits.
Piero. Last night my lord did feast—
Bian. Speak it at once—
Where? where? I'll wring it from thy lips.
Where? where?
Piero. Lady, at the Marchesa Aldabella's.
Bian. Thou liest, false slave! 'twas at the Ducal Palace,
'Twas at the arsenal with the officers;
'Twas with the old rich senator—him—him—him—
The man with a brief name; 'twas gaming, dicing,
Riotously drinking. Oh, it was not there;
'Twas anywhere but there—or if it was,
Why like a sly and creeping adder sting me
With thy black tidings? Nay, nay; good, my friend;
Here's money for those harsh, intemperate words.
But he's not there: 'twas some one of the gallants,
With dress and stature like my Fazio
Thou wert mistaken:—no, no; 'twas not Fazio.
Piero. It grieves me much; but, lady, 'tis my fear
Thou'lt find it but too true.
Bian. Hence! hence! Avaunt,
With thy cold courteous face! Thou seest I'm wretched
Doth it content thee? Gaze—gaze—gaze!—perchance
Ye would behold the bare and bleeding heart,
With all its throbs, its agonies. O Fazio!
O Fazio! Is her smile more sweet than mine!
Or her soul fonder?—Fazio, my lord Fazio!
Before the face of man, mine own, mine only
Before the face of heaven, Bianca's Fazio,
Not Aldabella's! Ah, that I should live
To question it! Now henceforth all our joys,
Our delicate endearments, all are poison'd.
Ay, if he speak my name with his fond voice,
It will be with the same tone that to her
He murmured hers:—it will be, or 'twill seem so,
If he embrace me, 'twill be with those arms
In which he folded her: and if he kiss me,
He'll pause, and think which of the two is sweeter.
Piero. Nay, good my lady, give not entertainment
To such sick fancies: think on lighter matters.
I heard strange news abroad; the Duke's in council,
Debating on the death of old Bartolo,
The grey, lean usurer. He's been long abroad,
And died, they think.
Bian. Well, sir, and what of that?
And have I not the privilege of sorrow,
Without a menial's staring eye upon me?
Who sent thee thus to charter my free thoughts,
And tell them where to shrink, and where to pause?
Officious slave, away! [*Exit.*] Ha! what saidst thou?
Bartolo's death! and the Duke in his council!
I'll rend him from her, though she wind around him,
Like the vine round the elm. I'll pluck him off.

Though the life crack at parting. No, no pause;
For if there be, I shall be tame and timorous:
That milk-faced mercy will come whimpering to me,
And I shall sit, and meekly, miserably
Weep o'er my wrongs. Ha! that her soul were fond
And fervent as mine own! I would give worlds
To see her as he's rent and torn from her.
Oh, but she's cold; she cannot, will not feel.
It is but half revenge—her whole of sorrow
Will be a drop to my consummate agony.
Away, away: oh, had I wings to waft me!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Council Chamber.*

The DUKE *and his council discovered.*

Duke. 'Tis passing strange, a man of such lean habits,
Wealth flowing to him in a steady current,
Winds wafting it unto him from all quarters,
Through all his seventy toilsome years of life,
And yet his treasury so spare and meagre.
Signior Gonsalvo, were the voice that told us
Less tried and trusty than thine own, our faith
Would be a rebel to such marvellous fact.
Gon. Well may your highness misdoubt me, myself
Almost misdoubting mine own positive senses.
No sign was there of outward violence,
All in a state of orderly misery,
No trace of secret inroad; yet, my liege,
The mountains of his wealth were puny molehills,
A few stray ducats; piles indeed of parchments,
Mortgages, deeds, and lawsuits heaped to the roof,
Enough to serve the armies of all Tuscany
At least for half a century with new drumheads.
Auria. Haply, my liege, he may have gone abroad,
And borne his riches with him.
Duke. Signior Aurio,
That surmise flavours not of your known wisdom.
His argosies encumber all our ports,
His unsold bales rot on the crowded wharfs;
The interest of a hundred usuries
Lieth unclaim'd.—Besides, he hath not left
Our city for this twenty years:—a flight
So unprepared and wanton suits not well
Your slow and heavy-laden usurer.

Enter ANTONIO.

Anto. My liege, a lady in the antechamber
Boasts knowledge that concerns your this day's council.
Duke. Admit her.

Enter BIANCA.

How! what know'st thou of the death
Of old Bartolo?—he he dead, in sooth?
Or of his riches?
Bian. The east side o' the fountain,
In the small garden of a lowly house
By the Franciscan convent, the green herbs
Grow boon and freely, the manure is rich
Around their roots: dig there, and you'll be wiser.
Duke. Who tenanted this house?
Bian. Giraldi Fazio.
Duke. What of his wealth?
Bian. There's one in Florence knows
More secrets than beseems an honest man.
Duke. And who is he?
Bian. Giraldi Fazio.
Gon. My liege, I know him: 'tis the new sprung signior,
This great philosopher. I ever doubted
His vaunted manufactory of gold,
Work'd by some strange machinery.
Duke. Theodore,
Search thou the garden that this woman speaks of.
Captain Antonio, be't thy charge to attach
With speed the person of this Fazio.
Bian. (*Rushing forward to Anto.*) You'll find him at the Marchesa Aldabella's:
Bring him away—no mercy—no delay—
Nay, not an instant—not time for a kiss,
A parting kiss. (*Aside.*) Now come what will,
Their curst entwining arms are riven asunder.
Duke. And thou, thou peremptory summoner!
Most thirsty after justice! speak!——Thy name?
Bian. Bianca.
Duke. Thy estate, wedded or single?
Bian. My lord——
Duke. Give answer to the court.
Bian. Oh, wedded, but most miserably single?
Duke. Woman, thou palterest with our dignity.
Thy husband's name and quality?—Why shakest thou,
And draw'st the veil along thy moody brow,
And thou too wert a murderess?—Speak, and quickly.
Bian. (*Faltering.*) Giraldi Fazio.
Duke. 'Tis thy husband, then—
Woman, take heed, if, petulant and rash,
Thou would'st abuse the righteous sword of law.
That brightest in the armoury of man,
To a peevish instrument of thy light passions,
Or furtherance of some close and secret guilt!
Take heed, 'tis in the heaven-stamp'd roll of sins.
To bear false witness——Oh, but 'gainst thy husband,
Thy bosom's lord, flesh of thy flesh!—To set
The blood-hounds of the law upon his track?
If thou speak'st true, stern justice will but blush
To be so cheer'd upon her guilty prey.
If it be false, thou givest to flagrant sin
A heinous immortality. This deed
Will chronicle thee, woman, to all ages,
In human guilt a portent and an era:
'Tis of those crimes, whose eminent fame Hell joys at;
And the celestial angels, that look on it,
Wish their keen airy vision dim and narrow.

Enter THEODORE.

Theo. My liege, e'en where she said, an unstripp'd corpse
Lay carelessly inearth'd; old weeds hung on it,
Like those that old Bartolo wont to wear;
And under the left rib a small stiletto,
Rusted within the pale and creeping flesh,

Enter ANTONIO, *with* FAZIO.

Ant. My liege, the prisoner.
Duke. Thou'rt Giraldi Fazio.
Giraldi Fazio, thou stand'st here arraign'd,
That, with presumption impious and accurst,
Thou hast usurp'd God's high prerogative,
Making thy fellow mortal's life and death
Wait on thy moody and diseased passions;

That with a violent and untimely steel
Hast set abroach the blood, that should have ebb'd
In calm and natural current; to sum all
In one wild name—a name the pale air freezes at,
And every cheek of man sinks in with horror—
Thou art a cold and midnight murderer.

Faz. My liege, I do beseech thee, argue not,
From the thick clogging of my clammy breath,
Aught but a natural and instinctive dread
Of such a bloody and ill-sounding title.
My liege, I do beseech thee, whate'er reptile
Hath cast this filthy slime of slander on me,
Set him before me face to face: the fire
Of my just anger shall burn up his heart,
Make his lip drop, and powerless shuddering
Creep o'er his noisome and corrupted limbs,
Till the gross lie choke in his wretched throat.

Duke. Thou'rt bold.—But know ye aught of old Bartolo?

Methinks, for innocence, thou'rt pale and tremulous—
That name is to thee as a thunderclap;
But thou shalt have thy wish.—Woman, stand forth:
Nay, cast away thy veil.—Look on her, Fazio.

Faz. Bianca!—No, it is a horrid vision!
And, if I struggle, I shall wake, and find it
A miscreated mockery of the brain.
If thou'rt a fiend, what hellish right hast thou
To shroud thy leprous and fire-seamed visage
In lovely lineaments, like my Bianca's?
If thou'rt indeed Bianca, thou wilt wear
A ring I gave thee at our wedding-time.
In God's name do I bid thee hold it up;
And, if thou dost, I'll be a murderer,
A slaughterer of whole hetacombs of men,
So ye will rid me of the hideous sight.

Duke. Giraldi Fazio, hear the court's award:
First, on thy evil-gotten wealth the State
Setteth her solemn seal of confiscation;
And for thyself—

Bian. (*Rushing forward.*) Oh, we'll be poor again.
Oh, I forgive thee!—We'll be poor and happy!
So happy, the dull day shall be too short for us.
She loved thee, that proud woman, for thy riches;
But thou canst tell why I love Fazio.

Duke. And for thyself—'Tis in the code of heaven,
Blood will have blood—the slayer for the slain.
Death is thy doom—the public, daylight death:
Thy body do we give unto the wheel:
The Lord have mercy on thy sinful soul!

Bian. Death!—Death!—I meant not that!—Ye mean not that!
What's all this waste and idle talk of murder?
He slay a man—with tender hands like his?—
With delicate mild soul?—Why, his own blood,
Had startled him! I've seen him pale and shuddering
At the sad writhings of a trampled worm;
I've seen him brush off with a dainty hand
A bee that stung him. Oh, why wear ye thus
The garb and outward sanctity of law?
What means that snow upon your reverend brows,
If that ye have no subtler apprehension
Of some inherent harmony in the nature
Of bloody criminal and bloody crime?
'Twere wise t' arraign the soft and silly lamb
Of slaughtering his butcher; ye might make it
As proper a murderer as my Fazio.

Duke. Woman, th' irrevocable breath of justice
Wavers not: he must die.

Bian. Die! Fazio die!—
Ye grey and solemn murderers by charter!
Ye ermined manslayers! when the tale is rife
With blood and guilt, and deep and damning, oh,
Ye suck it in with cold insatiate thirst:
But to the plea of mercy ye are stones,
As deaf and hollow as the unbowell'd winds.
Oh, ye smooth Christians in your tones and looks,
But in your hearts as savage as the tawny
And misbelieving African! ye profane,
Who say, "God bless him! God deliver him!"
While ye are beckoning for the bloody axe,
To smite the unoffending head! His head!
My Fazio's head! the head this bosom cherished
With its first virgin fondness.

Duke. Fazio, hear:
To-morrow's morning sun shall dawn upon thee:
But when he setteth in his western couch,
He finds thy place in this world void and vacant.

Bian. To-morrow morning! Not to-morrow morning,
The damning devils give a forced faint pause,
If the bad soul but feebly catch at heaven.
But ye, but ye, unshriven, unreconciled,
With all its ponderous mass of sins, hurl down
The bare and shivering spirit. Oh, not to-morrow!

Duke. Woman, thou dost outstep all modesty:
But for strong circumstance, that leagues with thee,
We should contemn thee for a wild mad woman,
Raving her wayward and unsettled fancies.

Bian. Mad, mad!—ay, that it is! ay, that it is!
Is't to be mad to speak, to move, to gaze,
But not to know how, or why, or whence, or where?
To see that there are faces all around me,
Floating within a dim discoloured haze,
Yet have distinction, vision but for one?
To speak with rapid and continuous flow,
Yet know not how the unthought words start from me?
Oh, I am mad, wildly, intensely mad.
'Twas but last night the moon was at the full;
And ye, and ye, the sovereign and the sage,
The wisdom and the reverence of all Florence,
E'en from a maniac's dim, disjointed tale,
Do calmly judge away the innocent life,
The holy human life, the life God gave him.

Duke. Giraldi Fazio, hast thou ought to plead
Against the law, that with imperious hand
Grasps at thy forfeit life?

Faz. My liege, this soul
Rebels not, nay, repines not at thy sentence;
Yet, oh! by all on earth, by all hereafter,
All that hath cognisance o'er unseen deeds,
Blood is a colour stranger to these hands.
But there are crimes within me, deep and black,
That with their clamorous and tumultuous voices
Shout at me, "Thou should'st die, thy sins are deadly,"
Nor dare my oppressed heart return, "Tis false."

Bian. But I, I say, 'tis false: he is not guilty:
Not guilty unto death: I say he is not.
God gave ye hearing, but ye will not hear;
God gave ye feeling, but ye will not feel;
God gave ye judgment, but ye falsely judge.

Duke. Captain Antonio, guard thy prisoner.
If it be true, blood is not on thy soul,
Yet thou objectest not to the charge of robbery?

(*Fazio bows.*)

Thou dost not. Robbery, by the laws of Florence,

Is sternly coded as a deadly crime:
Therefore, I say again, Giraldi Fazio,
The Lord have mercy on thy sinful soul!
(*They follow the Duke.*)

Bian. (*Seizing and detaining Aurio.*)
My lord! my lord! we have two babes at home—
They cannot speak yet; but your name, my lord,
And they shall lisp it, ere they lisp mine own—
Ere that poor culprit's yonder, their own father's
Befriend us, oh! befriend us! 'Tis a title
Heaven joys at, and the hard and savage earth
Doth break its sullen nature to delight in—
The destitute's sole friend——And thou pass too!
Why, what a common liar was thy face,
That said the milk of mercy flowed within thee!——
Ye're all alike.—Off! Off!—Ye're all alike.
[*Exeunt all but Fazio, the Officer, and Bianca.*

Bian. (*Creeping to Fazio.*)
Thou wilt not spurn me, wilt not trample on me,
Wilt let me touch thee—I, whose lips have slain thee?
Oh, look not on me thus with that fond look—
Pamper me not, for long and living grief
To prey upon—O, curse me, Fazio—
Kill me with cursing: I am thin and feeble—
A word will crush me—any thing but kindness.

Faz. Mine own Bianca! I shall need too much mercy
Or ere to-morrow, to be merciless.
It was not well, Bianca, in my guilt
To cut me off—thus early—thus unripe:
It will be bitter when the axe falls on me,
To think whose voice did summon it to its office.
No more—no more of that: we all must die.
Bianca, thou wilt love me when I'm dead:
I wrong'd thee, but thou'lt love me when I'm dead.

Bian. What, kiss me, kiss me, Fazio!—'tis too much
And these warm lips must be cold clay to-morrow.

Anto. Signior, we must part hence.

Bian. What! tear me from him;
When he has but a few short hours to give me.
Rob me of them!—He hath lain delicately:
Thou wilt not envy me the wretched office
Of strewing the last pillow he shall lie on—
Thou wilt not—nay, there's moisture in thine eye—
Thou wilt not.

Anto. Lady, far as is the warrant
Of my stern orders—

Bian. Excellent youth! Heaven thank thee!
There's not another heart like thine in Florence.
We shall not part, we shall not part, my Fazio!
Oh, never, never, never—till *to-morrow.*

Faz. (*As he leads her out.*)
It was not with this cold and shaking hand
I led thee virgin to the bridal altar.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A prison.*

FAZIO *and* BIANCA, *discovered.*

Faz. Let's talk of joy, Bianca: we'll deceive
This present and this future, whose grim faces
Stare at us with such deep and hideous blackness:
We'll fly to the past. Dost thou remember, love,
Those gentle moonlights, when my fond guitar
Was regular, as convent vesper hymn,
Beneath thy lattice, sometimes the light dawn
Came stealing on our voiceless intercourse,
Soft in its grey and filmy atmosphere?

Bian. Oh yes, oh yes!—There'll be a dawn to-morrow
Will steal upon us.—Then, oh then—

Faz. Oh, think not on't!—
And thou remember'st, too, that beauteous evening
Upon the Arno; how we sail'd along,
And laugh'd to see the stately towers of Florence
Waver and dance in the blue depth beneath us.
How carelessly thy unretiring hand
Abandon'd its soft whiteness to my pressure?

Bian. Oh, yes!——To-morrow evening, if thou close
Thy clasping hand, mine will not meet it then—
Thou'lt only grasp the chill and senseless earth.

Faz. Thou busy, sad remembrancer of evil!—
How exquisitely happy have we two
Sate in the dusky and discoloured light,
That flicker'd through our shaking lattice bars!
Our children at our feet, or on our laps,
Warm in their breathing slumbers, or at play
With rosy laughter on their cheeks!—Oh, God!—
Bianca, such a flash of thought cross'd o'er me.
I dare not speak it.

Bian. Quick, my Fazio!
Quick, let me have't—*to-morrow* thou'lt not speak it.

Faz. Oh, what a life must theirs be, those poor innocents!
When they have grown up to a sense of sorrow—
Oh what a feast will there be for rude misery!
Honest men's boys and girls, whene'er they mingle,
Will spurn them with the black and branded title,
"The murderer's children:" Infamy will pin
That pestilent label on their backs; the plague-spot
Will bloat and blister on them till their death-beds;
And if they beg—for beggars they must be—
They'll drive them from their doors with cruel jeers
Upon my riches, villanously style them
"The children of Lord Fazio, the philosopher."

Bian. *To-morrow* will the cry begin,—*to-morrow*—
It must not be, and I sit idle here!
Fazio, there must be in this wide, wide city,
Piercing and penetrating eyes for truth,
Souls not too proud, too cold, too stern for mercy.
I'll hunt them out, and swear them to our service.
I'll raise up something—oh, I know not what—
Shall boldly startle the rank air of Florence
With proclamation of thy innocence.
I'll raise the dead! I'll conjure up the ghost
Of that old rotten thing, Bartolo; make it
Cry out i' the market place, "Thou didst not slay him."
Farewell, farewell! If in the walls of Florence
Be anything like hope or comfort, Fazio,
I'll clasp it with such strong and steadfast arms,
I'll drag it to thy dungeon, and make laugh
This silence with strange uncouth sounds of joy.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter FALSETTO, DANDOLO, PHILARIO.

Fal. Good Signior Dandolo, here's a prodigal waste

Of my fair speeches to the sage philosopher.
I counted on at least a two months' diet,
Besides stray boons of horses, rings, and jewels.
Dan. Oh, my Falsetto, a coat of my fashion
Come to the wheel!—It wrings my very heart,
To fancy how the seams will crack, or haply
The hangman will be seen in't!—That I should live
To be purveyor of the modes to a hangman!

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. They pass me by on the other side of the street;
They spurn me from their doors; they load the air
With curses that are flung on me; the Palace,
The Ducal Palace, that should aye be open
To voice of the distress'd, as is God's heaven,
Is ring'd around with grim and armed savages.
That with their angry weapons smite me back,
As though I came with fire in my hand, to burn
The royal walls: the children in the streets
Break off their noisy games to hoot at me;
And the dogs from the porches howl me on.
But here's a succour. (*To Falsetto.*) Oh, good sir, thy friend,
The man thou feastedst with but yesterday,
He to whose motion thou wast a true shadow,
Whose hand rain'd gifts upon thee—he, I mean,
Fazio, the bounteous, free, and liberal Fazio—
He's wrongfully accused, wrongfully doom'd:
I swear to thee 'tis wrongfully—Oh, sir,
An eloquent honey-dropping tongue like thine,
How would it garnish up his innocence,
Till justice would grow amorous, and embrace it!
Fal. Sweet lady, thou o'ervalouest my poor powers:—
Any thing in reason to win so much loveliness
To smile on me.—But this were wild and futile.
Bian. In reason?—'Tis to save a human life—
Is not that in the spacious realm of reason?—
Kind sir, there's not a prayer will mount hereafter
Heavenward from us or our poor children's lips,
But in it thy dear name will rise embalm'd:
And prayers have power to cancel many a sin,
That clogs and flaws our base and corrupt nature.
Fal. Methinks, good Dandolo, 'tis the hour we owe
Attendance at the lady Portia's toilette.—
Any commission in our way, fair lady?
Dan. Oh, yes! I'm ever indispensable there
As is her looking glass.—
Bian. Riotous madness!
To waste a breath (*Detaining them.*) upon such thin-blown bubbles!
Why thou didst cling to him but yesterday,
As 'twere a danger of thy life to part from him;
Didst swear it was a sin in Providence
He was not born a prince.—(*To Dan.*) And thou, sir, thou—
Chains, sir, in May—it is a heavy wear;
Hard and unseemingly, a rude weight of iron.—
Faugh! cast ye off this shape and skin of men;
Ye stain it, ye pollute it—be the reptiles
Ye are.—(*To Phil.*) And thou, sir—I know in whose porch
He hired thee to troll out thy fulsome ditties:
I know whose dainty ears were last night banqueted
With the false harlotry of thy rich airs.
Phil. I do beseech thee, lady, judge me not
So harshly. In the state, Heaven knows I'm powerless—
I could remove yon palace walls, as soon
As alter his sad doom. But if to visit him,
To tend him with a soft, officious zeal,
Waft the wild magic of mine art around him,
Making the chill and lazy dungeon air
More smooth, more gentle to the trammell'd breathing:—
All that I can I will, to make his misery
Slide from him light and airily.
Bian. Wilt thou?
Why then there's hope the devil hath not all Florence.
Go—go!—I cannot point thee out the way:
Mine eyes are cloudy; it is the first rain
Hath dew'd them, since—since when I cannot tell thee.
Go—go!—

[*Exeunt Philario and Dandolo.*

One effort more—and if I fail——
But by the inbred and instinctive tenderness
That mingles with the life of womanhood,
I cannot fail—and then, thou grim to-morrow,
I'll meet thee with a bold and unblench'd front.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Palace of Aldabella.*

Enter ALDABELLA.

Ald. Fazio in prison! Fazio doom'd to die!—
I was too hasty; should have fled, and bashfully
Beckoned him after; lured him, not seized on him
Proud Aldabella a poor robber's paramour!
Oh, it sounds dismal! Florence must not hear it—
And sooth, his time is brief to descant on it.—

Enter BIANCA.

And who art thou, thus usherless and unbidden
Scarest my privacy?
Bian. (*Aside.*) I must not speak yet;
For if I do, a curse will clog my utterance.
Ald. Nay, stand not with thy pale lips quivering nothings—
Speak out, and freely.
Bian. There is one—
Fie, fie upon this choking in my throat—
One thou didst love,—Giraldi Fazio;—
One who loved thee,—Giraldi Fazio.—
He's doom'd to die, to die to-morrow morning;
And lo, 'tis eve already!—
Ald. He is doom'd?—
Why, then, the man must die.
Bian. Nay, gentle lady,
Thou'rt high-born, rich, and beautiful: the prince,
The prime of Florence wait upon thy smiles,
Like sunflowers on the golden light they love;
Thy lips have such sweet melody, 'tis hung upon
Till silence is an agony. Did it plead
For one condemn'd, but oh, most innocent,
'Twould be a music th' air would fall in love with,
And never let it die till it had won
Its honest purpose.
Ald. What a wanton waste
Of idle praise is here!
Bian. Nay, think, oh, think,
What 'tis to give again a forfeit life:
Ay, such a life as Fazio's! Frown not on me:
Thou think'st that he's a murderer—'tis all false;
A trick of Fortune, fancifully cruel,
To cheat the world of such a life as Fazio's.
Ald. Frivolous and weak: I could not if I would.
Bian. Nay, but I'll lure thee with so rich a boon—
Hear—hear, and thou art won. If thou dost save him,
It is but just he should be saved for thee.
I give him thee—Bianca—I, his wife—
I pardon all that has been, all that may be—

Oh, I will be thy handmaid; be so patient—
Calmly, contentedly, and sadly patient—
And if ye see a pale or envious motion
Upon my cheek, a quivering on my lips,
Like to complaint—then strike him dead before me.
Thou shalt enjoy all—all that I enjoy'd:—
His love, his life, his sense, his soul be thine;
And I will bless thee, in my misery bless thee.

Ald. What mist is on thy wild and wandering eyes?
Know'st thou to whom and where thou play'st the raver?
I, Aldabella, whom the amorous homage
Of rival lords and princes stir no more,
Than the light passing of the common air—
I, Aldabella, when my voice might make
Thrones render up their stateliest to my service—
Stoop to the sordid sweepings of a prison?
I—

Bian. Proud-lipped woman, earth's most gorgeous sovereigns
Were worthless of my Fazio! Foolish woman,
Thou cast'st a jewel off! The proudest lord
That ever revell'd in thy unchaste arms
Was a swarth galley-slave to Fazio.
Ah, me! ah, me! e'en I, his lawful wife.
Know't not more truly, certainly than thou.
Hadst thou loved him, I had pardon'd, pitied thee;
We two had sat, all cold, palely sad;
Dropping, like statues on a fountain side,
A pure, a silent, and eternal dew.
Hadst thou outwept me, I had loved thee for't—
And that were easy, for I'm stony here.
(*Putting her hand to her eyes.*)

Ald. Ho, there! to th' hospital for the lunatics!
Fetch succour for this poor distraught—

Bian. What said I?
Oh, pardon me, I came not to upbraid thee—
Think, think—I'll whisper it, I'll not betray thee:
The air's a tell-tale, and the walls are listeners;
Think what a change! Last night within thy chamber,
(I'll not say in thy arms; for that displeases thee,
And sickens me to utter,) and to-night
Upon a prison pallet, straw, hard straw;
For eastern perfumes, the rank, noisome air;
For gentle harpings, shrilly clanking chains;
Nay, turn not off: the worst is yet to come.
To-morrow at his waking, for thy face
Languidly, lovingly down drooping o'er him,
The scarr'd and haggard executioner!

Ald. (*Turning away.*) There is a dizzy trembling in mine eye;
But I must dry the foolish dew for shame.
Well, what is it to me? I slew him not;
Nay, nor denounced him to the judgment-seat.
I but de'ase myself to lend free hearing
To such coarse fancies. I must hence to-night,
I feast the lords of Florence.
[*Exit.*

Bian. They're all lies:
Things done with in some far and distant planet,
Or offscum of some dreamy poet's brain.
All tales of human goodness! Or they're legends
Left us of some good old forgotten time,
Ere harlotry became a queenly sin.
And housed in palaces. Oh, earth's so crowded
With Vice, that if strange Virtue stray abroad,
They hoot it from them like a thing accurst.
Fazio, my Fazio! but we'll laugh at them:
We will not stay upon their wicked soil,
E'en though they sue us not to die and leave them.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Fazio's House.*

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Ah, what a fierce and frantic coil is here,
Because the sun must shine on one man less!
I'm sick and weary; my feet drag along.
Why must I trail, like a scotch'd serpent, hither?
Here to this house, where all things breathe of Fazio?
The air tastes of him; the walls whisper of him.
Oh, I'll to bed! to bed!—What find I there?
Fazio, my fond, my gentle, fervent Fazio?
No!—Cold stones are his couch, harsh iron bars
Curtain his slumbers—oh, no, no,—I have it—
He is in Aldabella's arms.—Out on't!
Fie, fie!—that's rank, that's noisome!—I remember—
Our children—ay, my children—Fazio's children.
'Twas my thoughts' burthen as I came along.
Were it not wise to bear them off with us
Away from this cold world! Why should we breed up
More sinners for the Devil to prey upon?
There's one a boy—some strumpet will enlace him,
And make him wear her loathsome livery.
The other a girl: if she be ill, she'll sink
Spotted to death; she'll be an Aldabella:
If she be chaste, she'll be a wretch like me.
A jealous wretch, a frantic guilty wretch.—
No, no: they must not live, they must not live!
[*Exit into a back chamber. After a pause she returns.*
It will not be, it will not be—they woke
As though e'en in their sleep they felt my presence;
And then they smiled upon me fondly, playfully,
And stretch'd their rosy fingers to sport with me:
The boy did arch his eyebrows so like Fazio,
Though my soul wish'd that God would take them to him,
That they were 'scaped this miserable world,
I could but kiss them; and, when I had kissed them,
I could as soon have leaped up to the moon,
As speck'd or soil'd their alabaster skins.
Wild that I am! Take them t' another world—
As though I, I, my husband's murderess,
In the dread separation of the dead,
Should meet again those spotless innocents!
Oh, happy they!—they will but know to-morrow
By the renewal of the soft, warm daylight.
[*Exit*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street. Morning Twilight.*

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Where have I been?—I have not been at rest;
There's yet the stir of motion in my limbs:
Oh, I remember, 'twas a hideous strife
Within my brain: I felt that all was hopeless,
Yet would not credit it; and I set forth
To tell my Fazio so, and dared not front him
With such cold comfort. Then a mist came o'er me,
And something drove me on, and on, and on,
Street after street, each blacker than the other,
And a blue axe did shimmer through the gloom;
Its fiery edge did waver to and fro;
And there were infants' voices, faint and wailing,
That panted after me. I knew, I fled them:

Yet could not choose but fly. And then, oh, then,
I gazed and gazed upon the starless darkness,
Bitterness in my soul, for it was deeply
And beautifully black—no speck of light!
And I had feverish and fantastic hopes
That it would last for ever, nor give place
To th' horrible *to-morrow*.——Ha, 'tis there!
The the grey morning light aches in mine eyes—
It is that *morrow!*——Ho!—Look out! look out!
With what a hateful and unwonted swiftness
It scares my comfortable darkness from me!
Fool that I am! I've lost the few brief hours
Yet left me of my Fazio!—Oh, away!
Away to him!—away!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Prison—totally dark, except a lamp.*

FAZIO *and* PHILARIO.

Faz. I thank thee: 'twas a melancholy hymn,
But soft and soothing as the gale of eve,
The gale whose flower-sweet breath no more shall pass o'er me.
Oh, what a gentle ministrant is music
To piety—to mild, to penitent piety!
Oh, it gives plumage to the tardy prayer
That lingers in our lazy earthly air,
And melts with it to heaven——To die; 'tis dreary;
To die a villain's death, that's yet a pang.
But it must down: I have so steep'd my soul
In the bitter ashes of true penitence,
That they have put on a delicious savour,
And all is halcyon quiet, all within.
Bianca! where is she? Why comes she not?
Yet I do almost wish her not to come,
Lest she again enamour me of life.
Phil. Hast thou no charge to her, no fond bequest?
It shall lose little by my bearing it.
Faz. Oh, yes! oh, yes! I have her picture here:
That I had seen it in one hour of my life,
In Aldabella's arms had it looked on me,
I should have had one sin less to repent of,
I'm loth the coarse and vulgar executioner
Should handle it with his foul gripe, or pass
His rude jests upon it.—Give it her.

[*With the picture he draws out some gold, on which he looks with great apparent melancholy.*

Phil. And this too, sir?
Faz. Oh, touch it not!—'tis venomous, 'tis viperous!
If there be bottomless sea, unfathom'd pit,
In earth's black womb—oh, plunge it, plunge it deep,
Deep, dark! or if a devil be abroad,
Give it to him, to bear it whence it came,
To its own native hell. Oh! no, no, no!
He must not have it: for with it he'll betray
More men, more noble spirits than Lucifer
Drew down from heaven. This yellow pestilence
Laid waste my Eden; made a gaudy bird of me,
For soft temptation's silken nets to snare.
It crept in to us—Sin came with it—Misery
Dogg'd its foul footsteps—ever-deep'ning Sin,
And ever-dark'ning Misery.—— Philario,
Away with it!—away! (*Takes the picture.*) Here's fairer gazing.
Thou wouldst not think these smooth and smiling lips
Could speak away a life—a husband's life.
Yet, ah! I led the way to sin—I wronged her:
Yet Heaven be witness, though I wronged her loved her,
E'en in my heart of hearts.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Who's that Bianca,
That's loved so deeply? Fazio, Fazio, Fazio,
It is that *morrow!*
Faz. Nay, look cheeringly:
It may be God doth punish in this world
To spare hereafter.
Bian. Fazio, set me loose!
Thou clasp'st thy murderess.
Faz. No, it is my love,
My wife, my children's mother! Pardon me,
Bianca; but thy children——I'll not see them:
For on the wax of a soft infant's memory
Things horrible sink deep, and sternly settle.
I would not have them, in their after-days,
Cherish the image of their wretched father
In the cold darkness of a prison-house.
Oh, if they ask thee of their father, tell them
That he is dead, but say not how.
Bian. No, no—
Not tell them, that their mother murdered him.
Faz. But are they well, my love?
Bian. What, had I freed them
From this drear villains' earth, sent them before us,
Lest we should miss them in another world,
And so be fetter'd by a cold regret
Of this sad sunshine?
Faz. Oh, thou hast not been
So wild a rebel to the will of God!
If that thou hast, 'twill make my passionate arms,
That ring thee round so fondly, drop off from thee
Like sere and wither'd ivy; make my farewell
Spoken in such suffocate and distemper'd tone.
'Twill sound more like—
Bian. They live, thank God, they live!
I should not rack thee with such fantasies:
But there have been such hideous things around me,
Some whispering me, some dragging me; I've felt
Not half a moment's calm since last we parted,
So exquisite, so gentle, as this now—
I could sleep on thy bosom, Fazio.

Re-enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Prisoner,
Thine hour is come.
Bian. It is not morning yet—
Where is the twilight that should usher it?
Where is the sun, that should come golden on?
Ill-favoured liar, to come prate of morning,
With torch-light in thy hand to scare the darkness.
Ant. Thou dost forget; day's light ne'er piereeth here;
The sun hath kindled up the open air.
Bian. I say, 'tis but an hour since it was evening,
A dreary, measureless and mournful hour,
Yet but an hour.
Faz. I will obey thee, officer!
Yet but a word—Bianca, 'tis a strange one—
Cans't thou endure it, dearest? Aldabella—
Bian. Curse her!
Faz. Peace, peace!—'tis dangerous; sinners' curses
Pluck them down tenfold from the angry heavens

Upon the curser's head. Beseech thee, peace!
Forgive her—for thy Fazio's sake, forgive her.
Bian. Any thing not to think on her—Not yet—
They shall not kill thee—by my faith they shall not!
I'll clasp mine arms so closely round thy neck,
That the red axe shall hew them off, ere shred
A hair of thee: I will so mingle with thee,
That they shall strike at random, and perchance
Set me free first—

(The bell sounds, her grasp relaxes, and she stands torpid. Fazio kisses her, which she does not seem to be conscious of.)

Faz. Farewell, farewell, farewell!—
She does not feel, she does not feel! Thank heaven,
She does not feel her Fazio's last, last kiss!—
One other!—cold as stone—sweet, sweet as roses,
[*Exit.*
Bian. (*Slowly recovering.*) Gone, gone!—he is not air yet, nor thin spirit!—
He should not glide away—he is not guilty—
Ye murder and not execute. Not guilty!
[*Exit, followed by Philario.*

SCENE III.—*A magnificent apartment in the palace of Aldabella—every appearance of a ball prolonged till morning.*

DUKE, LORDS, FALSETTO, DANDOLO, *and* ALDABELLA, *discovered.*

Duke. 'Tis late, 'tis late; the yellow morning light
Streams in upon our sick and waning lamps.
It was a jocund night: but good my friends,
The sun reproves our lingering revelry;
And, angry at our scorning of his state,
Will shine the slumber from our heavy eyes.
Gon. There's one, my liege, will sleep more calm than we:
But now I heard the bell with iron tongue
Speak out unto the still and common air
The death-stroke of the murderer, Fazio.
Duke. So, lady, fare thee well: our gentlest thanks
For thy fair entertaining.—Ha! what's that?

Enter BIANCA, *followed by* PHILARIO.

Bian. Ha! ye've been dancing, dancing—so have I:
But mine was heavy music, slow and solemn—
A bell, a bell: my thick blood roll'd to it,
My heart swung to and fro, a dull, deep motion.
(*Seeing Aldabella.*)
'Tis thou, 'tis thou!—I came to tell thee something
Ald. (*Alarmed and shrieking.*) Ah, me! ah, me!
Bian. Nay, shrink not—I'll not kill thee:
For if I do, I know, in the other world,
Thou'lt shoot between me and my richest joys.—
Thou shalt stay here—I'll have him there—all—all of him.
Duke. What means the wild-hair'd maniac?
Bian. (*Moving him aside.*) By and by—
(*To Aldabella.*)
I tell thee, that warm cheek thy lips did stray on
But yesternight, 'tis cold and colourless:
The breath, that stirred among the jetty locks,
That was such incense to thee—it is fled:
The voice, that call'd thee then his soul of soul—
I know it—'twas his favourite phrase of love—
I've heard it many a time myself—'twas rapturous;
That mild, that musical voice is frozen now:
The neck whereon thy arms did hang so tenderly,
There's blood upon it, blood—I tell thee, blood.
Dost thou hear that? is thy brain fire to hear it?
Mine is, mine is, mine is.
Duke. 'Tis Fazio's wife?
Bian. It is not Fazio's wife. Have the dead wives?
Ay, ay, my liege; and I know thee, and well—
Thou art the rich-robed minister of the laws.
Fine laws! rare laws! most equitable laws!
Who robs his neighbour of his yellow dust,
Or his bright sparkling stones, or such gay trash,
Oh, he must die, die for the public good.
And if one steal a husband from his wife,
Do dive into her heart for its best treasure,
Do rend asunder whom heaven link'd in one—
Oh, they are meek, and merciful, and milky—
'Tis a trick of human frailty——Oh, fine laws!
Rare laws! most equitable laws!
Duke. Poor wretch,
Who is it thus hath wrong'd thee?
Bian. (*To the Duke.*) Come thou here.
(*The o'hers crowd around her. She says to Falsetto:*
Get back, get back: the god that thou ador'st,
Thy god is dead, thou pitiful idolator!
(*To Dandolo—shewing her dress.*)
I know they are coarse and tatter'd—Get thee back.
(*To the Duke.*)
I tell thee, that rich woman—she——My liege,
I'll speak anon—my lips do cling together,
There's dust about my tongue—I cannot move it.
Duke. Ho, there! some wine!
Bian. Thank thee, 'tis moist—I thank thee!
(*As she raises the goblet to her lips, she sees Aldabella, and dashes it away.*)
Her lips have been upon it—I'll have none on't.
Ald. My liege, thou wilt not hearken to the tale
Of a mad woman, venting her sick fancies
Upon a lady of my state and honour!
Duke. Lady, there is one state alone, that holds
Above the range of plumed and restless justice
Her throned majesty—the state of virtue.
Poor sad distraught, speak on.
Bian. I am not mad,
Thou smooth-lipp'd slanderer! I have been mad,
And then my words came vague, and loose, and broken;
But now, there's mode and measure in my speech.
I'll hold my brain; and then I'll tell my tale
Simply and clearly, Fazio, my poor Fazio—
He murdered not—he found Bartolo dead;
The wealth did shine in his eyes—and he was dazzled.
And when that he was gaily gilded up,
She, she, I say—nay, keep away from her,
For she hath witchcraft all around her—she
Did take him to her chamber. Fie, my liege!
What should my husband in her chamber? then,
Ay—then, I madden'd.——Hark! hark! hark!—the bell,
The bell that I set knolling—hark—Here, here,
Massy and cold it strikes—Here, here.
(*Clasping her forehead.*)
Gon. Sad woman!
Tear me not so piteously thy disorder'd hair!
Bian. I do not tear my hair: there should be pain

If that I did; but all my pain's within.

(With her hand to her bosom.)

It will not break, it will not break—'tis iron.

Duke. If this be true——

Phil. My liege, it is the tale
That Fazio told me ere he died.

Bian. Ay, sir.
The dying lie not—he, a dying man,
Lied not—and I, a dying woman, lie not:
For I shall die, spite of this iron here.

Duke. *(To Aldabel'a.)* There is confession in thy guilty cheeks.
Thou high-born baseness! beautiful deformity!
Dishonoured honour!—How hast thou discredited
All that doth fetter admiration's eye,
And made us out of love with loveliness!
I do condemn thee, woman, by the warrant
Of this my ducal diadem, to put on thee
The rigid convent vows: there bleach anew
Thy sullied breast; there temper thy rank blood;
Lay ashes to thy soul; swathe thy hot skin
In sackcloth; and God give thee length of days,
T' atone, by this world's misery, this world's sin.

[Exit Aldabella.

Bian. Bless thee, Heaven bless thee!—Yet it must not be.
My Fazio said we must forgive her—Fazio
Said so; and all he said is best and wisest.

Duke. She shall have her desert: aught more to ask of us?

Bian. My children—thou'lt protect them—Oh, my liege;
Make them not rich: let them be poor and honest.

Duke. I will, I will.

Bian. Why, then, 'tis time, 'tis time:
And thou believ'st he is no murderer?

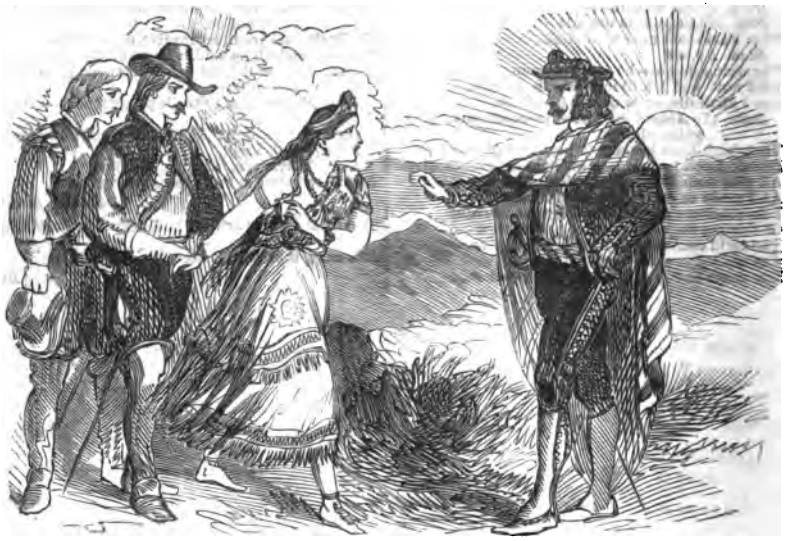
(Duke bows assent.)

Thou'lt lay me near him, and keep her away from us.
It breaks, it breaks, it breaks,—it is not iron.

[Dies

THE ORPHAN OF THE FROZEN SEA,

A NAUTICAL DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS.—BY E. STIRLING.



Hor.—"ARE YOU AFRAID OF HIM?"—*Act* iii, *scene* 1.

Persons Represented.

RALPH DE LASCOURS.
CARLOS. (*Under the assumed name, of the* MARQUIS D'ANTAS.)
HORACE DE BRIENNE.
GEORGES DE LAVAL.
BARABAS.
MEDOC.
PIERRE PACOMIE.
MONS. DUCHESNE.
BUFFARD.
OFFICER.
STEWARD.
SERVANT.
LOUISE DE LASCOURS.
MADAME DE THERINGE.
DIANA DE LASCOURS.
MARTHA, *afterwards* OGARITA, *then* MADAME LA MARQUISE D'ANTAS.

First performed at the Theatre Royal Adelphi, London, 1856. (Licensed.)

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The deck of a ship of the time of Louis XIV.*

RALPH DE LASCOURS, *Chief Mate, and Sailors discovered.*

Ral. What sail have we made in the night?

Mate. But little, captain.

Ral. The wind seems good this morning, increase the sail.

Mate. (*Commanding.*) Hoist the small sails. (*After a pause.*) All on deck.

(*Quartermaster's whistle, manœuvre of sails.*)

Ral. The course is fine, and before the end of the week we shall be in Mexico. (*Raising his voice.*) Sailors of the Urania, to morrow, if the weather does not change, we shall sight Acapulco. So, my brave fellows, courage and hope.

Enter LOUISE.

Lou. My good Ralph

(*Runs to him. Mate and sailors draw back to their post.*)

Ral. Have you passed a good night, dear wife?

Lou. No, I have had frightful dreams.

Ral. How pale you look!

Lou. Look at me, dear Ralph—have you not some bad news to communicate?

Ral. On the contrary, we are almost at the end of this long voyage.

Lou. Thank Providence!

Ral. And in a few days you will embrace your mother and your brother. You will cover your Diana with kisses, and our two children will sleep near us in the same cradle.

Lou. How could I leave my child—confide her to another's care—remain separated for three years

I am very guilty, and I fear Heaven will punish me as a bad mother.

Ral. You a bad mother, my Louise!

Lou. Yes, I ought not to have left Diana in Mexico, when we sailed for France.

Ral. Louise, you are unreasonable, and you grieve me.

Lou. What would you have? I repeat, I fear. Oh, if I had hear me on this terrible ocean all I loved in the world, I should not fear either tempests or shipwrecks; death itself would have had no power over me, for would it not strike us all together. But it breaks my heart to think if we found a grave in these waters, we should leave upon earth, without shelter, without sustenance, a poor little orphan who would not even remember us. This thought drives me mad.

Ral. Calm yourself, I entreat, wife.

Lou. My child! my child!

Ral. Well, weep then, dearest, but let it be upon my breast.

Lou. Ralph, I am sure you reproach yourself as well for not taking our child to France.

Ral. Could I do so. Reflect—should we not have been guilty to expose so delicate a child to the fatigue of so long a voyage. It was wiser to leave her to the care of your mother, Madame de Theringe, as we have done.

Lou. Ah! we ought not to have left Mexico.

Ral. You forget that the future welfare of our children depended on this voyage.

Lou. Pardon me, dear, noble husband: you have acted as a good father and an honest man. My foolish fears are groundless—and when your loving arm is thus round me, I hope and believe in a happy future.

Ral. Then you are no longer grieving—

Lou. No, no; I love you and I am happy.

Ral. That is right. But where is Martin?

Lou. I do not know.

(*She goes towards a group of Sailors at the back, and returns hurriedly to Ralph.*)

Ral. She is doubtless with her friend, Barabas.

Lou. (*Lowering her voice.*) Tell me, if you are sure of the fidelity of your crew.

Ral. Why do you ask?

Lou. Because several times, just now even, it seemed to me there was an evil look in the faces of some of the men.

Ral. Why, this is childish, love.

Lou. Oh, I am not wrong. Yesterday the Master Carpenter pushed me on one side as he passed without bowing or begging me to excuse, what seemed at first his hurry. It was an intentional insult.

Ral. My dear wife, you are dreaming, surely.

Enter BARABAS, *with* MARTHA.

Come, he does not look very terrible.

Bar. Your servant, captain—good morning, madam. (*Sits and plays with Martha.*)

Ral. You don't seem to shudder at his appearance.

Lou. (*Laughing.*) Poor Barabas.

Ral. Come here, Barabas.

Bar. (*Stands and salutes.*) Present, captain.

Ral. Barabas, do you love that child?

Bar. Love her, captain—do I love her! She who pulls my nose and pinches my ears. (*Rubs his ears.*) I should think I did.

Lou. And if she was in danger, you would defend her, would you not?

Bar. (*With vehemence.*) With my heart's blood. (*Hesitates.*) But, but—

Lou. But what?

Bar. It is that I am afraid of being afraid.

Ral. You, you fear! You must be joking. Why, if such be the case, did you become a sailor. Why not have remained on shore?

Bar. I was afraid of the carriages.

Ral. And why did not those who knew you to be such a coward, try to prevent you choosing such a hazardous career?

Bar. So they did; my uncle Boffaineau, a farmer at Nanterre, from whence I came, wished to keep me away, and tried to do so by force. The day before I left for Dunkirk he got some neighbours and eight of his men to stop me on the road. They were armed with great sticks. I was dreadfully afraid when I saw them, and wanted to bite and scratch them. I am not myself, captain, when I get frightened; I become a real tiger; so I threw myself into the midst of them. I hit on the right hand, kicked on the left—I threw two on the ground—I broke the nose of a third—knocked out two of my uncle's teeth, the rest ran away, and I walked quietly to Dunkirk. But I was dreadfully afraid that morning.

Bell.—Sailors re-enter.

Ral. The crew's breakfast bell.

Mar. I shall stay with Barabas.

Ral. And you, Louise, will preside at the breakfast of the crew.

Lou. No, let us re-peruse those precious letters in which my good mother has sent us accounts of our Diana. (*To Barabas.*) Do not leave her an instant.

Bar. Rely upon me, madam.

Ral. (*To the Sailors.*) Before a week has passed the Urania will be anchored off Acapulco, to good appetite and double rations to each man.

Some Sailors. Long live the captain!

Lou. (*Low to Ralph.*) Did you notice only a few cheered you.

Ral. Come, come, my darling. (*They exeunt.*

1*st Sai.* This is not longer biscuit, it is flint.

2*nd Sai.* The rats won't eat it. It is time we were in port.

Med. Double rations. (*Looks contemptuously at biscuit.*) The captain's generosity costs him little.

Bar. Don't make such a fuss, everything is good to an hungry man. When I'm hungry I could eat a cannon, carriage and all. Pass me your leavings, Mr. Pacomie. Get less dainty against your next voyage. (*Sailors murmur.*)

1*st Sai.* I will eat no more of this stuff.

2*nd Sai.* Nor I.

(*They throw away their biscuit, several Sailors imitate them.*)

Med. Patience, comrades, and our deliverer will accomplish all I have promised in his name.

1*st Sai.* When will this finish?

Med. Let the master act—wait for the signal.

Some Sailors. We are ready.

Med. I count upon them. We shall have the greater force.

3*rd Sai.* Listen, Medoc. That tale you told us yesterday about the fields and rivers of gold, though it was not true, was very pleasant; my ears tingle with the recollection of it.

Med. And if it were true?

3*rd Sai.* It's not possible.

Med. Look before you—look earnestly. Do you see the land?

3*rd Sai.* No.

Med. Suppose, then, that you saw it.

3*rd Sai.* Well.

Med. Suppose still more—that upon that shore there are mountains of sovereigns.

3*rd Sai.* Well!

Med. What would you do?

3*rd Sai.* I would go and fill my pockets with them

Med. That's natural enough, but if Monsieur de Lascours objected to it, and commanded that the vessel should be steered in an opposite course to that shore, what would you do? (*Sailors hesitate.*)

Bar. (*Interrupting quickly.*) You would obey, sailors—you would remain at your post, and not turn deserters and traitors.

Several Sailors. Yes, yes, Barabas is right.

Med. (*Aside.*) I am resolved—twenty-four against six must conquer.

Mate. (*Without.*) All hands to work.

Bar. To work. (*Sailors go off making signs to Medoc.* Medoc, I don't understand all this plotting, but it will end in my putting the captain on his guard.

Med. Wretch, if you dare.

Bar. It's very lucky for you, Father Medoc, that I am a coward, or I should tell you what you are.

Med. What would you tell me?

Bar. If I were courageous—I Barabas, born in Nanterre, and a sailor of the Urania—I would tell you that you turn the brains of our ship-mates with your treacherous histories; that you are decoying the crew into the devil's service; that you are a rascal, a robber, a blackguard, a good-for-nothing—but I am a coward, and I dare not tell you this. (*Aside.*) It's all the same, I have said it. (*Runs off.*)

Med. Oh, you shall pay dearly for this.

Enter CARLOS *from Cabin.*

Car. What is the matter—you were quarrelling, I thought?

Med. It was only with that brute, Barabas.

Car. Barabas, is he on our side?

Med. No, thank goodness; I shall be able to pay him off better.

Car. There are still some averse to our scheme?

Med. But six, sir.

Car. Not more. Have you included Monsieur de Lascours? He counts for two, I promise you.

Med. Well, that will make eight only, and we have four-and-twenty on our side.

Car. That will be sufficient to ensure success.

Med. I hope you are satisfied with my efforts, Monsieur Carlos, for I have worked hard, and I have had a great deal of trouble, for these devils of sailors have dull heads and tender consciences.

Car. You shall be rewarded as you deserve, Master Medoc.

Med. I don't presume to advise, Monsieur Carlos, but you know we are near our destination, and the crew are impatient to put into practice your project.

Car. Go and ask if the Captain, Ralph de Lascours, will honour his passenger, Monsieur Carlos, with an interview.

Med. I will do so. (*Going.*)

Car. (*Recalling him.*) By-the-by, Medoc.

Med. Yes, Monsieur.

Car. When you come back, keep your eye on the captain's child.

Med. Agreed. (*Aside.*) What a man, he thinks of everything. (*Goes below.*)

Car. What a delicious picture. The sea is like a mirror; the wind caresses the sails, the sun gilds the ropes, and the child playing yonder, forms an assemblage of repose, light and sweet harmony. I too have taken extra pains: I have on my new coat, my clean shirt, good boots, and have shaved. Who could see in me, and around me, the prelude of a terrible event? Human life and its contrasts form one eternal sarcasm—a flash of lightning and the waves will roar—a word and blood will flow. Be my model, perfidious ocean, you who hide under your laughing surface your monsters and your depths. It's curious enough, too, I scarcely know this Monsieur de Lascours, yet it depends upon him whether I become a criminal, or remain merely a clever man. Faith, let chance decide, I'm ready for all.

Enter RALPH DE LASCOURS.

Ral. You wished to speak to me, sir; I trust you have to complain of no one.

Car. Your vessel is too well commanded to leave room for the slightest complaint. (*Ralph bows.*) It was of myself I wished to speak to you.

Ral. Of yourself!

Car. I was born in Mexico; my parents were poor country people, who believed seriously in the devil, passed a wretched life between prayers and work; between a barren land and a village cemetery; persuaded in their simplicity that misery led to happiness. How this monotonous and servile existence inspired me, while still very young, with disgust; how I tore off with my boyish hands the chrysalis in which I was stifled, to enable me to breathe the fresh air, I know not, sir. I go my way without fear, troubling myself little to know whether the wind that makes me advance, comes from good or evil. Acknowledge, Monsieur de Lascours, you little thought what a fatalist you had on board.

Ral. (*Aside.*) What is he coming to?

Car. I had every ambition at once, luxury, power, pleasures. Later in life, what had been an instinct became a calculation, and the man began to be able to give form to the fugitive schemes of the child. I sold my little patrimony, and sailed for France; once arrived in this fine country, I gave myself up to hard study. I concentrated on a single point all the energy of my intelligence and my education; all the resources of trickery and endurance that are in me. I had but one aim, to gain gold, and I will do so.

Ral. (*Aside.*) Let me restrain myself, I will see how far his audacity will carry him.

Car. I interest you against your will, Monsieur de Lascours; and to you, a loyal officer, a man given to self-denial, it must seem curious, this likeness of a daring adventurer, who is no doubt the bastard of Cortez and Pizarro.

Ral. I do not accuse you, I pity you.

Car. You are very good, but, to continue. You are a sailor, sir, and must know that one of the constant efforts of Peter the Great was to attain America by the Kamschatcan sea. After several fruitless voyages and insignificant discoveries, a Russian captain at length landed on the coast of California, and disembarked six men. What became of them?

Ral. They were never found. Soft water failed, scrofula decimated the crew, and they were forced to sail without them. It is not known what became of the six men.

Car. I know, and will tell you. Full of daring and curiosity they penetrated through a thousand dangers. In the interior of the country there they discovered mines, plains, rivers, filled with gold, and no method of exploring these almost fabulous riches. Oh, I can understand their tortures; it was enough to send them mad. Five died from extreme misery. One alone reached France, as if by a miracle. Would you believe that when this man related all he had seen, and displayed the plans he brought back, the poor laughed and shrugged their shoulders, the rich treated him as a visionary and a fool; in the midst of the crowd he gained but one believer, myself. One morning, the poor devil was found dead in the streets.

Ral. Dead!

Car. Yes.

Ral. Assassinated?

Car. It was said so.

Ral. Sir!

Car. I inherited his plans, and to-day I have in my hands sure proofs of the existence and whereabouts of this certain treasure. I was wrong to give Pizarro and Fernandez Cortez for ancestors—I should blush to have their blood flowing in my veins. They had California, and they stooped to conquer Peru, like hungry vultures. Listen to me, sir, I have not lost my reason. I repeat that I have complete proofs, and that I could find this gold blindfold.

Ral. Enough, enough!

Car. I met some desperadoes on the Boulevards, and converted to my belief some vagabonds like myself. But I had no money to enrol the Argonauts, no vessel to take them to the golden land. Then I was lucky enough to meet with Captain de Lascours and the Urania.

Ral. What do you mean?

Car. Captain, you are exiled from France, and you owe nothing to your ungrateful country. Your hair is turning grey, and twenty years of service have barely gained you a competency; accept my offer and I will make you a millionaire four times over.

Ral. You propose——

Car. I simply propose to appropriate to our own use the vessel of the Dunkirk shipowner, and to sail together to the promised land.

Ral. This is too much!

Car. But think, when one has gold, one has everything! It is more than the sun and genius; it is passion, sensuality, real life. Before gold, obstacles vanish; consciences cease to admonish. And then what pride, what triumph—we left poor, unknown, wretched - we return rich enough to dazzle the richest, and shower gold over them.

Ral. Retire, wretched man, and try to deserve my mercy!

Car. So you refuse to accept my offer?

Ral. I order you to withdraw.

Car. One word.

Ral. Not one.

Car. I entreat.

Ral. No.

Car. I WILL!

Ral. You *will!* Be careful or I will have you chained, and put in the hold.

Car. And by whom, if you please?

Ral. By my sailors.

Car. (*Laughs.*) Monsieur de Lascours, at Dunkirk, the day your departure was fixed, a man presented himself to you, and as you wished to complete your crew, you engaged him. He was called, I think, Pierre Pacomie. (*Calls.*) Pierre Pacomie.

A Sailor enters.

Ral. Who gave you permission to come? Retire.

Car. Remain here. [*He remains.*

Ral. (*Aside.*) Louise's fears were right.

Car. Next day you met two other sailors and engaged them. (*Calls.*) Castuille, Buffard.

Two Sailors enter.

Ral. Retire, I command.

Car. Remain. (*They remain.*) So in the same way you engaged four, six, ten others. These you enrolled on my account; for, invisible and spreading my snares in the dark, I was at the bottom of all, and now I am the only master on board.

Ral. You lie!

Car. If you do not yield, you are lost.

Ral. No, no, such an infamous plot can never succeed. (*Calls.*) All hands on deck.

Enter all the Sailors.

Are all of you bandits and mutineers? Help me all who bear a French name and respect its flag! Help me, my brave men!

Car. Help me, all who wish for gold. (*The greater part of the Sailors pass behind Carlos. Some only behind Ralph.*) Count out forces, Monsieur de Lascours.

Ral. What matters the numbers—forward.

Car. Be it so.

Ral. (*Draws his sword.*) Your death first.

Car. (*Seizing a poignard and bounds on Ralph.*) We shall see.

[*Fight. The six Sailors against twenty-four Mutineers. Barabas defends the child. They snatch her from him. Ralph and Carlos fight in front.*

Ral. The assassin's weapon against the gentleman's sword. Yield, you are lost.

Car. Not yet.

[*Ralph throws him down, and snatches his poignard.*

Car. Help.

[*His partisans run towards him. Ralph places his sword at his throat.*

Ral. One step, and I kill him.

Car. Medoc, the child! the child!

Med. Is here.

[*Snatches and holds her over the waves.*

Ral. Ah!

Car. Good exchange, is it not? Her life for mine.

Louise rushes in.

Lou. Great heaven; what is the matter, Ralph? Ah, (*Sees the child.*) my child.

Mar. Mother!

Lou. Give me my child.

Med. No.

Lou. But what are you going to do with it?

Med. Throw it into the water, if your husband does not release our chief.

Lou. Do you hear, Ralph? Do you hear? Grant them what they ask.

Ral. It is impossible! He would steal my vessel, my honour.

Lou. But they will kill our child.

Car. Monsieur de Lascours, although the position in which I am placed is not a pleasant one for arguing, I will propose one course—let me go, and your lives shall be spared.

Lou. Life, Ralph, they give us our lives. Turn away your sword, it is our child it is pointed against. (*Snatches the sword away from Ralph's hand. To Carlos.*) Rise, sir.

Car. (*Rising.*) At last!

Lou. (*Taking the child from Medoc.*) My child, my child!

Ral. You have lost us, Louise; our death is necessary to efface all traces of their guilt.

Car. You are wrong, sir; between honourable people there is no necessity for stamped paper or lawyer. Now, comrades, put the captain's yawl to sea.

Ral. What are you going to do.

Car. I have promised you your life, and you shall have it, but you understand we can no longer remain together. The yawl is in good repair, and furnished with a month's provision. I have even had the precaution to place your gun in it, so that you can amuse yourself by shooting a few birds; by the way, you will have to dispense with a compass. Pleasant voyage to you, and as your kings say to each other, Heaven preserve you in its holy keeping!

Ral. And I did not kill him, Louise! Louise, we

shall be abandoned on the ocean, and for you, for Martha, it will not only be death, but the most horrible agony.

Lou. I know nothing, I will know nothing; I have my child! I have my child!

Car. Lead them away.

Ral. Villains! villains! (*They surround them.*) Kill me, but spare my wife and child.

All. To sea! to sea!

Ral. Do not touch me. If I must lose them, I do not fear death, but treason and assassination will not remain unpunished. I leave revenge to Heaven.

Car. Medoc, see to their embarkation. (*The exit, with Medoc and some Sailors.*) Now, my lads, you can cry "Victory."

All. (*Loud cheers.*) Victory!

1*st Sai.* (*To Carlos.*) Are you not afraid they will escape death?

Car. No; look at the sky and the colour of the water; a gale is coming up from the South-east. If the yawl be not engulphed a thousand times before, she will be driven into 40 degrees of latitude, and be lost among the icebergs.

1*st Sai.* They're booked then.

(*Barabas appears in the rigging.*

MEDOC *re-enters.*

Med. That's done.

Car. Now we have no longer an enemy among us.

Bar. Yes, you have, only he's a coward.

All. Barabas!

Bar. (*To Carlos.*) Nevertheless he'll manage to muster up courage enough to send a bullet through you. [*Fires a pistol at and wounds Carlos.*

Med. Fire on him! (*They fire: he jumps overboard. To Carlos*) You are wounded?

Car. Nothing, it is nothing. Forward, comrades, forward to the gold mines! Wealth and happiness is ours! Forward!

All. To the gold mines! to the gold mines! Hurrah!

[*Waving their weapons and hats. Tableau. Music.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Frozen Ocean. A wild desolate scene. Here and there blocks of snow and pillars of ice. A small snow hut.*

BARABAS *and* RALPH *discovered apart.*

Ral. Nothing, good Heaven? Nothing to be seen to-day as yesterday; silence and despair. No road to follow; no succour to hope for; no ray of sunshine on these eternal icebergs—always this sepulchre of ice under a winding sheet of snow. I am a man, a father, a husband, and yet I can do nothing to save those I love—nothing to diminish their sufferings—no possible sacrifice. I may not even die for them, or buy their lives at the price of the blood that flows in my veins. No, no, Heaven will take my life with theirs; we are all three judged—all three condemned. The only prayer that I dare make is, that I may die the last, that I may at least bear for them the longest and most cruel agony.

Bar. (*Shivering.*) Oh-h-h! This country bears little resemblance to Nanterre. Oh, my native village, how willingly would I eat some of your produce, pig pies.

Ral. Sailor. (*Barabas takes no notice.*) Friend.

Bar. Captain.

Ral. You have been away an hour, have you made no fresh discovery?

Bar. Not an ounce of wood, not a blade of grass so I have settled here in despair to die.

Ral. Come, do not lose courage.

Bar. There is no danger of my losing what I never had, captain. But you are enough to eat the provisions without the help of a glutton like myself.

Ral. Poor boy! You fast more than we do; you pretend to devour your share each day, and you secretly give it to Martha.

Bar. Indeed, you are mistaken, captain.

Ral. But I know it to be the case.

Bar. But, captain, I swear to you—

Ral. I saw you do it.

Bar. Oh, then, that's different, but I am good for nothing nevertheless, and want to die.

Ral. Without you I could not leave them a moment to go and explore this desert; without you Martha would not be alive, for play, to a child, is its life; and she would have long perished had you not amused her by your frank and open gaiety.

Bar. You tell me this, captain, and I was coward enough to whine and whimper just now. Oh, now I am no longer cold; give me some commission to execute, I have a good eye and a quick foot.

Ral. There is a vision sometimes comes over me in spite of all my sufferings and the terrors that threaten us. We are in Mexico, under the verandah of my villa. The sky is blue, the air fresh, the birds are singing, the bees humming, you are playing on the grass with my children, and Louise, her head leaning on my breast, is watching you with looks of joy and gratitude. My little Diana will love you, and if Heaven preserves our lives, instead of one child you will have two.

Bar. Well, I have an ear for each, but as to the nose, I have but one, and if they both wished to pull it at once, it ain't long enough; but we must manage to make some arrangement about the nose.

Ral. See, it is the first time I have smiled since those wretches abandoned us. It is a good sign.

Bar. An order, captain, an order, and if there be danger to encounter, so much the better, you have made me so happy, that I have almost courage!

Ral. It is mostly from the cold the child suffers, and we have no more wood—you must find some.

Bar. I will find some.

Ral. Go, quick.

Bar. I run.

Ral. Take my gun with you.

Bar. What for?

Ral. You might meet some game.

Bar. I'm so awkward; however, when I shut my eyes and don't aim, I am generally successful.

(*Exit.*

Ral. Their welfare! I speak to them of happiness, and force myself to hope with them, but alone, I feel too well that there is no escape. Around us an immense unknown sea—over our head avalanches always on the fall; under our feet a fathomless abyss, that will engulph us when the waves swell, and break this icy mass on which we are. Everywhere death and despair.

Lou. (*Calls within.*) Husband!

Ral. Louise! Oh, let her remain ignorant of my sufferings and my fears.

Enter LOUISE.

Lou. Ralph!

Ral. Well, wife, our dear little one—

Lou. She sleeps; at least I believe it to be sleep, but when I see her poor little limbs blue and stiffened by the cold, there are times when I ask myself if she be not dead.

Ral. Dead!

Lou. But then a tear escapes from her eyes, and I think, "she is alive," since she weeps. Yes, the grief of my child, the groans her sufferings force from her, are my happiness. I bless Providence when I see her weep; I thank heaven when I feel sure she suffers.

Ral. Calm yourself, my Louise, the danger is not so great as you imagine. Aided by Barabas I have been enabled to catch some wild birds—these resources are always at hand, so we have nothing to fear on that account. I know, besides, that Danish vessels frequent these shores, and we may be discovered and delivered by them.

Lou. Shall we live till then?

Ral. Your strength has not failed you, my Louise.

Lou. Do not speak of me! Is it in myself that my strength consists? Is it in myself that my existence depends? As long as my child lives, I shall live, but in that hut we have raised, I have nothing to warm her with.

Ral. Barabas will soon bring us, I trust, some wood, the remains of some wreck. You see, Louise, we are still permitted to hope.

Lou. I see that your courage is always ready to strengthen mine, dear Ralph! you have been the most tender husband, the best father, and the most courageous friend. There is not a blot on your life, and common failings have never sullied your pure and noble heart. I have tried to become worthy of them, but if I have not succeeded, pardon me, and let your loving look rest on me as a blessing.

Ral. My wife.

Lou. We have loved each other purely and faithfully, and I swear to you, we shall meet in a better world, that Heaven, where our daughters will be angels! Now, my husband, let us do our duty courageously.

Mar. (*In the hut.*) Mamma! Mamma!

Lou. It is Martha who calls me. Adieu, Ralph, we shall soon meet again. I am here, my child.

[*Exit into hut.*

Ral. She has understood all, felt all, and my misery has become hers.

Re-enter BARABAS.

Bar. I have found nothing, Captain.

Ral. Nothing?

Bar. When I say nothing, I make a mistake; all at once, as I was walking, I saw something moving behind a block of snow, I mounted my gun and went nearer to see if it might not be something good to eat, but I had scarcely got two steps before it got upon the block of snow, and then upon its hind legs; it was a bear. A great white bear, who opened his large eyes at me and smelt me with his great nostrils. She did as I did, looked to see if I was good to eat, and I suppose she concluded, I was so, for she got down and came towards me growling, hew! hew! You know I am not brave, Captain, and at sight of her, fear took possession of my senses. I trembled all over.

Ral. You ran away.

Bar. Ran away! I was too much afraid for that; besides, I said to myself, if I run away, the animal will follow me; she will catch and eat me. That increased my fright, and I advanced upon the monster.

Ral. What followed! quick.

Bar. I all at once perceived in the distance more than a hundred bears. I was afraid to fire, lest I should bring them upon me. My bear kept advancing, fear sent me mad. I dropped my gun, took my sabre, and advanced also; we were nose to nose, the beast opened its enormous jaws, he stretched his two paws to embrace me. I thrust my sabre into his belly; the ferocious monster fell howling with pain, and had I not seen the others advancing quickly on me, I should have dragged him here; his skin would have kept our dear little Martha warm. I say *our* dear little Martha, but you must not be angry with me. I know I am but a poor fellow, yet as long as we are in danger, I look upon her as if she belonged to me, as if I were her mother.

Ral. Brave fellow.

Lou. (*From hut.*) Help! help!

Ral. What is the matter?

Re-enter LOUISE.

Lou. Our child is dying—if I have no fire to warm her, life will be extinct.

Ral. Heaven have mercy on her.

Bar. (*Takes off his coat.*) This is not made of feathers, but it is better than nothing.

[*Exit into hut.*

Lou. Ralph, make haste, he has brought back wood, has he not?

Ral. No.

Lou. No! but I must have some, my child shall not die! You do not understand me; I tell you she has but an hour to live, if I cannot warm her blood, which has ceased to circulate—her hands have no longer the strength to raise towards me, her eyes are but half opened.

Ral. And I have no means to save her life.

Lou. Oh! do not say that. It is of our child I speak, of our Martha, whom I have tried to warm by my kisses in my bosom, but in vain; my kisses and my bosom are frozen as she is. I can do no more, it is you who must save her.

Ral. But how, by what means?

Lou. I do not know. I do not know, Ralph; but you must save her for me, if it be but for a day, but an hour. In an hour they may come to our rescue.

Ral. Louise, wife, you drive me mad.

Lou. No, no! keep your reason, invent, find some way, speak to me, say she shall not die. [hour?

Ral. One hour, did you say that she might live an

Lou. Yes, and leave the rest to heaven.

Ral. Wait! [*He takes the hatchet and exit.*

Lou. She will live, she will live, (*she runs towards the hut.*) provided it be not too late. (*The blows of a hatchet heard.*) Oh! no, no! it is impossible.

(*She makes one more step.*)

Enter BARABAS.

Well, well, she is dead, is it so?

Bar. No, no! (*Aside.*) Not yet, but—

Lou. Husband. (*Calling.*)

Enter RALPH, *with faggots of wood, which he throws into the hut.*

Ral. Come, come, and save her!

Lou. Oh! I love you, I love you.

[*Exeunt Ralph and Louise into hut.*

Bar. Where on earth did the Captain fish that wood from? He must have found it this morning, whilst I found only bears. It was not enough, to have nothing to eat oneself, but one must be eaten Ah, I regret Nanterre. What the devil did I make a sailor of myself for? The people of Toulouse, Rochefort, and Brest are sailors, but they are seaport towns, and it is natural they should do so; but I am from Nanterre, I am from Nanterre.

Re-enter RALPH.

Ral. Did you hear nothing?

Bar. (*Agitated.*) What, what, Captain?

Ral. Like a loud moaning, there, there, under our feet, did you not feel the ice tremble on which we stand?

Bar. Yes, it seems, it seems as if it moved, it raised itself.

Ral. It is the sea which raises itself, and fight against all obstacles—the waves will break their fetters and become free.

Bar. Heaven have mercy on us! The ice is cracking, we are lost. (*Fresh noise.*)

LOUISE *runs on, carrying Martha.*

Lou. What is the matter, Ralph, what means that terrible noise?

Ral. Your courage, my wife, be your guard; see, see.

(*Long pieces of icebergs break off and fall into the sea. Their fall breaks the surface of the ice in different parts—the sea begins to appear—Louise utters a cry, and presses her child to her heart.*)

Mar. Mamma, mamma! I am frightened.

(*The icebergs break, bend, and shake. The wind howls, and the waves rise with more violence.*)

Bar. Captain, I await your orders.

Lou. There is not an instant to be lost. The boat, the boat!—quick, quick!

Ral. The boat is gone.

Lou. What do you say?

Bar. Hew, hew!

Ral. (*Pointing to the child.*) You said, let Martha live an hour, and trust in heaven for the rest. I did so, and destroyed the boat.

Bar. We are lost.

(*The ice on which he stands separates, and carries him away.*)

Ral. Barabas. (*He tries in vain to help him.*)

Lou. Kneel, kneel, my child. (*Martha kneels and joins her hands in prayer.*) Protector of the feeble and of orphans! (*To Martha.*) Repeat after me, my child,—repeat.

Mar. Protector of the feeble and of orphans!

Lou. Thou, who hast the strength of a father, and the tenderness of a mother, save us from the abyss that threatens us, and from the wicked who kill!

Mar. From the abyss that threatens us, and from the wicked who kill!

Lou. (*Aside.*) Now heaven accept my life for hers.

[*Scarcely has she spoken before the ice sinks, and they disappear—Louise entirely—then her arms are seen raising the child above the waves.*

Ral. My wife, my child!

[*He rushes towards them and sinks; during this time, Martha has climbed from her mother's arms on to another ice-berg, to which she has been clinging; Louise quite disappears; the ice is seen in all parts raised by the sea; the one on which Martha is rises and falls by turns,*

Mar. Protector of the feeble and of orphans!

[*She raises her hands to heaven*

[*A lapse of fifteen years takes place.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Sea Coast.* (*Daybreak.*) *Mexico. Bare and naked Country, an Encampment, Sailors sleeping near their weapons. Sentinels in the back ground, George standing centre, giving orders in a low voice to different Sailors, who Exit as they receive them, Horace seated, his head resting on his hands, the Marquis D'Antas sleeps, rolled in a rich pelisse. Music.*

Geo. (*Aside.*) There has not been a single alarm all night, that's a good sign. The last lesson these d — d Indians received has made them think better of it, and I trust they have retired into the mountains. (*To Horace.*) Are you asleep, my friend?

Hor. No!

Geo. What are you thinking about?

Hor. A great many sad things.

Geo. Sad! And you are returning to France, your native land.

Hor. I have an unhappy disposition, George, and am ingenious in the art of self-annoyance.

Geo. Forget the present, to think of the future; since our departure from Acapulco, we have not had a pleasant time of it, I own; driven north by the tempest, forced to wait here for a favourable wind, attacked by Indians, we have began the journey in a little too picturesque a manner.

Hor. Oh! yes, yes, I ought to be very happy, and yet I suffer. It is more than sorrow I feel, it is an indefinable sensation, almost like remorse.

Geo. Remorse? you!

Hor. Listen! I have often spoken to you of the shipwreck of the Urania, that disaster, that at one blow deprived Diana of father, mother, and sister. This disappearance of the Urania was most mysterious. Monsieur Lascours was a skilful seaman, the ship first-rate, the weather magnificent, yet a shipwreck to take place without leaving any traces; and, in spite of the earnest researches made for the last fifteen years, all efforts for obtaining a clue have been in vain. It is for leaving Mexico without discovering anything, that I reproach myself so bitterly.

Geo. I reproach you with yielding, without reason, to the romantic tendency of your nature. We have found nothing, in spite of all our efforts. Let us resign ourself to the divine will, and accomplish each of us our duty; mine is to see you safe to France, yours to devote yourself to this family that has become your own.

Hor. Has it never struck you that the loss of the Urania might be the result of a crime? It seems so strange, that nothing, absolutely nothing, should remain of them!

Geo. It is not the first time a vessel has been lost without leaving a vestige behind.

A Sentinel at back. Who goes there?

Officer without. Officer of the rounds.

Geo. Here is some news.

Enter Officer.

You come from the outposts, sir? What appearance has the plain this morning?

Off. I have examined all parts with my telescope, and the result is satisfactory.

Geo. Take twenty men, and search it thoroughly; examine every bush; for these cursed savages can hide under a leaf.

Off. Rely upon me, Captain; they have fled.

Geo. I hope so. After you have done, call the men, and, as the weather is propitious, we will re-embark without delay. Go! (*Exit Officer. To Horace.*) Matter-of-fact man as I am, I attributed your thoughtfulness to another cause; I though you were jealous.

Hor. I jealous? Of whom?

Geo. Why the Marquis d'Antas, whose attention to Mademoiselle Diana has appeared to displease you.

Hor. I am not jealous of Mons. d'Antas, but Diana is my sister: I owe her the support of a brother; and if this Marquis continues his insolent addresses, I will make him jump overboard.

Geo. Bravo! I have re-found my fire-brand. But you seem to forget the vessel is his, and that he has paid me to take the command.

Hor. But who is this Marquis d'Antas? I know all the Mexican nobility, but I never even heard his name pronounced.

Geo. It is that of a family that always inhabited

the north, and they say have acquired an enormous fortune. The Marquis d'Antas is a strange man, who seems almost to sow gold, who, instead of sincere friends, buys consciences with his gold, and makes forced allies through fear.

Hor. Nothing astonishes me that I hear of him, for notwithstanding his airs of luxury, and his pride, he has the look of a bandit. Oh, I have long observed him, and I do not think I am mistaken. Look at him when he wakes, his hand is like the vulture's claw, his eye the serpent, and his lip the hyena.

D'An. (*Dreaming.*) Double, triple, a million!—a province, a kingdom! (*Opens his eyes.*) Ha! what—dreaming! (*Starts up.*) Ah! it is Monsieur Horace de Brienne. Pardon me, I did not know it was so late. Excuse me, gentlemen, I wish to be the first to salute the charming Diana.

Hor. Do not give yourself that trouble.

D'An. Why, pray?

Hor. Because your visit will be too early.

D'An. It is for Mademoiselle Diana to decide that.

Hor. I take it upon yourself to forbid that visit.

D'An. To forbid! the term is scarcely a polite one.

Hor. I don't choose to make use of another.

D'An. Ah, truly!—but you are young. (*Going.*)

Hor. (*Preventing him.*) Where are you going?

D'An. I believe I told you.

Hor. You shall not pass.

D'An. I have not been accustomed to yield.

Hor. Nor I.

D'An. Bah!

Geo. What are you saying?

Hor. If you are my friend, leave us alone.

D'An. Go, Captain, go.

Geo. (*Aside to Horace.*) For mercy's sake be prudent. [*Exit.*

D'An. You say, then, sir, that I shall not pass; you wish then to quarrel with me—decidedly you do not like me, then.

Hor. The first time I ever saw you, I hated you.

D'An. Yes, there is such a thing as hating a person at first sight. Then, you would feel much pleasure in killing me?

Hor. You are perfectly correct.

D'An. A thousand thanks. (*Guns and cries heard.*) What is the matter? (*Looks off.*) Another attack, and a hot one, it will cost us more men. See, sir, your friend is there, surrounded by savages, make a better use of your sword than using it against myself. Go, and rescue him.

Hor. We shall meet again, sir. [*Exit.*

D'An. Very likely, as we shall pass seven or eight months on board the same vessel. He suspects me, he says: these young people have so much of self-confidence. As if there were a single person capable of reading my past life, or of discovering on the face of the Marquis d'Antas one of the features of the adventurer Carlos—all who then knew me have perished, the ocean has swallowed up the family of Lascours—fire has consumed the Urania on a desert strand. As for my accomplices—the treasures once found—I got rid of them one after the other, and the poisoned arrow of the Indian has struck those who were spared by sickness and the torrents. So the adventurer Carlos has succeeded, he is returning to Europe, he is alone in the world, without friends, or family, he owes all to himself, he knows but himself, he loves but himself.

Enter DIANA *and* MADAME DE THERINGE, *hastily.*

Dia. Again this horrible fighting. Horace! where is Horace? Oh, if he should be killed!

Mme. de T. No, no, heaven will watch over him; he is now our only protector, our only friend in the world. There is danger here. Diana, you shall not remain.

D'An. Fear not, madame, the skirmish is in the ravine; we are well protected, and as safe here as in a drawing-room.

Mme. de T. But——

Dia. Let us stay, grandmamma; we shall be nearer Horace.

Enter an Officer.

D'An. Well, sir!

Off. The Indians are totally defeated. [him?

Dia. And Monsieur de Brienne, have you seen

Off. Monsieur de Brienne saved the Captain's life, and fought like a lion.

Dia. And is he not wounded?

Off. No, mademoiselle, but we have several who have suffered severely, and I come to seek assistance for them.

Dia. Oh, I will be the first to take it to them. Come, grandmamma, come.

Mme. de T. Yes, my child, let us hasten. [*Exeunt.*

D'An. That young girl is charming, and yet not even she has taught me to feel love. Strange that one reigning passion—love of gold—has so subdued all others. Now this passion is amply gratified, I can satisfy every desire. I can, when I see noble and virtuous persons, say to myself, these are mine if I choose. But then it is not the heart that speaks. The heart! Am I fated never to love?

Enter HORACE *and* GEORGE.

Hor. (*Looking off.*) Do you see her?

Geo. No, she has disappeared amidst the rocks. Ha, there she is again! She is climbing the hill, she is coming towards us.

D'An. What are you looking at?

Geo. That woman, Monsieur le Marquis.

D'An. What woman?

Geo. Ogarita! one of the Indian tribes. Imagine, monsieur, one of the most singular adventures. The Indians were retreating under a vigorous repulse, when a young girl, instead of flying like the rest, walked towards us through a severe fire, happily without a ball touching her. Her face was very calm, and there seemed even a joyous smile on it. She began to examine our dress and our weapons with minute attention, then, from time to time, she placed her hand to her head, as if she were trying to recall some forgotten circumstance. Horace questioned her several times; and, strange enough, she seemed to understand some words. Several times she opened her lips to reply; at last, I commanded the retreat, and signed her to return to the tribe. She remained motionless an instant; threw a last look towards the mountains, and began to follow us. In a few moments she will be here.

D'An. Curious, indeed! And how do you know she was named Ogarita?

Geo. The savages called her by it, inviting her to fly with them.

D'An. Ogarita in Indian means "Withered Corn," and if there is as much poetry in the woman as in the name——

Geo. You can speak Indian then, sir?

D'An. Certainly.

Geo. Then you can question her.

D'An. Willingly, to amuse ourselves.

Geo. Here she is.

Enter OGARITA.

She perceives GEORGE, *looks at him with curiosity, then seeing* HORACE, *she runs to him, and appears happy, she seizes his hand.*)

Oga. Targo, Eva—

D'An. She calls you brother, friend.

Hor. How beautiful she is—

D'An. Indeed, let us see! (*Takes her by the arm, and turns her gently round, she makes a gesture of dislike on seeing him.*) Those features, what a fool I am—this girl is barely twenty, and Madame Lascours would have been forty. (*Aside.*)

Geo. Well, Monsieur le Marquis?

D'An. (*Aloud.*) Yes, indeed she is! (*Aside.*) This likeness is singular, and the feelings with which she inspires me, are still more so; the sight of her tortures me, and yet my heart beats, as if it would say "This is the woman you will love." (*Aloud.*) Come, come, we must send away this woman, it will be of no use questioning her, she will not answer me, you see. (*He approaches her, she runs from him to Horace.*) She dislikes me; it is you, Monsieur Horace, whom she seems to admire.

Hor. But is it not strange, sir, she should evince such an aversion to you? I will ask her a question.

D'An. In Indian?

Hor. In French, and perhaps she may understand me, for my heart and and my eyes speak to her more than my lips.

D'An. And, upon what subject do you intend questioning her?

Hor. Upon you.

D'An. About me?

Hor. Why not?

D'An. As you please, sir, but make haste.

Hor. (*Expressing by Pantomime as he speaks*) Ogarita, did you ever know this man? have you seen him before? (*She seems to wish to be away from D'Antas.*) Are you afraid of him?

(*Takes her nearer D'Antas.*)

Oga. Oh— (*Drops down, shuddering.*)

D'An. Now that Monsieur de Brienne is satisfied, execute my orders.

Geo. Come, go, poor girl, and whilst our vessel sails towards other climates, be happy in your mountains with your husband or your mother—

Oga. Mother, mother!

Hor. Ah! that word—

Geo. Do you hear, Monsieur le Marquis?

D'An. Yes, what is there in that to astonish you?

Hor. Mark, the accent, the expression. I shall take this woman with us.

D'An. And upon what vessel, pray?

Hor. On George's vessel.

D'An. That is to say, in mine. You might, at least, have requested permission to do so.

Geo. I ask it, Monsieur le Marquis.

D'An. I refuse.

Hor. Do not obey him. In the name of your loyalty, of that affection that danger has rendered still more holy, do not obey him, I say.

Geo. But I am bound.

Hor. It is a crime to abandon this woman.

D'An. Come, finish this nonsense; go, I insist.

Hor. Adieu then, heaven bless you.

Oga. Heaven! (*Points upwards.*) Heaven.

D'An. (*Aside.*) If you are not a false likeness, go for ever; the abyss has rejected you, the desert shall retain you.

As she is leaving, OGARITA *meets* DIANA, *and* MADAME DE THERINGE.

Dia. Ah!

Mme. de T. Great Heavens, is it a vision? Look, look, those eyes, that face, it is—

Dia. It is my mother's image, they are her features.

Hor. Diana—

D'An. What is she saying?

(*Ogarita looks at them, then goes from one to the other, and shakes her head as if she did not know them.*

Mme. de T. Is it a miracle? What art thou that appearest before me like a living remembrance? Oh, speak to me, speak to me!

Hor. Alas, Madame, she is of this savage country, and can neither speak to, nor understand you.

Mme. de T. Nevertheless, it is she! (*Sorrowfully.*) No, no, I forgot the many years that have elapsed—Diana, it cannot be your mother.

Dia. Yes, yes, my mother as she was at twenty, beautiful as I see her in her dreams.

D'An. So, in your eyes, Mademoiselle, Ogarita resembles your mother, Madame de Theringe?

Mme. de T. My daughter was not called Madame de Theringe, sir, she bore her husband's name, Louise de Lascours.

D'An. (*Aside.*) Louise de Lascours.

Dia. But we will not leave one who has recalled the remembrance of all we have loved, we shall take her with us—will we not, dear Grandmama.

Mme. de T. Yes, my child.

Hor. I wished to do so, but Monsieur D'Antas refused permission.

D'An. I refuse still, Mademoiselle.

Mme. de T. I entreat, Monsieur—

Dia. Perhaps this resemblance that is so striking is not the result of accident.

Mme. de T. What mean you? Ah, if it should be so.

Dia. Ah, you have understood me! (*To Ogarita.*) And then, if my heart deceive me not, but help me to discover, if thou art—Oh, heaven inspire me with words. What shall I say? what name call her, to awaken her memory?

Hor. The people of this country call her Ogarita.

Dia. Ogarita, that is not your christian name; the name your mother gave you in her first kiss—yes, you remember, your mother; think, think well, the ocean, a vessel, sailors, men like these around us, a shipwreck, cries of despair, one last embrace in your mother's arms;—do you understand? your mother!

Oga. Mother!

Dia. You remember, do you not?

(*Ogarita places her hands to her head, shakes it, and goes to sit down away from them.*)

Mme. de T. Nothing!

Dia. Nothing!

D'An. I think no one will dispute my orders Monsieur de Laval, send away this girl.

Mme. de T. Sir, in the name of heaven!

Dia. Mercy—

Hor. George, speak, what will you do?

Geo. My friend, I dare not follow the dictates of my heart, there is here a more powerful will than mine.

D'An. And I order you to obey.

Hor. Stop, for the last time will you retract that order?

D'An. No.

Hor. Well, George, I will make you dare to listen to the voice of your heart. (*Draws his sword.*) Captain George de Laval, I am going to make you sole master of that vessel. Marquis D'Antas, if you be not a coward defend yourself.

D'An. So be it. (*Draws, they cross swords.*)

Dia. Stop! (*She rush between them and kneels.*) Mother, mother, it is for us he will die, and thou Protector of the feeble and of orphans—

Oga. Ah! (*Runs to her and places her hand on her mouth.*) Protector of the feeble and of orphans—

Mme. de T. Listen, listen!

Dia. (*Looking at her with intense anxiety.*) Save us—

Oga. (*Kneeling.*) Save us from the abyss that threatens, and the wicked who kill.

Mme. de T. The prayer I taught my daughter, and that she has taught her child.

Dia. My sister, my sister! (*To D'Antas.*) you see, sir, it is my sister.

Mme de T. Dare you still order her to leave us?

D'An. The Marquis D'Antas is not so terrible as this good Monsieur Horace seems to think; Captain, arrange all for our departure; and, thanks to the presence of these two angels, whose prayers go so straight to heaven—we shall have, I am sure, a most propitious voyage.

Mme. de T. Oh, thanks, sir, thanks.

Dia. My dear sister, we will never leave each other. Do you understand? are you happy? come, come! (*She is leading her off.*)

D'An. It seems like a fatality; still I am glad I am not to be separated from her.

(*A distant singing heard.*)

Mme. de T. What is that?

Hor. It is the Hymn of her Tribe.

(*Ogarita sends an adieu towards the mountains, and lowers her eyes sorrowfully.*)

Dia. Do you regret leaving this country to go with us to see France?

Oga. France, France!

(*She throws her arms round Diana and Madame de Theringe.*)

D'An. On board, on board.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon in the Time of the Regency.*

George discovered sitting thoughtfully near a Table, several knocks heard without attracting his notice, at last the door opens.

Enter D'ANTAS.

D'An. Good day, Monsieur de Laval.

Geo. Monsieur the Marquis!

D'An. I see you are exact to your appointment; you were wrong, though, to let me knock so many times without answering.

Geo. Pardon me, I did not hear you.

D'An. Do not mention it, my dear fellow, your health is bad, I am uneasy about it, your conscience touches you, and I know nothing more unwholesome than such scruples—cure yourself of them.

Geo. Do you imagine I can be resigned to such a life as this? I do not belong to myself, an iron hand weighs me down. I am under an inflexible master—oh! will you never restore to me my liberty?

D'An. Your liberty! you are ungrateful; when I have done so much for you! we have scarcely been in France two months, and you are already the Regent's favourite! To whom do you owe this high position? Was it not I who placed you near his Highness's person?

Geo. Yes, to serve you as a spy.

D'An. Come, you are unreasonable; what would be the use of doing good, if one did not reap some benefit from it! Now, let us speak of more important affairs—answer my questions.

Geo. And if I will not?

D'An. You are joking.

Geo. I refuse.

D'An. As you will. One day Monsieur George de Laval, drawn into heavy expenses by a beautiful girl whom he loved, to procure money, signed a parchment with a name that was not his own—that is called a forgery, I believe!

Geo. Lower! speak lower, you will be overheard.

D'An. I have bought this document, and before one hour has elapsed, it will be in the hands of the Regent!

Geo. So be it; I shall be dishonoured.

D'An. And your dishonour will be that of a whole family.

Geo. My father, my poor mother!

D'An. I see, you have thought better of it, and will answer me. So, ever since her arrival in Paris, Madame de Theringe believes she inhabits an Hotel rented by you?

Geo. She does; however, she seems to have doubts!

D'An. And you are careful to clear away her suspicion, as I instructed you! (*George assents.*) Good!

Geo. May I observe to Monsieur that his Highness is waiting for me.

D'An. He must wait, sir, I have not finished with you. Madame de Theringe wishes that Horace and Diana should be married.

Geo. Yes, she has written to the Regent for permission.

D'An. See that it is forwarded as soon as possible. I fear Horace does not love Diana, find out if he does; you are his friend.

Geo. I am so no longer, sir; this pure affection which raised me in my own eyes, and was the happiness of my life, I voluntarily gave up that I might not betray it—since the day you crossed swords with Horace, I fled from his confidence; I have avoided meeting him; I closed my ears to his reproaches; I have allowed him to misunderstand, and to condemn me; but at least I am free from reproach in my conduct to him. His noble heart is for ever closed to me.—Monsieur le Marquis, seek for spies elsewhere to read it.

D'An. So many useless words, my dear Monsieur de Laval! announce my visit to Madame de Theringe, then you are free to wait on his Highness.

Geo. (*Aside.*) Oh! I will warn Horace. To struggle against this man is like attacking a demon.

[*Exit.*

D'An. (*Aside.*) So, I am in love, I, Carlos, the fearless adventurer, the man of intrigues and revolts, who spent twenty years in a desert seeking that gold of which I had made my God! I have a heart, a heart that desires and suffers, my crimes, my ambition, are all going to bow to this ridiculous love, and to a woman who bears the name of Lascours. What matters? I have striven in vain to overcome this stupid passion. I will satiate it! Ogorita, you shall be mine; in spite of the past, spite of thy hatred to me! Why does she hate me? Why has she always at my approach that curled lip, that flashing eye, and strange shuddering? She cannot have remembered me. During the voyage and since her arrival, present, or invisible, I have watched the awakening of her mind, as one watches for the opening of a flower, and I am convinced life only dates with Ogorita, from the day, that the Indians found her on the shore.

Enter MADAME DE THERINGE.

M. de T. Monsieur le Marquis, I was on the point of sending, to request your presence here.

D'An. May I know, Madame, what procured me this honour.

M. de T. At my age, sir, one no longer likes Fairy Tales. I give an order and it is done—I form a wish and it is gratified as if by enchantment; the servants who surround me are like so many familiar spirits.

D'An. That proves the good management of the house.

M. de T. Yesterday, when I was going out, I found in the court-yard a carriage bearing my arms. The other evening, I was alone with the children, and speaking of their coming presentation at court; two hours later, they found in their room, the most beautiful jewels, and rarest stuffs. Then a suspicion crossed me, that you ought to know this invisible protector, you do know him——

D'An. Well, yes—

Mme. de T. And his name is——

D'An. Philippe d'Orleans!

Mme. de T. Regent of France! But whom, then, has he instructed to distribute his boons to us?

D'An. Madame, his highness has taken for this pleasing task your best friend, myself.

Mme. de T. You?

Enter DIANA *and* OGARITA.

Dia. Come, then, come, Ogarita.

Oga. (*Entering slowly.*) Here I am.

Dia. It is doubtless Horace who is here.

Oga. Horace! (*She runs to D'Antas, who turns and bows.*) No! (*She goes away from him.*)

Dia. (*Aside.*) It is not he.

D'An. (*To Ogarita.*) Mademoiselle does not like to see me.

Oga. No.

Dia. Ogarita!

Mme. de T. (*To D'Antas.*) Pray excuse her.

D'An. With all my heart.

Oga. Why excuse her? Ogarita did no wrong.

Mme. de T. My child, your rank, your sex, even, require from you certain attentions to the rules of politeness.

Oga. To be polite is to disguise what one thinks. D'Antas, your face is agreeable, you are good, Ogarita is pleased to see you! I've been polite.

Dia. My sister! (*Sits down away from him.*)

D'An. Let her alone—never mind. Ogarita!

Oga. Don't talk—there are times when the sound of your voice distracts the brain and tortures the heart and Ogarita.

D'An. But why do you hate me? I have never done you any harm.

Oga. Who can tell that?

D'An. How?

Mme. de T. Ogarita!

Dia. My sister!

Oga. In our tribe we believed in a previous existence; well, if I were not a Christian—if I had not read that book that you gave me, sister—I should think I had suffered much through him in a former life.

D'An. What a thought?

Oga. Yes, I have a firm conviction that I have already heard that voice, already felt that look weigh my heart down;—but where, where can it have been?

D'An. (*Aside.*) It is true.

Mme. de T. My child, this is fever—delirium.

Oga. Why so? It is not the only remembrance effaced from the brain of Ogarita. As a child she received a mother's caresses, yet cannot remember that mother.

Mme. de T. Not at all?

Oga. Nothing.

Dia. Yet the prayer——

Oga. I murmured it when the Indians found her fainting on the ice. She had a wound on the head—her reason was gone—she pronounced words they did not understand—they bore her far, far away; and when she returned to life, a veil hid the past.

Dia. Blessings on your deliverers!

Mme. de T. Patience, my child! the Power that conducted you to us, will not leave his miracle incomplete.

Oga. I wait.

D'An. (*Aside.*) No one must now remain between this woman and myself.

Dia. And you are happy with us? You do not regret the past.

Oga. Ogarita remembers the poor Indians who cared for her—she had friends amongst them—she loved them in the midst of joy and mirth; it is with sweet tears she cherishes you. There she had but companions; here she has a sister, a dear parent, and between them a remembrance, a dear shade, whose caresses she seems to feel, and who speaks to her there. (*Touches her heart.*)

Dia. My mother! my mother!

Oga. Oh, I love you! I love you!

Enter HORACE.

Oga. (*Runs to him.*) Horace! I love him as well. I love you all!

D'An. (*Aside.*) And him, perhaps, more than all.

Dia. How late you are.

Hor. I have this morning had an interview with his Highness.

Mme. de T. You have seen the Regent?

Hor. Yes, madame, and I received a most gracious welcome.

Mme. de T. He told you, no doubt, of the favours with which he has laden us?

Hor. No, madame; for, an hour since, his highness was not even aware that you were in France!

D'An. (*Aside.*) The devil!

Mme. de T. Is it possible?

Hor. He only learnt it by myself, and the letter that you have sent him.

Mme. de T. (*To D'Antas.*) Sir, you said——

D'An. Well, madame, I confess with a good grace, and acknowledge I deceived you.

Mme. de T. Powerful as you may be, Monsieur le Marquis, you cannot refuse an explanation of your conduct to the Countess de Theringe.

D'An. It is but just. (*Points to Ogarita.*) I love Mademoiselle.

Oga. Love me!

Hor. She does not love you.

D'An. I am not speaking to you.

Oga. (*To Horace.*) Friend, your thought was mine.

Hor. What can you hope now, sir?

D'An. Everything, sir. I am not so easily discouraged; and I hope, by my attentions, to triumph over an aversion for which there can be no reason. I offer to Mademoiselle, with my hand, the first name in Mexico, the largest fortune in France, and the share of that sovereign power that has Gold for its basis and its crown.

Hor. Once more, she does not love you!

D'An. (*To Mme. de Theringe.*) Madame, it is to you I address myself.

Mme. de T. You ought to have done so before, Monsieur le Marquis; and if you think to dazzle us to-day by your offer, you are profoundly in error. It was not by a mysterious protection, and almost insulting gifts to us, that a truly noble man ought to seek our alliance. It is not by cool calculations—it is by the heart of my child that I shall answer. Speak, Ogarita, will you be the companion, the wife, of the Marquis d'Antas?

Oga. I? No!

D'An. It is not only my love, but untold wealth and unbounded power that I offer you. [power.

Oga. I refuse your love, your riches, and your

Mme. de T. Monsieur le Marquis, I cannot order you to quit a house that is your property—it is for us to leave it first.

D'An. I retire—yet reflect, Madame; and if one day misfortunes come upon you—(*aside*) and they *shall* come!—(*aloud*) call on me, and I shall be always ready to offer you the hand you now refuse. [*Exit.*

Dia. His farewell is a threat Horace, you must see the Regent.

Hor. Yes, yes; but the first thing is to leave this house. I have found another for you; and I have got a person to attend on you, in whom I can trust. As I had foreseen what was to happen, I told him to be here in less than an hour, he cannot be long ere he arrives.

Mme. de T. Thank you, my dear Horace. I have still some friends at court, and I shall write to them, in order to obtain, through them, the support of his Highness. [*Exit.*

Oga. Brother! Love must be then a very hateful thing, to make this man so repulsive to me!

Hor. His love is but corrupting and degrading love—the luxury of a time, then abandoned and neglected old age—

Oga. Yes; that must be his love!

Dia. But there is another love, my sister.

Oga. Another?

Dia. One that is pure, blessed by Heaven, full of self-sacrifice and true devotion; one that fills the heart with happiness—the love of the wife, the mother!

Oga. Oh! yes, yes; that is my love?

Hor. What can she mean?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. From his Highness, the Regent, to Monsieur Horace de Brienne. [*Gives letter and exits.*

Hor. My lieutenant's commission. His Highness also approves of my marriage with Diana.

Dia. Horace!

Oga. A marriage! Diana!—Horace!

Dia. Yes; I am going to be his wife.

Oga. You—you love him then?

Dia. Yes!

Oga. The love of the wife—the mother! (*Animatedly, yet sadly.*) That is, to live entirely for each other; he for you, and you for him. I shall be happy, for I am loved too—D'Antas has asked me to be his wife.

Hor. (*Aside.*) Misery! misery!

Dia. My sister, you are suffering?

Oga. Yes.

Dia. Why?

Oga. Because—because I am jealous! I will leave you—I will go away! What should a child of the desert—a savage, as they call her—do amidst you? In your world everything irritates, wounds, tortures me. I want now to roam like a wild beast, to bound like the ocean waves! Oh! I am stifling! air, give me air! [my brain?

Dia. (*Aside.*) What suspicion is this that crosses

Oga. I will go.

Dia. You no longer love us, then.

Oga. I tell you I will go.

Hor. Ogarita! Formerly you called me your brother; why refuse that brother's entreaties? Promise to remain with us; you are the joy and happiness of our home, Were you to leave us, it would be to take away our hope, and to condemn us to eternal mourning,

Oga. (*Hesitating.*) Horace! Horace!

Dia. (*Aside.*) Oh! I feel it! They love each other!

Oga. (*Looking at Diana.*) No, no, it is impossible! I will be free!

As she is going out BARABAS *enters, meeting her.*

Bar. Pardon me, I came to take——(*Sees Ogarita.*) Oh! great Heaven!

Oga. Why do you stop me?

Bar. It is - no—yes—saved! living! You found, then, like myself, a Danish vessel, that relieved you from the icebergs and the white bears?

Enter MADAME DE THERINGE.

Mme. de T. To whom do you believe you are speaking?

Bar. To whom? Why, to Madame de Lascours.

Mme. de T. You knew her, then?

Bar. I should think so.

Hor. Where? speak——

Bar. On board the Urania, on which I was a sailor.

Mme. de T. But, my friend, Madame de Lascours is dead.

Bar. Dead! ah! besides, she was older than that when I knew her. She cannot have got younger these last fifteen years. I have it now, I guess, it is—her daughter. (*To Ogarita.*) You are——

Oga. I do not know you.

Bar. You do not know me; I know you, and you are not going to be proud, and not acknowledge me, that would be very wrong, Miss Martha.

Oga. Martha, Martha; where did I hear that name? Martha! Ah: it was the name my mother gave me.

Bar. Yes, yes; when you pulled my nose and ears; when you called me your dog, and made me bark bow-wow, and, now you repulse me, I, your poor bow-wow.

Oga. Stay, stay! you are Barabas! Ah! that night is passing; my childhood comes back again! Oh, Barabas, dear Barabas. (*She embraces him.*) Speak to me of my mother.

(*Bar.* (*Overcome.*) A moment, Mademoiselle! I am so overjoyed; there, there, I am better now! (*Tears off his neck handkerchief.*) We were approaching Mexico, when a bad man, a villain, incited the men to revolt. Your brave father seized him, disarmed and overthrew him; he was going to kill him, when another wretch seized you, and threatened to throw you overboard.

Oga. Yes, yes, I remember. All at once a woman appeared, pale, breathless, her arms extended towards me. I fancy I see her still; I remember her features. (*She is standing before a mirror.*) She is here! (*Touching her heart.*) And there! (*Points to mirror.*) I have quite her features, then?

Dia.
Mme. de T. } Yes! Yes!

Oga. My mother, my mother! I see again your tears of despair when we were abandoned on the ocean; I feel still the pressure of your hands when you raised me above the waves, to place me once again on the ice. I hear yet your last adieu, as the waves overwhelmed you; for thus she died, Diana, saving my life by the sacrifice of her own.

[*She falls weeping into Diana's Arms.*

Dia. You said well, that heaven would not leave its miracle unfinished,

Mme. de T. And the man who incited them to revolt?

Hor. The wretch who caused the death of Monsieur de Lascours and his wife?

Bar. He was named Carlos.

Oga. Carlos! wait, wait!

Bar. Shall I tell you what he was like? [illegible] a dark complexion, black hair, thin lips—

Enter D'ANTAS. MADAME DE THERINGE *and* HORACE *walks to meet him* [illegible]

Oga. (*Recognising him as Carlos.*) Ah! [illegible] ho?

Bar. Yes.

Oga. Not a word; go in that room [illegible] door.

[*She o[illegible]*

Bar. Willingly! *(Aside.)* For I am so frightened, I feel as if I could strangle him. *[He steals off.*

Hor. (To D'Antas.) You here, sir!

D'An. (To Madame de Theringe.) You will excuse this intrusion, Madame, when you know the motive that brings me here.

Mme. de T. Speak, sir.

D'An. If you have devoted friends at court, you have also powerful enemies, and I come with great grief to inform you that a heavy misfortune threatens you.

All. Misfortune?

Hor. What, sir? Speak! for our enemies, I am sure, have nothing hidden from you.

D'An. You are mistaken. I am ignorant of the cause; but here is Monsieur de Laval, who can inform you better than I can.

Enter GEORGE, *with Soldiers.*

Hor. George!

Geo. Madame de Theringe and Mademoiselle Diana de Lascours, are to return to Mexico in a government vessel.

Dia. A second exile.

Mme. de T. At my age it will be death.

Oga. Oh, we shall go all together; we shall all three console and love your dear Grandmamma.

D'An. (Who has taken the order from George.) Alas, Mademoiselle, the order states that they are to go without you.

Oga. Without me? No, no, it is impossible!

D'An. It is positively so.

Orga. And he, Horace?

Hor. I wait my turn.

Geo. In the name of the King, your sword.

Hor (Giving it.) Monsieur De Laval I pity you, where am I to be conducted?

D'An To the Bastile.

Dia.
Mme. de T. } To the Bastile?

Hor. But she, Ogarita! Great Heavens!

D'An. Go. *(The Soldiers lead Horace off.)*

Oga. Horace, and you, my mother, and sister, oh, they cannot separate us.

Dia. Let them kill us first! *(To D'Antas.)* Mercy, sir, mercy!

Oga. Do not ask mercy of him.

Dia. Martha!

Mme. de T. My child, my child, what will become of her? Heaven watch over her.

(D'Antas motions them off, they exeunt, after having pressed Ogarita in their arms, she remains silent and motionless.)

Oga. (Aside.) Alone, alone, in the midst of what is to me a New World! Alone, did I say? no, no, the faith of my mother is my guide. *(Takes up her Bible.)* The book that Diana taught me to value, and counsel me! *(Reading.)* "Judith found the Assyrian under a tent, covered with purple, gold, and Emeralds, and Holofernes from the time he saw her, loved her."

D'An. (Comes towards her, she shuts the Book with a calm and resolute air.) You see, Mademoiselle, no one is capable of struggling against me!

Oga It is true.

D'An This power I wished to share with you. I would have made you the sharer of my splendid fortune, the wife of a man powerful enough to brave his enemies, to crush every obstacle under his feet, placed so high in the world, that nothing can reject him. Ogarita, I offered you my hand, and the heart.

(Placing one hand on her Bible, and stretching the other to D'Antas.) Marquis D'Antas, I accept now.

ACT V.

A Large Saloon richly furnished and supported by pillars.

At the bottom, through the Curtains hanging from these, is seen a Park.

MARQUIS D'ANTAS, *several Servants in rich Liveries.* A STEWARD *in very simple costume.*

D'An. Have you told Madame la Marquise of our departure?

Stew. Yes, Monsieur le Marquis, and Madame began immediately to write, signing me to leave the room.

D'An. (Aside.) To whom could she write. *(Aloud.)* I have changed my mind, instead of leaving Paris to-night we will leave at once.

Stew. But the relays are ordered, Monsieur le Marquis.

D'An. You must order new ones.

Stew. I fear it is impossible, Monsieur le Marquis.

D'An. Enough; if you wish to remain in my service, never repeat that word. Pay ten, twenty, a hundred times more if necessary, but I must be obeyed. I go in an hour—leave me. *(Serv. exeunt.)* Yes, we will leave, Ogarita: I will tear you from this world that surrounds you with homage and adoration. We shall see, if shut up alone with me, far from this court in which I have placed you, you will reject my love. Has she the right to do so? Am I not her husband—her master? Her master; poor fool, however my pride may revolt against it, this woman governs me. A word from her lips destroys all my projects, overthrows all my resolutions. Why did she consent to this marriage, if we were to remain strangers to each other? What is passing in her heart? Why cannot I tear from mine this love that makes me so weak and cowardly? Oh, woman, woman, how I shall hate you from the day on which I again become master of myself.

Enter SERVANT *announcing.*

Ser. Monsieur George de Laval — Monsieur Duchesne.

Enter GEORGE, DUCHESNE, *and several Lords.*

Duc. We come to bid you farewell, Monsieur. The departure of your excellency is the cause of great grief to us, but we can well understand the reason. The love of such a woman as Madame la Marquise D'Antas is worth a kingdom.

D'An. Her love! Yes, certainly.

Duc. What happiness to be able to sow gold at her feet.

D'An. It is true I have gold at will, but love— *(Interrupts himself.)* But why does Monsieur George de Laval remain on one side?

Geo. I wait till you are disengaged, Monsieur le Marquis, to receive you orders.

D'An. My orders!

Geo. Do you still condemn Madame de Theringe to die in Mexico, far from her child? Will you not release Horace from prison? Are not your wishes accomplished? Ogarita has been your wife for a month past. What is now wanting to complete your happiness? What hinders you from being generous?

D'An. Stop, I do not like moralizers, Monsieur Laval, and I insist upon my servant's blind obedience.

Geo. I am not your servant, sir!

D'An. True; my servants are free to leave my service—it is but my slaves I hold riveted to the chain.

Geo. (Passionately.) Oh, if ever I can break my

D'An. (Ironically.) What pleasure you would have in revenging yourself. I understand that, my

fellow, but you never will be able. Come, I receive your adieux, gentlemen, for the time fixed for our departure is at hand.

Enter OGARITA *in court dress.*

Oga. Adieux—departure! Oh, no. *(Saluting.)* Ogarita salutes you. *(All bow.)* She invites you to the fete she gives this evening.

D'An. A fete?

Oga. Yes.

D'An. But have they told you my wishes?

Oga. Yes.

D'An. And you have ordered a fete?

Oga. Yes.

D'An. Did you not fear my anger?—Be careful!

Oga. *(Lets her fan fall—several gentlemen stoop to pick it up.)* Stop! Ogarita has but one servant. Come, stoop, Monsieur le Marquis; bend your knee *(D'Antas stoops—keeping his eyes fixed on her, he picks up the fan.)* You see! *(She takes the fan, he wishes to retain her hand, she draws it away quickly.)* Get up! Ogarita wishes nothing more of you. Go and countermand this journey. I will dismiss our friends until the fete this evening. [have it?

D'An. A fete! But have I not said, I would not

Oga. But I have said I would!

D'An. Madam! [*mon ami!*

Oga. Have we not one will—one soul? *Au revoir,*

D'An. *(Going.)* Farewell till this evening, gentlemen. [*Exit. All the lords bow, and exeunt.*

Oga. Monsieur Duchesne, I have a favour to ask you; and I can, perhaps, render you a service.

Duc. Speak, Madame.

Oga. Yesterday, a sum of money was gained from you at play, and you are annoyed at not being able to pay immediately?

Duc. Yes; for then I should have the power to punish him who made me his dupe.

Oga. Can none of your friends lend you this sum?

Duc. None.

Oga. *(Touches a bell, Barabas enters.)* Monsieur wants money. *(Points to Duchesne.)*

Bar. How much does Monsieur require?

Duc. I know not if I ought to—

Oga. You owe I think—

Duc. Eight thousand crowns! but—

Bar. That's nothing! *(Takes gold and silver from his pocket.)* There, count, if that be not enough, speak!

Duc. I accept, Madame, because I am sure of being soon able to acquit this debt.

Bar. It is enough, then I'll shut up the bank.

(But empty his pockets.)

Duc. But you spoke of a service I could render.

Oga. Have you got the Archives of the Family of my Husband from Spain, as I required?

Duc. They have arrived at the Embassy. [you!

Oga. I want them at once, this is what I want of

Duc. They shall be here, madame.

Oga. Good! *(She dismisses him with a gesture, then turns to George.)* George, my mother and sister must shortly part for their land of exile.

Oga. In a week.

Bar. That's short enough.

Oga. Horace's imprisonment may be a long one.

Geo. For ever.

Bar. That's long enough.

Geo. Heaven is my witness that I would give my life to save them; but, alas, it is not my life alone that serves as a hostage to their executioner.

Oga. I know it. Barabas, that paper.

Bar. *(Gives papers.)* Here it is.

Oga. *(Giving it to George.)* George, you committed a fault—but you have bitterly expiated it. Let the remembrance of it be forgotten.

Geo. *(Looking at it.)* What do I see? You restore me to life, to liberty! I am yours—speak, order, and I obey!

Oga. Friend, remember those who suffer! Follow now the dictates of your conscience.

Geo. I understand you, and I hasten to throw myself at the Regent's feet.

Oga. Go, go! *(He exits in haste.)* Here is D'Antas.

Bar. D'Antas? I'm off! [*Exit.*

Enter D'ANTAS.

D'An. Alone!

Oga. You wished it?

D'An. Yes; those people are always congratulating me upon my happiness. I hate such mockery!

Oga. What is wanting to your happiness?

D'An. Can you ask me? You know my passionate love, and you reject it with disdain! Why did you marry me, if my love was hateful to you?

Oga. You are deceived, D'Antas; I want to be loved by you. This love is my most ardent wish. I swear your love can never reach *that* point to which I *desire* it.

D'An. Must I lay bare my soul to you? Know it then, and laugh at my weakness. You have become my only thought, the end of all my desires, the object of my very dreams! I would sacrifice all my power and wealth, for one kind look from you. Each word you utter thrills in my heart; each smile intoxicates me: and the most horrible torture I can imagine, would be that of dying without having felt your love! [dazzling luxury.

Oga. I must appear very awkward to you in this

D'An. You!

Oga. No one ever taught me to wear rich clothes. I was but a poor savage—I had but my grandmother and sister to teach me, and they are sent far away from me. [again?

D'An. Would you be very happy to see them

Oga. Oh, yes, yes!

D'An. Well, I will restore them to you. I will become your most humble, most submissive slave; let me but see you smile—let but a syllable of love come from your lips. Am I not your husband?

Oga. You are so, and ought to know what is passing in my heart. Marquis, my family was cowardly assassinated!—you know that, I believe?

D'An. Yes, I know it.

Oga. Yes! I often recall this crime to your mind, but I have not told you what implacable hatred is in my heart towards the murderer. I have not told you towards what revenge I was walking with slow steps, fixed eyes, holding my breath, without moving a leaf, as they glide in the desert to surprise an enemy through bushes, mountains, or torrents.

D'An. That look, that smile!

Oga. You were rich, and I accepted your rices, that I might employ them for my revenge. You were powerful, and I accepted your power to crush the guilty man. You love me. He whom I will love, will be the man who will tear the mask from the assassin, who will bring him to me bound hand and foot, that I may give him over to the executioner. Marquis D'Antas, will you be that [man?

D'An. *(Terrified.)* Ogarita!

Oga. *(Vehemently.)* Call me Martha de Lascours!

D'An. *(Looking at her distrustfully.)* Martha de Lascours!

Oga. Yes, Martha, saved by Heaven "from the abyss that threatens, and the wicked who kill"—now tell me that you love me! [soul!

D'An. Now, Martha de Lascours, into your ve-

Oga. So much the better, this constraint [me.

D'An. I have understood you, and I tell you I am always your master. You remember those that are dead, and forget those that are living. You forget all I can do against you—against them. Misfortune fall on those two women!—The vessel they sail in belongs to me.

Oga. Coward!

D'An. Horace's prison door can be walled in!

Oga. Coward and assassin!

D'An. Ah! you betrayed yourself too soon, Martha de Lascours!

Enter servant, announcing.

Ser. Madame the Countess de Theringe, and Ma'amselle Diana de Lascours.

D'An. *They* here!

Oga. My mother! my sister!

Ser. Monsieur le Chevalier Horace de Brienne.

D'An. He also here!

Oga. Did I betray myself too soon, Monsieur le Marquis?

Enter DIANA, HORACE, *and* MADAME DE THERINGE.

D'An. Horace! here—in my house! It must be a dream! (*Falls into chair.*)

Oga. At last I see you! (*Runs to Mme. de T., who repulses her.*) You repulse me!

Mme. de T. Unless a regal command had brought me to your house, you never would have seen me again, Madame.

Oga. Madame!

D'An. A regal order!

Oga. And you, Horace, do you accuse me, do you repulse me?

Hor. I did not wish to reproach you by my presence; and it was necessary to constrain me to come hither by a formal order from the Regent.

D'An. The Regent! (*Aside.*) What can have induced him to sign this order?

Oga. (*Looking at Horace.*) How pale he is, how he must have suffered!

Hor. Oh, yes! I have suffered. It was your shameful marriage that broke my heart. A man imprisoned and exiled those to whom you were dearer than life, and in the hour he made them suffer, you married him, and renounced, for his sake, all our affections!

Oga. In the name of heaven, Horace!

Hor. I am not going to accuse you—it was against my will they restored my liberty, if they can refuse me a dungeon, they cannot refuse a grave.

Oga. And you, sister, have you nothing but bitter and angry words for me?

Dia. I pity and forgive you, for I loved you always.

Oga. Oh, thanks, thanks. So you think I have married this man because he is powerful and rich. I am more infamous than even that would be, for I have married the assassin of my mother!

All. The assassin——

D'An. You lie! Words——

Hor. (*To Ogarita.*) Speak, explain yourself!

D'An. Not another word, madame, or I swear——

Hor. Your sword, Horace. Let him neither call for help, nor fly until he has heard me out.

Hor. (*Draws his sword, stops D'Antas from passing.*) Speak, speak!

Oga. I chained my life to yours, Marquis D'Antas, to know all your schemes—to guess all your thoughts—to better surprise all your secrets, and find out your past life! I have spent ten times more gold to discover your crimes than you spent to hide them; and, if I accepted your hand, it was but to draw you towards the abyss!

Mme. de T. My beloved child! (*Embraces her.*)

Dia. My sister!

Oga. This is what I have done, through the inspiration of that book you taught me to reverence.

Hor. (*Lowering his sword.*) You are lost!

D'An. Curses on him who betrayed me to the Regent!

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. I did, sir.

D'An. George!

Oga. It is useless to threaten—I have restored to him that document by which you held your power over him.

D'An. Let him be free! What will your accusation do? Once, again, you have no *proofs* that I am Carlos!

Enter Guests, the Lieutenant of Police, his Officers, DUCHESNE.

D'An. The Lieutenant of Police!

Oga. I sent for him to arrest the man who assassinated the family of de Lascours.

All. *Their* assassin!

Oga. Fifteen years past, he was called Carlos. Now have I proofs, Monsieur le Marquis?

D'An. (*Thunderstruck.*) Carlos!

Oga. To-day he is called the Marquis D'Antas!—Now am I too soon, eh?

Omn. D'Antas!

Duc. Here are the proofs of the death of the last Marquis, twenty years since.

D'An. If I am not the Marquis, who dare affirm that I was ever called Carlos? that I ever sailed with Captain de Lascours? when, of all the crew of the Urania, none have survived?

Enter BARABAS.

Bar. None? Who am I then, sir?

D'An. Who are you? I know you not!

Bar. Who am I? Barabas, formerly sailor of the Urania! And I recognize you, Monsieur Carlos,—because, when you caused more than twenty guns to be fired at me without hitting. (*Approaches D'Antas.*) I had but one small pistol, and the ball lodged—there! *Springs upon him, and tears open his coat.*) See, here are the traces of it, Monsieur le Marquis!

D'Antas. (*Shaking him off.*) Wretch?

Bar. How lucky I did not kill you then! they would not now have been able to hang you!

D'An. Lost! I, whose riches are without end, and power without limits!—I, who could pay armies and purchase kingdoms! Oh, it is impossible—it is impossible!

Oga. Yes; you fall in the midst of your luxury—of that grandeur, that power, which you thought far too high to be attacked. But there is something still higher, far above all power and riches, sacred in its integrity, equal in its protecting influence with power and riches—the law! the law!

D'An. (*Crushed.*) The law! (*The lieutenant of police signs to his officers to seize him, he raises his head.*) I bows to its supremacy—March!

(*He goes out, guards follow him.*)

Dia. Horace, the Marquis D'Antas was an assumed name—she is yet Martha de Lascours, Horace, you will be my brother!

Oga. Diana!

Bar. A marriage! hurrah!

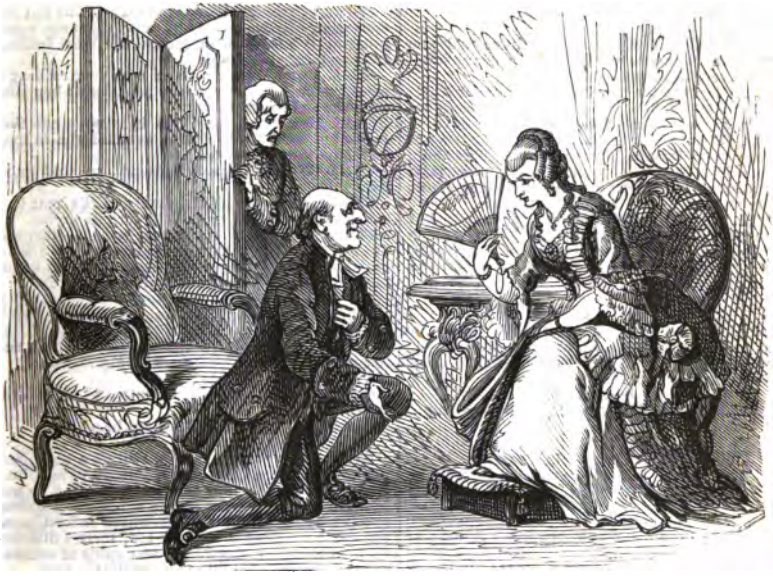
Oga. (*To Barabas.*) You will always remain with us?

Bar. Always, always! (*Touching his nose and ears.*) And these at the service of your little ones to pull at.

[*Tableaux.*

THE HYPOCRITE.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.



Dr. C.—"ALAS, POOR MAN! I WILL ANSWER FOR HIM."—*Act* V, *scene last.*

Persons Represented.

SIR JOHN LAMBERT.
COLONEL LAMBERT.
DOCTOR CANTWELL.
DARNLEY.
MAWWORM.
SEYWARD.
OLD LADY LAMBERT.
LADY LAMBERT.
CHARLOTTE.
BETTY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Sir John Lambert's house.*

Enter SIR JOHN LAMBERT, *followed by* COLONEL LAMBERT.

Col. L. Pray consider, sir.

Sir. J. So I do, sir, that I am her father, and will bestow her as I please.

Col. L. I do not dispute your authority, sir: but as I am your son too, I think it my duty to be concerned for your honour. Have not you countenanced his addresses to my sister? Has not she received them? Mr. Darnley's birth and fortune are well known to you; and I dare swear, he may defy the world to lay a blemish on his character.

Sir J. Why then, sir, since I am to be catechised, I must tell you, I do not like his character: he is a world server, a libertine, and has no more religion than you have.

Col. L Sir, we neither of us think it proper to make a boast of our religion; but, if you will please to inquire, you will find that we go to church as orderly as the rest of our neighbours,

Sir J. Oh! you go to church; you go to church. Wonderful! wonderful! to bow, and grin, and cough, and sleep; a fine act of devotion, indeed!

Col. L. Well, but dear sir—

Sir J. Colonel, you are an atheist.

Col. L. Pardon me, sir, I am none. It is a character I abhor; and next to that, I abhor the character of an enthusiast.

Col. L. Oh! you do so; an enthusiast! this is the fashionable phrase, the by-word, the nick-name that our pleasure-loving generation give to those few who have a sense of true sanctity.

Col L. Say canting, sir.

Sir J. I tell you what, son, as I have told you more than once, you will draw some heavy judgment on your head some day or other.

Col. L. So says the charitable Doctor Cantwell; you have taken him into your house, and, in return, he gives over half your family to the devil.

Sir J. Do not abuse the Doctor, Colonel; it is not the way to my favour. I know you cannot bear him, because he is not one of your mincing preachers: he holds up the glass to your enormities, shews you to yourselves in your genuine colours.

Col. L. I always respect piety and virtue, sir; but there are pretenders to religion, as well as to courage; and as we never find the truly brave to be such as make much noise about their valour, so I apprehend, the truly good seldom or never deal much in grimace.

Sir J. Very well, sir; this is very well.

Col. L. Besides, sir, I would be glad to know, by what authority the Doctor pretends to exercise the clerical function. It does not appear clearly to me that he ever was in orders.

Sir J. That is no business of yours, sir. But I am better informed. However, he has the call of zeal.

Col. L. Zeal!

Sir J. Why, Colonel, you are in a passion.

Col. L. I own I cannot see with temper, sir, so many religious mountebanks impose on the unwary multitude! wretches, who make a trade of religion, and shew an uncommon concern for the next world, only to raise their fortunes with greater security in this.

Sir J. Colonel, let me hear no more; I see you are too hardened to be converted now; but since you think it your duty, as a son, to be concerned for my errors, I think it as much mine as a father, to be concerned for yours. If you think fit to amend them so; if not, take the consequence.

Col. L. Well, sir, may I ask you without offence, if the reasons you have given me are your only reasons for discountenancing Mr. Darnley's addresses to my sister?

Sir J. Are they not flagrant? would you have me marry my daughter to a pagan?

Col. L. He intends this morning paying his respects to you, in hopes to obtain your final consent; and desired me to be present as a mediator of articles between you.

Sir J. I am glad to hear it.

Col. L. That's kind, indeed, sir.

Sir J. May be not, sir; for I will not be at home when he comes; and because I will not tell a lie for the matter, I will go out this moment.

Col. L. Nay, dear sir—.

Sir J. And, do you hear? because I will not deceive him, either tell him I would not have him lose his time in fooling after your sister,—in short, I have another man in my head for her.

[*Exit.*

Col. L. Another man! It would be worth one's while to know him. Pray, heaven, this canting hypocrite has not got some beggarly rascal in his eye for her. I must rid the house of him at any rate, or all the settlement I can hope for, from my father, is a castle in the air. My sister may be ruined too (*Charlotte sings without.*) Here she comes. If there be another man in the case, she, no doubt, can let me into the secret.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Sister, good-morrow; I want to speak with you.

Charl. Pr'ythee, then, dear brother, don't put on that wise, politic face, as if your regiment were going to be disbanded, or sent to the West Indies, and you obliged to follow it.

Col. L. Come, come; a truce with your raillery: what I have to ask of you is serious; and I beg you would be so in your answer.

Charl. Well, then, provided it is not upon the subject of love, I will be so; but make haste too, for I have not had my tea yet.

Col. L. Why, it is, and it is not, on that subject.

Charl. Oh, I love a riddle, dearly. Let's hear it.

Col. L. Nay, psha! if you'll be serious, say so.

Charl. O hard, sir; I beg your pardon—there—there's my whole form and features totally disengaged and lifeless, at your service; now, put them in what posture of attention you may think fit.

(*Leaning against him awkwardly.*)

Col. L. Was there ever such a giddy devil! Pr'ythee, stand up. I have been talking with my father, and he declares, positively, you shall not receive any further addresses from Mr. Darnley.

Charl. Are you serious?

Col. L. He said so this minute, and with some warmth.

Charl. I'm glad on't, with all my heart.

Col. L. How! glad!

Charl. To a degree. Do you think a man has any more charms for me for my father's liking him? No, sir: if Mr. Darnley can make his way to me now, he is obliged to me, and to me only. Besides, now it may have the face of an amour indeed, now one has something to struggle for; there's difficulty, there's danger, there's the dear spirit of contradiction in it, too. Oh, I like it mightily!

Col. L. I am glad this does not make you think the worse of Darnley; but a father's consent might have clapt a pair of horses more to your coach, perhaps, and the want of it may pinch your fortune.

Charl. Burn fortune! Am not I a fine woman? and have not I twenty thousand pounds in my own hands?

Col. L. Yes, sister; but with all your charms, you have had them in your possession almost these four years.

Charl. Psha! and have not I had the full swing of my own airs and humours these four years? But if I humour my father, I warrant he'll make it three or four thousand more, with some unlick'd lout; a comfortable equivalent, truly! No, no; let him light his pipe with his consent, if he please. Wilful against wise, for a wager.

Col. L. But pray, sister, has my father ever proposed any other man to you?

Charl. Another man! let me know why you ask, and I'll tell you.

Col. L. Why, the last words he said to me were, that he had another man in his head for you.

Charl. And who is it? who is it, dear brother?

Col. L. Why, you don't so much as seem surprised!

Charl. No, but I'm impatient, and that's as well.

Col. L. Why, how now, sister?

Charl. Why, sure, brother, you know very little of female happiness, if you suppose the surprise of a new lover ought to shock a woman of my temper: don't you know that I'm a coquette?

Col. L. If you are, you are the first that ever was sincere enough to own her being so.

Charl. To a lover, I grant you; but not to you; I make no more of you than a sister; I can say anything to you.

Col. L. I should have been better pleased, if you had not owned it to me; it's a hateful character.

Charl. Ay, it's no matter for that; it's violently pleasant, and there's no law against it, that I know of.

Col. L. Darnley's like to have a hopeful time with you.

Charl. Well, but don't you really know who it is my father intends me?

Col. L. Not I, really; but I imagined you might, and therefore thought to advise with you about it.

Charl. Nay, he has not opened his lips to me yet. Are you sure he's gone out?

Col. L. You are very impatient to know, methinks; what have you to do to concern yourself about any man but Darnley?

Charl. O lud! O lud! Pr'ythee, brother, don't be so wise; if you had an empty house to let, would you be displeased to hear there were two people about it? Besides, to be a little serious, Darnley has a tincture of jealousy in his temper, which nothing but a substantial rival can cure.

Col. L. Oh, your servant, madam! now you talk reason. I am glad you are concerned enough for Darnley's faults, to think them worth your mending—ha, ha!

Charl. Concerned! why, did I say that? Look you, I'll deny it all to him; well, if I ever am serious with him again—

Col. L. Here he comes; be as merry with him as you please.

Charl. Paha! (*Charlotte sits down, takes a book, and reads.*)

Enter DARNLEY.

Darn. My dear Colonel, your servant.

Col. L. I am glad you did not come sooner; for in the humour my father left me, 'twould not have been a proper time for you to have pressed your affair. I touched upon it, but, I'll tell you more presently; in the meantime, lose no ground with my sister.

Darn. I shall always think myself obliged to your friendship, let my success be what it will. Madam, your most obedient. What have you got there, pray?

Charl. (*Reading.*) *Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose;*
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those.

Darn. Pray, madam, what is it?

Charl. *Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;*

Darn. Nay, I will see.

Charl. *Oft she rejects, but never once offends.*

Col. L. Have a care! she has dipt into her own character, and she'll never forgive you, if you don't let her go through with it.

Darn. I beg your pardon, madam.

Charl. *Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,*
And like the sun they shine on all alike.

Um!—

Darn. That is something like, indeed.

Col. L. You would say so, if you knew all.

Darn. All what? Pray what do you mean?

Col. L. Have a little patience; I'll tell you immediately.

Charl. *If to her share some female errors fall,*
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Is not that natural, Mr. Darnley.

Darn. For a woman to expect, it is, indeed.

Charl. And can you blame her, when 'tis at the same time a proof of the poor man's passion, and her power?

Darn. So, then, you think the greatest compliment a lover can make his mistress is to give up his reason to her.

Charl. (*Rises.*) Certainly; for what have your lordly sex to boast of but your understanding? and till that's entirely surrendered to her discretion, while the least sentiment holds out against her, a woman must be downright vain to think her conquest completed.

Darn. There we differ, madam; for, in my opinion, nothing but the most excessive vanity could value or desire such a conquest.

Charl. Oh, d'ye hear him, brother? The creature reasons with me! Nay, has the effrontery to think me in the wrong too! O lud! he'd make a horrid tyrant: positively, I won't have him.

Darn. Well, my comfort is, no other man will easily know whether you'll have him or not.

Charl. Am not I a horrid vain, silly, creature, Mr. Darnley.

Darn. A little bordering on the baby, I must own.

Charl. Lud! how can you love a body so then? but I don't think you love me though, do you?

Darn. Yes, 'faith I do; and so shamefully, that I'm in hopes you doubt it.

Charl. Poor man! he'd fain bring me to reason.

Darn. I would, indeed. Nay, were it but possible to make you serious only when you should be so, I should think you the most amiable—

Charl. O lud! he's civil—

Darn. Come, come, be generous, and swear at least you'll never marry another.

Charl. Ah, lud! now you have spoiled all again; besides, how can I be sure of that, before I have seen this other man my brother spoke to me of?

Darn. What riddle's this?

Col. L. I told you, you did not know all. To be serious, my father went out but now, on purpose to avoid you. In short, he absolutely retracts his promises; says he would not have you fool away your time after my sister: and in plain terms told me he had another man in his head for her.

Darn. Another man! who? what is he? did not he name him?

Col. L. No; nor has he yet spoken of him to my sister.

Darn. This is unaccountable! what can have given him this sudden turn?

Col. L. Some whim our conscientious Doctor has put into his head; I'll lay my life.

Darn. He! He can't be such a villain; he professes a friendship for me.

Col. L. So much the worse.

Darn. But on what pretence, what grounds, what reason? What interest can he have to oppose me?

Col. L. Are you really now as unconcerned as you seem to be?

Charl. You are a strange dunce, brother; you know no more of love than I do of a regiment.

You shall see now how I'll comfort him. Poor Darnley, ha, ha, ha!

Darn. I don't wonder at your good humour, madam, when you have so substantial an opportunity to make me uneasy for life.

Charl. O lud! how sententious he is! Well, his reproaches have that greatness of soul, the confusion they give is insupportable. Betty! is the tea ready?

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Yes, madam.

Charl. Mr. Darnley, your servant.

[*Exeunt Charlotte and Betty.*

Col. L. So; you have made a fine piece of work on't indeed!

Darn. Dear Tom, pardon me if I speak a little freely; I own, the levity of her behaviour, at this time, gives me harder thoughts than I once believed it possible to have of her.

Col. L. Indeed, my friend, you mistake her.

Darn. Nay, nay: had she any real concern for me, the apprehension of a man's addresses, whom yet she never saw, must have alarmed her to some degree of seriousness.

Col. L. Not at all; for let this man be whom he will, I take her levity as proof of her resolution to have nothing to do with him.

Darn. And pray, sir, may I not as well suspect, that this artful delay of her good-nature to me now, is meant as a provisional defence against my reproaches, in case, when she has seen this man, she should think it convenient to prefer him.

Col. L. No, no; she's giddy, but not capable of so studied a falsehood.

Darn. But still, what could she mean by going away so abruptly?

Col. L. You grew too grave for her.

Darn. Why, who could bear such trifling?

Col. L. You should have laughed at her.

Darn. I can't love at that easy rate.

Col. L. No; if you could, the uneasiness would lie on her side.

Darn. Do you then really think she has anything in her heart for me?

Col. L. Ay, marry, sir: ah, if you could but get her to own that seriously now; lud! how you could love her!

Darn. And so I could by heaven!

Col. L. Well, well; I'll undertake for her; if my father don't stand in the way, we are well enough.

Darn. What says my lady? You don't think she's against us?

Col. L. I dare say she is not; she's of so soft, so sweet a disposition.

Darn. Pray, how came so fine a woman to marry your father, with such a vast inequality of years?

Col. L. Want of fortune, Frank; she was poor and beautiful, he rich and amorous; she made him happy, and he made her—

Darn. A lady.

Col. L. And a jointure: now she's the only one in the family that has power with our precise Doctor; and, I dare engage, she'll use it with him to persuade my father from anything that is against your interest. By the way, you must know, I have some shrewd suspicion, that this sanctified rogue is in love with her.

Darn. In love!

Col. L. You shall judge by the symptoms; but hush! here he comes, with my grandmother: step this way, and I'll tell you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter DOCTOR CANTWELL *and* OLD LADY LAMBERT, *followed by* SEYWARD.

Dr. C. Charles, step up into my study; bring down a dozen or more of those manuals of devotion, with the last hymn I composed: and when he calls, give them to Mr. Mawworm: and, harkye, if any one inquires after me, say I am gone to Newgate and the Marshalsea, to distribute alms.

[*Exit Seyward.*

Old Lady L. Well, but worthy Doctor, why will you go to the prisons yourself? Cannot you send the money? Ugly distempers are often catched there; have a care of your health; let us keep one good man, at least, among us.

Dr. C. Alas! madam; I am not a good man; I am a guilty, wicked sinner, full of iniquity; the greatest villain that ever breathed; every instant of my life is clouded with stains; it is one continued series of crimes and deflements: you do not know what I am capable of: you indeed take me for a good man; but the truth is, I am a worthless creature.

Old Lady L. Have you then stumbled? Alas! if it be so, who shall walk upright? What horrid crime have you been hurried into, that calls for this severe self-recrimination?

Dr. C. None, madam, that perhaps humanity may call very enormous; yet am I sure that my thoughts never stray a moment from celestial contemplations? Do they not sometimes, before I am aware, turn to things of this earth? Am I not often too hasty, and surprised into wrath? Nay, the instance is recent; for, last night, being snarled at and bit by Minxy, your daughter-in-law's lap-dog, I am conscious I struck the little beast with a degree of passion, for which I have never been able to forgive myself since.

Old Lady L. O, worthy, humble soul! this is a slight offence, which your suffering and mortifications may well atone for.

Dr. C. No, madam, no; I want to suffer; I ought to be mortified; and I am obliged now to tell you, that, for my soul's sake, I must quit your good son's family; I am pampered too much here; live too much at my ease.

Old Lady L. Good Doctor!

Dr. C. Alas, madam, it is not you that should shed tears; it is I that ought to weep; you are a pure woman.

Old Lady L. I pure? Who? I! No, no; sinful, sinful; but do not talk of quitting our family: what will become of us? For friendship, for charity—

Dr. C. Enough; say no more, madam; I submit; while I can do good it is my duty.

Enter COLONEL LAMBERT *and* DARNLEY.

Col. L. Your ladyship's most humble servant.

Old Lady L. Grandson, how do you do?

Darn. Good day to you, Doctor.

Dr. C. Mr. Darnley, I am your most humble servant; I hope you and the good Colonel will stay and join in the private duties of the family.

Old Lady L. No, Doctor, no; it is too early, the sun has not risen upon them; but I doubt not, the day will come.

Dr. C. I warrant they would go to a play now.

Old Lady L. Would they? I am afraid they would.

Darn. Why, I hope it is no sin, madam; if I am not mistaken, I have seen your ladyship at a play.

Old Lady L. Me, sir, see me at a play! You may have seen the prince of darkness, or some of his imps, in my likeness, perhaps.

Darn. Well, but, madam—

Old Lady L. Mr. Darnley, do you think I would commit a murder?

Dr. C. No, sir, no; these are not the plants usually to be met with in that rank soil; the seeds of wickedness indeed sprout up every where too fast; but a play-house is the devil's hot-bed.

Col. L. And yet, Doctor, I have known some of the leaders of your tribe, as scrupulous as they are, who have been willing to gather fruit there for the use of the brethren: as in case of a benefit.

Dr. C. The charity covereth the sin; and it may be lawful to turn the wages of abomination to the comfort of the righteous.

Col. L. Ha, ha, ha!

Dr. C. Reprobate, reprobate?

Col. C. What is that you mutter, sirrah?

Old Lady L. Oh, heavens!

Darn. Let him go, Colonel.

Col. L. A canting hypocrite?

Dr. C. Very well, sir; your father shall know my treatment.

[*Exit.*

Old Lady L. Let me run out of the house; I shall have it fall upon my head, if I stay among such wicked wretches. O, grandson, grandson!

[*Exit.*

Darn. Was there ever so insolent a rascal!

Col. L. The dog will one day provoke me to beat his brains out.

Darn. But what the devil is he? Whence comes he? What is his original? How has he so ingratiated himself with your father, as to get footing in the house?

Col. L. O, sir, he is here in quality of chaplain; he was first introduced by the good old lady that has just gone out. You know, she has been a long time a frequenter of our modern conventicles, where, it seems, she got acquainted with this sanctified pastor. His disciples believe him a saint; and my poor father, who has been for some time tainted with their pernicious principles, has been led into the same snare.

Darn. Ha! here's your sister again.

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* DOCTOR CANTWELL.

Charl. You'll find, sir, I will not be used thus; nor shall your credit with my father protect your insolence to me.

Col. L. What's the matter?

Charl. Nothing; pray, be quiet; I don't want you: stand out of the way. How durst you bolt with such authority into my chamber, without giving me notice?

Darn. Confusion!

Col. L. Hold! if my father don't resent this, 'tis then time enough for me to do it.

Dr. C. Compose yourself, madam; I came by your father's desire, who being informed that you were entertaining Mr. Darnley, grew impatient, and gave his positive commands that you attend him instantly, or he himself, he says, will fetch you.

Darn. Ay, now the storm is rising.

Dr. C. So, for what I have done, madam, I had his authority, and shall leave him to answer you.

Charl. 'Tis false. He gave you no authority to insult me; or if he had, did you suppose I would bear it from you? What is it you presume upon? your function? Dost that exempt you from the manners of a gentleman?

Dr. C. Shall I have an answer to your father, lady?

Chal. I'll send him none by you.

Dr. C. I shall inform him so.

[*Exit.*

Charl. A saucy puppy!

Col. L. Pray, sister, what has the fellow done to you?

Charl. Nothing.

Darn. I beg you would tell us, madam.

Charl. Nay, no great matter; but I was sitting carelessly in my dressing-room, a—a fastening my garter, and this impudent cur comes bounce in upon me.

Darn. The rogue must be corrected.

Col. L. Yet, egad! I cannot help laughing at the accident! what a ridiculous figure must she make! ha, ha!

Charl. Ha! you are as impudent as he, I think.

Darn. Dear Tom, speak to her before she goes.

Charl. What does he say, brother?

Col. L. Why, he wants to have me speak to you, and I would have him do it himself.

Charl. Ay; come, do, Darnley; I am in a good humour now.

Darn. Oh, Charlotte, my heart is bursting!

Charl. Well, well; out with it then.

Darn. Your father now, I see, is bent on parting us; nay, what's worse, perhaps will give you to another: I cannot speak; imagine what I want of you.

Charl. Well, O lud! one looks so silly tho' when one is serious. O gad! in short, I cannot get it out.

Col. L. I warrant you; try again.

Charl. O lud! well, if one must be teased, then why he must hope, I think.

Darn. Is it possible! thus—

Col. L. Buz! not a syllable; she has done very well. I bar all heroics; if you press it too far, I'll hold six to four she's off again in a moment.

Darn. I'm silenced.

Charl. Now am I on tiptoe to know what odd fellow my father has found out for me.

Darn. I'd give something to know him.

Charl. He's in a terrible fuss at your being here, I find.

Col. L. 'Sdeath! here he comes!

Charl. Now we are all in a fine pickle!

Enter SIR JOHN LAMBERT *hastily; looks sternly at Darnley; takes Charlotte under his arm, and carries her off. Colonel Lambert and Darnley exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Ante-chamber in Sir John Lambert's house.*

Enter SEYWARD, *with a writing in his hand, from the folding doors.*

Sey. 'Tis so: I have long suspected where his zeal would end—in the making of his private fortune. But, then, to found it on the ruin of his patron's children! I shudder at the villainy! What desperation may a son be driven to, so barbarously disinherited! Besides, his daughter, fair Charlotte, too, is wronged; wronged in the tenderes

for so extravagant is this settlement, that it leaves her not a shilling unless she marries with the Doctor's consent, which is intended, by what I have heard, as an expedient to oblige her to marry the Doctor himself. Now, 'twere but an honest part, to let Charlotte know the snare that is laid for her. This deed's not signed, and may yet be prevented. It shall be so. Yes, charming creature, I adore you; and though I am sensible my passion is without hope, I may indulge it thus far at least,—I may have the merit of serving you, and perhaps the pleasure to know you think yourself obliged by me.

Enter SIR JOHN LAMBERT, LADY LAMBERT, *and* CHARLOTTE.

Sir J. Oh! Seyward, your uncle wants you to transcribe some hymns.

Sey. Sir, I'll wait on him.

Charl. A pretty well-bred fellow, that.

Sir J. Ay, ay; but he has better qualities than his good-breeding.

Charl. He's always clean, too.

Sir J. I wonder, daughter, when you will take notice of a man's real merit. Humph! well-bred and clean, forsooth! Would not one think, now, she was describing a coxcomb? When do you hear my wife talk at this rate? and yet she is as young as your fantastical ladyship.

Lady L. Charlotte is of a cheerful temper, my dear; but I know you don't think she wants discretion.

Sir J. I shall try that presently; and you, my dear, shall judge between us. In short, daughter, your course of life is but one continued round of playing the fool to no purpose; and therefore I am resolved to make you think seriously and marry.

Charl. That I shall do before I marry, sir, you may depend upon it.

Sir J. Humph! that I am not so sure of: but you may depend upon my having thought seriously, and that's as well: for the person I intend you is, of all the world, the only man who can make you truly happy.

Charl. And of all the world, sir, that's the only man I'll positively marry.

Lady L. You have rare courage, Charlotte; if I had such a game to play, I should be frighted out of my wits.

Charl. Lud! madam, he'll make nothing of it depend upon it.

Sir J. Mind what I say to you. This wonderful man, I say, first, in his public character, is religious, zealous and charitable.

Charl. Very well, sir.

Sir J. In his private character, sober.

Charl. I should hate a sot.

Sir J. Chaste.

Charl. A-hem!

(*Stifling a laugh.*)

Sir J. What is it you sneer at, madam? You want one of your fine gentleman rakes, I suppose, that are snapping at every woman they meet with.

Charl. No, no, sir; I am very well satisfied. I should not care for such a sort of a man, no more than I should for one that every woman was ready to snap at.

Sir J. No, you'll be secure from jealousy; he has experience, ripeness of years; he is almost forty-nine. Your sex's vanity will have no charms for him.

Charl. But all this while, sir, I don't find that he has charms for our sex's vanity. How does he look? Is he tall, well made? Does he dress, sing, talk, laugh, and dance well? Has he good hair, good teeth, fine eyes? Does he keep a chaise, coach, and vis-a-vis? Has he six prancing ponies? Does he wear the prince's uniform, and subscribe to Brookes's?

Sir J. Was there ever so profligate a creature! What will this age come to?

Lady L. Nay, Charlotte, here I must be against you. Now you are blind, indeed. A woman's happiness has little to do with the pleasure her husband takes in his own person.

Sir J. Right.

Lady L. It is not how he looks, but how he loves is the point.

Sir J. Good again.

Lady L. And a wife is much more secure that has charms for her husband, than when the husband has only charms for her.

Sir J. Admirable! go on, my dear.

Lady L. Do you think a woman of five-and-twenty may not be much happier with an honest man of fifty, than the finest woman of fifty with a young fellow of five-and-twenty?

Sir J. Mark that!

Charl. Ay; but when two five-and-twenties come together, dear papa, you must allow they've a chance to be fifty times as pleasant and frolicsome.

Sir J. Frolicsome! Why, you sensual idiot, what have frolics to do with solid happiness? I am ashamed of you. Go; you talk worse than a girl at a boarding-school. Frolicsome! as if marriage was only a license for two people to play the fool according to law. Methinks, madam, you have a better example of happiness before your face. Here's one has ten times your understanding, and she, you find, has made a different choice.

Charl. Lud, sir, how you talk! you don't consider people's tempers. I don't say my lady is not in the right; but then, you know, papa, she's a prude, and I am a coquette; she becomes her character very well, I don't deny it; and I hope everything I do is as consistent with mine. Your wise people may talk what they will, but 'tis constitution governs us all; and be assured, you will no more be able to bring me to endure a man of forty-nine, than you can persuade my lady to dance in church to the organ.

Sir J. Why, you wicked wretch! could anything persuade you to do that?

Charl. Lud, sir! I won't answer for what I might do, if the whim were in my head; besides you know I always loved a little flirtation.

Sir J. Oh, horrible! Flirtation! My poor sister has ruined her; leaving her fortune in her own hand has turned her brain. In short, Charlotte, your sentiments of life are shameful, and I am resolved upon your instant reformation; therefore, as an earnest of your obedience, I shall first insist that you never see young Darnley more; for, in one word, the good and pious Doctor Cantwell's the man that I have decreed for your husband.

Charl. Ho, ho, ho!

Sir J. 'Tis very well; this laugh you think becomes you, but I shall spoil your mirth. No more; give me a serious answer.

Charl. I ask your pardon, sir: I should not have smiled, indeed, could I have supposed it possible that you were serious.

Sir J. You'll find me so.

Charl. I'm sorry for it; but I have an objectio

to the Doctor, sir, that most fathers think a substantial one.

Sir J. Name it.

Charl. Why, sir, we know nothing of his fortune: he's not worth a groat.

Sir J. That's more than you know, madam; I am able to give him a better estate than I am afraid you'll deserve.

Charl. How, sir?

Sir J. I have told you what's my will, and shall leave you to think on't.

Enter SEYWARD.

Sey. Sir, if you are at leisure, the Doctor desires to speak with you upon business of importance.

Sir J. I will come to him immediately. [*Exit Seyward.*] Daughter I am called away, and therefore have only time to tell you, as my last resolution, Doctor Cantwell is your husband, or I'm no more your father

[*Exit.*

Charl. Oh, madam! I am at my wits' end; not for the little fortune I may lose in disobeying my father, but it startles me to find what a dangerous influence this fellow has over all his actions.

Lady L. Here's your brother.

Enter COLONEL LAMBERT.

Col. L. Madam, your most obedient. Well, sister, is the secret out? Who is this pretty fellow my father has picked up for you?

Charl. Even our agreeable Doctor.

Col. L. You are not serious?

Lady L. He's the very man, I can assure you, sir!

Col. L. Confusion! What! would the cormorant devour the whole family? Your ladyship knows he is secretly in love with you, too?

Lady L. Fie, fie! Colonel.

Col. L. I ask your pardon, madam, if I speak too freely: but I am sure, by what I have seen, your ladyship must suspect something of it.

Lady L. I am sorry anybody else has seen it: but I must own, his behaviour to me of late, both in private and before company, has been something warmer than I thought became him.

Col. L. How are these opposites to be reconciled? Can the rascal have the assurance to think both points are to be carried?

Charl. Truly, one would not suspect the gentleman to be so termagant.

Col. L. Especially while he pretends to be so shocked at all indecent amours. In the country, he used to make the maids lock up the turkey-cocks every Saturday night, for fear they should gallant the hens on a Sunday.

Lady L. Oh, ridiculous!

Col. L. Upon my life, madam, my sister told me so!

Charl. I tell you so! You impudent——

Lady L. Fie, Charlotte! he only jests with you.

Charl. How can you be such a monster to stay playing the fool here, when you have more reason to be frightened out of your wits! You don't know, perhaps, that my father declares he'll settle a fortune upon this fellow too.

Col. L. What do you mean?

Lady L. 'Tis too true; 'tis not three minutes since he said so.

Col. L. Nay, then, it is time, indeed, his eyes were opened; and give me leave to say, madam, 'tis only in your power.

Lady L. What is't you propose?

Col. L. Why, if this fellow, which I'm sure of, is really in love with you, give him a fair opportunity to declare himself, and leave me to make my advantage of it.

Lady L. I should be loth to do a wrong thing.

Charl. Dear madam, it is the only way in the world to expose him to my father.

Lady L. I'll think of it.

Col. L. Pray do, madam; but in the meantime I must leave you: poor Darnley stays for me at the Smyrna, and will sit upon thorns till I bring him an account of his new rival.

Charl. Well, well, get you gone then; here is my grandmother.

[*Exit Colonel.*

Enter OLD LADY LAMBERT.

Lady L. This is kind, madam; I hope your ladyship's come to dine with us.

Old Lady L. No; don't be afraid: only in my way from Tottenham Court, I just called to see whether any dreadful accident had happened to the family since I was here last.

Lady L. Accident, did your ladyship say?

Old Lady L. I shall be sorry, daughter, but not surprised, when I hear it; for there are goings on under this roof, that will bring temporal punishments along with them.

Lady L. Indeed, madam, you astonish me!

Old Lady L. We'll drop the subject; and I beg leave to address myself to you, Miss Charlotte; I see you have a bit of lace upon your neck; I desire to know what you wear it for.

Charl. Wear it for, madam? It's the fashion.

Old Lady L. In short, I have been at my linen-draper's to day, and have brought you some thick muslin, which I desire you will make handkerchiefs of, for I must tell you that slight covering is indecent, and gives much offence.

Lady L. Indecent, did your ladyship say?

Old Lady L. Yes, daughter-in-law. Doctor Cantwell complains to me that he cannot sit at table, the sight of her bare neck disturbs him so; and he's a good man, and knows what indecency is.

Charl. Yes, indeed; I believe he does, better than any one in this house. But you may tell the Doctor from me, madam, that he is an impudent coxcomb—a puppy—and deserves to have his bones broken.

Old Lady L. Fie, Charlotte, fie! He speaks but for your good, and this is the grateful return you make.

Charl. Grateful return, madam! how can you be so partial to that hypocrite? The Doctor is one of those who start at a feather. Poor, good man! yet he has his vices of a graver sort.

Old Lady L. Come, come; I wish you would follow his precepts, whose practice is conformable to what he teaches. Virtuous man! Above all sensual regards, he considers the world merely as a collection of dirt and pebble-stones. How has he weaned me from temporal connexions! My heart is now set upon nothing sublunary; and I thank heaven, I am so insensible to everything in this vain world, that I could see you, my son, my daughters, my brothers, my grand-children, all expire before me; and mind it no more than the going out of so many snuffs of candle.

Charl. Upon my word, madam, it is a very humane disposition you have been able to arrive at; and your family is much obliged to the Doctor for his instructions.

Old Lady L. Well, child, I have nothing more

to say to you at present; heaven mend you, that's all.

Lady L. Pray, madam, stay and dine with us.

Old Lady L. No, daughter; I have said it, and you know I never tell a lie; but here's my son, if you'll give me leave, I'll stay and speak to him.

Lady L. Your ladyship's time is your own.

Charl. Ay, and here's that abominable Doctor. This fellow puts me beyond my patience.

[*Exeunt Lady Lambert and Charlotte.*

Enter SIR JOHN LAMBERT *and* DR. CANTWELL.

Sir J. Oh, madam, madam! I'm glad you're here to join me in solicitations to the Doctor. Here is my mother, friend, my mother; a pious woman; you will hear her, more worthy to advise you than I am.

Dr. C. Alas! the dear good lady, I will kiss her hand. But what advice can she give me? The riches of this world, sir, have no charms for me; I am not dazzled with their false glare; and were I, I repeat it, to accept of the trust you want to repose in me, heaven knows, it would only be lest the means should fall into wicked hands, who would not lay it out as I should do, for the glory of heaven, and the good of my neighbour.

Old Lady L. What is the matter, son?

Dr. C. Nothing, madam—nothing. But you were witness how the worthy Colonel treated me this morning. Not that I speak it on my own account; for to be reviled is my portion.

Sir J. L. O the villain! the villain!

Dr. C. Indeed, I did not think he had so hard a nature.

Old Lady L. Ah, your charitable heart knows not the rancour that is in his. His wicked sister, too, has been here this moment abusing this good man.

Dr. C. O, sir, 'tis plain, 'tis plain; your whole family are in a combination against me; your son and daughter hate me; they think I stand between them and your favour; and indeed it is not fit I should do so; for, fallen as they are, they are still your children, and I an alien, an intruder, who ought in conscience to retire and heal those unhappy breaches.

Old Lady L. See if the good man does not wipe his eyes.

Dr. C. Oh, heavens! the thought of their ingratitude wounds me to the quick; but I'll remove this eyesore. Here, Charles.

Enter SEYWARD.

Sir J. L. For goodness' sake——

Dr. C. Bring me that writing I gave you to lay up this morning.

Sir J. L. Make haste, good Charles; it shall be signed this moment.

[*Exit Seyward*

Dr. C. Not for the world, Sir John: every minute tends to corroborate my last intentions. I must not, will not take it, with the curses of your children.

Sir J. L. But consider, Doctor; shall my wicked son, then, be heir to my lands, before repentance has entitled him to favour. No, let him depend upon you whom he has wronged; perhaps, in time he may reflect on his father's justice, and be reconciled to your rewarded virtues. If heaven should at last reclaim him, in you, I know, he still would find a fond, forgiving father

Dr. C. The imagination of so blest an hour softens me to a tenderness I cannot support!

Old Lady L. Oh, the dear, good man.

Sir J. L. With regard to my daughter, Doctor, you know she is not wronged by it; because, if she prove not obstinate, she may still be happy.

Old Lady L. Yes, but the perverse wretch slights the blessing you propose for her.

Dr. C. We must allow, madam, female modesty a time, which often takes the likeness of distaste: the commands of your good son might too suddenly surprise her. Maids must be gently dealt with; and might I humbly advise——

Sir J. L. Anything you will; you shall govern me and her.

Dr. C. Then, sir, abate of your authority, and let the matter rest awhile.

Sir J. L. Suppose you were to get my wife to speak to her? Women will often hear from their own sex what, sometimes, even from the man they like, will startle them.

Dr. C. Then, with your permission, sir, I will take an opportunity of talking to my lady.

Sir J. L. She's now in her dressing-room; I'll go and prepare her for it. [*Exit.*

Dr. C. You are too good to me, sir—too bountiful.

Enter SEYWARD.

Seyw. Sir, Mr. Mawworm is without, and would be glad to be permitted to speak with you.

[*Exit.*

Old Lady L. Oh, pray, Doctor, admit him; I have not seen Mr. Mawworm this great while; he's a pious man, though in an humble estate; desire the worthy creature to walk in.

Enter MAWWORM.

How do you do, Mr. Mawworm?

Maw. Thank your ladyship's axing, I'm but dead y poorish, indeed; the world and I can't agree—I have got the books, Doctor, and Mrs. Grunt bid me give her sarvice to you, and thanks you for the eighteen-pence.

Dr. C. Hush! friend Mawworm! not a word more; you know I hate to have my little charities blazed about: a poor widow, madam, to whom I sent my mite.

Old Lady L. Give her this. (*Offers a purse to Mawworm.*)

Dr. C. I'll take care it shall be given to her.

(*Takes the purse.*)

Old Lady L. But what is the matter with you, Mr. Mawworm?

Maw. I don't know what's the matter with me; I'm breaking my heart; I think it's a sin to keep a shop.

Old Lady L. Why, if you think it's a sin, indeed; pray, what's your business?

Maw. We deals in grocery, tea, small-beer, charcoal, butter, brick-dust, and the like.

Old Lady L. Well; you must consult with your friendly director here.

Maw. I wants to go a-preaching.

Old Lady L. Do you?

Maw. I'm almost sure I have had a call.

Old Lady L. Ay!

Maw. I have made several sermons already. I does them extrumpery, because I can't write; and now the devils in our alley says as how my head's turned.

Old Lady L. Ay, devils, indeed; but don't you mind them.

Maw. No, I don't; I rebukes them, and preaches to them, whether they will or not. We lets our house in lodgings to single men, and, sometimes, I gets them together, with one or two of the neighbours, and makes them all cry.

Old Lady L. Did you ever preach in public?

Maw. I got up on Kennington Common, the last review day; but the boys threw brick-bracks at me, and pinned crackers to my tail; and I have been afraid to mount, your ladyship, ever since.

Old Lady L. Do you hear this, Doctor? throw brick-bats at him, and pin crackers to his tail! Can these things be stood by?

Maw. I told them so; says I, I does nothing clandecently; I stands here contagious to his majesty's guards, and I charges you upon your apparels not to mislist me.

Old Lady L. And it had no effect?

Maw. No more than if I spoke to so many posteses; but if he advises me to go a-preaching, and quit my shop, I'll make an excressance farther into the country.

Old Lady L. An excursion you would say.

Maw. I am but a sheep, but my bleating shall be heard afar off, and that sheep shall become a shepherd; nay, if it be only, as it were, a shepherd's dog, to bark the stray lambs into the fold.

Old Lady L. He wants method, Doctor.

Dr. C. Yes, madam, but there is matter; and I despise not the ignorant.

Maw. He's a saint.

Dr. C. Oh!

Old Lady L. Oh!

Maw. If ever there was a saint, he's one. 'Till I went after him I was little better than the devil; my conscience was tanned with sin, like a piece of neat's leather, and had no more feeling than the sole of my shoe; always a roving after fantastical delights; I used to go, every Sunday evening, to the Three Hats, at Islington; it's a public-house; mayhap your ladyship may know it: I was a great lover of skittles too, but now I can't bear them.

Old Lady L. What a blessed reformation!

Maw. I believe, Doctor, you never know'd as how I was instigated one of the stewards of the reforming society. I convicted a man of five oaths, as last Thursday was a se'nnight, at the Pewter-platter, in the Borough; and another of three, while he was playing trap-ball in St. George's Fields: I bought this waistcoat out of my share of the money.

Old Lady L. But how do you mind your business?

Maw. We have lost almost all our customers; because I keeps extorting them whenever they come into the shop.

Old Lady L. And how do you live?

Maw. Better than ever we did: while we were worldly-minded, my wife and I (for I am married to as likely a woman as you shall see in a thousand) could hardly make things do at all; but since this good man has brought us into the road of the righteous, we have always plenty of everything; and my wife goes as well dressed as a gentlewoman. We have had a child too.

Old Lady L. Merciful!

Maw. And between you and me, Doctor, I believe Susy's breeding again.

Dr. C. Thus is it, madam; I am constantly told, though I can hardly believe it, a blessing follows wherever I come.

Maw. And yet, if you would hear how the neighbours reviles my wife; saying as how she sets no store by me, because we have words now and then; but, as I says, if such was the case, would she ever have cut me down that there time as I was melancholy, and she found me hanging behind the door? I don't believe there's a wife in the parish would have done so by her husband.

Dr. C. I believe 'tis near dinner-time; and Sir John will require my attendance.

Maw. Oh! I am troublesome; nay, I only come to you, Doctor, with a message from Mrs. Grunt. I wish your ladyship heartily and heartily farewell: Doctor, a good day to you.

Old Lady L. Mr. Mawworm, call on me some time this afternoon; I want to have a little private discourse with you; and pray, my service to your spouse.

Maw. I will, madam; you are a malefactor to all goodness; I'll wait upon your ladyship; I will indeed. (*Going, returns.*) Oh! Doctor, that's true; Susy desired me to give her kind love and respects to you.

[*Exit.*

Dr. C. Madam, if you please, I will lead you into the parlour.

Old Lady L. No, Doctor, my coach waits at the door.

Enter SEYWARD.

Dr. C. Charles, you may lay those papers by again, but in some place where you'll easily find them; for I believe we shall have occasion for them some time this afternoon.

Sey. I'll take care, sir. [*Exeunt Doctor and Old Lady Lamb.*] Occasion for them this afternoon! Then there's no time to be lost; the coast is clear, and this is her chamber: What's the matter with me? The thought of speaking to her throws me into a disorder. There's nobody within, I believe; I'll knock again.

Enter BETTY.

Is your lady busy?

Betty. I believe she's only reading, sir.

Sey. Will you do me the favour to let her know, if she's at leisure, I beg to speak with her upon some earnest business?

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Who's that?

Betty. She's here. Mr. Seyward, madam, desires to speak with you.

Charl. Oh! your servant, Mr. Seyward. Here, take this odious Homer, and lay him up again; he tires me. [*Exit Betty.*] How could the blind wretch make such a horrid fuss about a fine woman, for so many volumes together, and give us no account of her amours? You have read him, I suppose, in the Greek, Mr. Seyward?

Seyw. Not lately, madam.

Charl. But do you violently admire him now?

Seyw. The critics say he has his beauties, madam; but Ovid has always been my favourite.

Charl. Ovid! Oh, he's ravishing!

Seyw. So art thou, to madness. (*Aside.*)

Charl. Lud! how could one do to learn Greek Were you a great while about it?

Seyw. It has been half the business of my life, madam.

Charl. That's cruel, now. Then you think one could not be mistress of it in a month or two?

Seyw. Not easily, madam.

Charl. They tell me it has the softest tone for love of any language in the world. I fancy I could soon learn it. I know three words of it already.

Seyw. Pray, madam what are they?

Charl. Stay, let me see. Oh, ay! *Zoe kai psuche.*

Seyw. I hope you know the English of them, madame?

Charl. Oh, hid! I hope there is no harm in it. I'm sure I heard the Doctor say it to my lady. Pray, what is it?

Seyw. You must first imagine, madam, a tender lover, gazing on his mistress; and then, indeed, they have a softness in them; as thus—*Zoe kai psuche!* My life! my soul!

Charl. Oh, the impudent young rogue! How his eyes spoke, too! What the deuse can he want with me? It always run in my head that this fellow had something in him above his condition; I'll know immediately. Well, but your business with me, Mr. Seyward? You have something of love in your head, I'll lay my life on't.

Seyw. I never yet durst own it, madam.

Charl. Why, what's the matter?

Seyw. My story is too melancholy to entertain a mind so much at ease as yours.

Charl. Oh, I love melancholy stories, of all things. Pray, how long have you lived with your uncle, Mr. Seyward?

Seyw. With Doctor Cantwell, I suppose you mean, madam?

Charl. Ay.

Seyw. He's no uncle of mine, madam.

Charl. You surprise me. Not your uncle?

Seyw. No, madam; but that's not the only character the Doctor assumes, to which he has no right.

Charl. Lud! I am concerned for you.

Seyw. So you would, madam, if you knew all.

Charl. I am already; but if there are any further particulars of your story, pray let me hear them; and should any services be in my power, I am sure you may command them.

Seyw. You treat me with so kind, so gentle a hand, that I will unbosom myself to you. My father, madam, was the younger branch of a genteel family in the north; his name, Trueman; but dying while I was yet in my infancy, I was left wholly dependant on my mother—a woman really pious and well-meaning, but—in short, madam, Doctor Cantwell fatally got acquainted with her, and as he is now your father's bosom counsellor, soon became hers. She died, madam, when I was but eight years old; and then I was indeed left an orphan.

Charl. Poor creature! Lud! I cannot bear it.

Seyw. She left Doctor Cantwell her sole heir and executor: but I must do her the justice to say, I believe it was in the confirmation that he would take care of, and do justice to me, and, indeed, he has so far taken care of me, that he sent me to a seminary abroad, and for these three years last past has kept me with him.

Charl. A seminary! Oh, heavens! But why have you not striven to do yourself justice?

Seyw. Thrown so young into his power, as I was, unknown and friendless, to whom could I apply for succour? Nay, madam, I will confess, that, on my return to England, I was at first tainted with the enthusiastic notions myself; and, for some time, as much imposed upon by him as others; 'till, by degrees, as he found it necessary to make use of, or totally discard me (which last he did not think prudent to do), he was obliged to unveil himself to me in his proper colours; and I believe I can inform you of some parts of his private character, that may be the means of detecting one of the wickedest impostors that ever practised upon credulity.

Charl. But how has the wretch dared to treat you?

Sey. In his ill and insolent humours, madam, he has sometimes the presumption to tell me, that I am the object of his charity: and I own, madam, that I am humbled in my opinion, by his having drawn me into a connivance at some actions, which I can't look back on without horror!

Charl. Indeed, you can't tell how I pity you; and depend upon it, if it be possible to serve you, by getting you out of the hands of this monster, I will.

Sey. Once more, madam, let me assure you, that your generous inclination would be a consolation to me in the worst misfortunes; and, even in the last moment of painful death, would give my heart a joy.

Charl. Lud! the poor unfortunate boy loves me, too! What shall I do with him? Pray, Mr. Seyward, what paper is that you have in your hand? Is it relative to——

Sey. Another instance of the conscience and gratitude which animates our worthy Doctor.

Charl. You frighten me! Pray what is the purport of it? Is it neither signed nor sealed!

Sey. No, madam; therefore, to prevent it, by this timely notice, was my business here with you. Your father gave it to the Doctor first, to shew his counsel; who having approved it, I understand this evening it will be executed.

Charl. But what is it?

Sey. It grants to Doctor Cantwell, in present, four hundred pounds per annum, of which this very house is part; and, at your father's death, invests him in the whole remainder of his freehold estate. For you, indeed, there is a charge of four thousand pounds upon it, provided you marry with the Doctor's consent; if not, 'tis added to my lady's jointure; but your brother, madam, is, without conditions, utterly disinherited.

Charl. I am confounded! What will become of us! My father now, I find, was serious. Oh! this insinuating hypocrite! Let me see,—ay, I will go this minute. Sir, dare you trust this in my hands for an hour only?

Sey. Anything to serve you.

(*Bell rings.*)

Charl. Hark! they ring to dinner: pray, sir, step in: say I am obliged to dine abroad; and whisper one of the footmen to get a chair immediately; then do you take a proper occasion to slip out after me to Mr. Double's chambers in the Temple; there I shall have time to talk further with you.

[*Exeunt Charl. and Seyward.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Dressing-room, with tables and chairs.*

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* BETTY.

Charl. Has any one been to speak with me, Betty?

Betty. Only Mr. Darnley, madam; he said he would call again, and bade his servant stay below, to give him notice when you came home.

Charl. You don't know what he wanted?

Betty. No, madam; he seemed very uneasy at your being abroad.

Charl. Well, go; I'll see him. [*Exit Betty.*] Ten to one but his wise head has found out something to be jealous of; if he lets me see it, I shall be sure to make him infinitely easy. Here he comes.

Enter DARNLEY.

Darn. Your humble servant, madam.

Charl. Your servant, sir.

Darn. You have been abroad, I hear?

Charl. Yes, and now I am come home, you see.

Darn. You seem to turn upon my words, madam! Is there anything particular in them?

Charl. As much as there is in my being abroad, I believe.

Darn. Might I not say you have been abroad, without giving offence?

Charl. And might I not as well say, I was come home, without your being so grave upon it?

Darn. Do you know anything that should make me grave?

Charl. I know, if you are so, I am the worst person in the world you can possibly show it to.

Darn. Nay, I don't suppose you do anything you won't justify.

Charl. Oh! then I find I have done something you think I can't justify.

Darn. I don't say that neither. Perhaps I am wrong in what I have said; but I have so often been used to ask pardon for your being in the wrong, that I am resolved henceforth never to rely on the insolent evidence of my own senses.

Charl. You don't know now, perhaps, that I think this pretty smart speech of yours is very dull; but, since that's a fault you can't help, I will not take it ill. Come, now, be as sincere on your side, and tell me seriously, is not what real business I had abroad, the very thing you want to be made easy in?

Darn. If I thought you would make me easy, I would own it.

Charl. Now do we come to the point. To-morrow-morning, then, I give you my word, to let you know it all; 'till when, there is a necessity for its being a secret; and I insist upon your believing it.

Darn. But pray, madam, what am I to do with private imagination in the meantime? That is not in my power to confine; and sure, you won't be offended, if to avoid the tortures that may give me, I beg you ll trust me with the secret now.

Charl. Don't press me; for positively I will not.

Darn. Will not! Cannot had been a kinder term. Is my disquiet of so little moment to you?

Charl. Of none, while your disquiet dare not trust the assurances I have given you. If you expect I should confide in you for life, don't let me see you dare not take my word for a day; and if you are wise, you'll think so fair a trial a favour. Come, come, there's nothing shows so low a mind, as those grave and insolent jealousies.

Darn. However, madam, mine you won't find so low as you imagine; and since I see your tyranny arises from your mean opinion of me, 'tis time to be myself, and disavow your power. You use it now beyond my bearing; not only impose on me to disbelieve my senses, but do it with such an imperious air, as if my manly reason were your slave; and this despicable frame, that follows you, dare shew no signs of life, but what you vouchsafe to give it.

Charl. You are in the right. Go on; suspect me still; believe the worst you can; 'tis all true; I don't justify myself. Why do you trouble me with your complaints? If you are master of that manly reason you have boasted, give a manly proof of it; at once resume your liberty; despise me; go off in triumph now, like a king in a tragedy.

Darn. Is this the end of all, then? And are those tender protestations you have made me (for such I thought them) when, with a kind of reluctance, you gave me something more than hope—what all—oh, Charlotte! all come to this?

Charl. Oh, lud! I am growing silly; if I hear on, I shall tell him everything; 'tis but another struggle, and I shall conquer it. (*Aside.*) So you are not gone, I see.

Darn. Do you then wish me gone, madam?

Charl. Your manly reason will direct you.

Darn. This is too much; my heart can bear no more! What, am I rooted here?

Enter SEYWARD.

Charl. At last I am relieved. Well, Mr. Seyward, is it done?

Sey. I did not stir from the desk till it was entirely finished.

Charl. Where's the original?

Sey. This is it, madam.

Charl. Very well; that, you know, you must keep; but come, we must lose no time; we will examine this in the next room. Now I feel for him.

[*Exit.*

Darn. This is not to be borne. Pray, Mr. Charles, what private business have you with that lady?

Sey. Sir!

Darn. I must know, young man.

Sey. Not quite so young, but I can keep a secret, and a lady's, too; you'll excuse me, sir.

[*Exit.*

Darn. 'Sdeath! I shall be laughed at by everybody; I shall be distracted. This young fellow should repent his pertness, did not this house protect him. This is Charlotte's contrivance to distract me; but,—but what? Oh! I have love enough to bear this, and ten times as much.

Enter COLONEL LAMBERT.

Col. L. What!—in raptures!

Darn. Pr'ythee, I am unfit to talk with you.

Col. L. What! is Charlotte in her airs again?

Darn. I know not what she is.

Col. L. Do you know where she is?

Darn. Retired this moment to her chamber with the young fellow there, the Doctor's nephew.

Col. L. Why, you are not jealous of the Doctor, I hope?

Darn. Perhaps she'll be less reserved to you, and tell you wherein I have mistaken her.

Col. L. Poor Frank! Every plot I lay upon my sister's inclination for you, you are sure to ruin by your own conduct.

Darn. I own I have too little temper, and too much real passion for a modish lover.

Col. L. Come, come; make yourself easy once more; I'll undertake for you. If you'll fetch a cool turn in the park, upon Constitution Hill, in less than half an hour I'll come to you, and make you perfectly easy.

Darn. Dear Tom, you are a friend indeed. I have a thousand things,—but you shall find me there.

[*Exit.*

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* SEYWARD.

Col. L. How now, sister; what have you done to Darnley? The poor fellow looks as if he had killed your parrot.

Charl. Paha! you know him well enough; I've only been setting him a love lesson; it a little puzzles him to get through it at first, but he'll know it all by to-morrow. You will be sure to be in the way, Mr. Seyward.

Seyw. Madam, you may depend upon me; I have my full instructions.

[*Exit.*

Col. L. O ho! here's the business then; and it seems that Darnley was not to be trusted with it. Ha! ha! And pr'ythee, what is the mighty secret that is transacted between Seyward and you?

Charl. That's what he would have known, indeed; but you must know, I don't think it proper to let you tell him either, for all your sly manner of asking.

Col. L. Pray, take your own time, dear madam; I am not in haste to know, I assure you.

Charl. Well, but hold; on second thoughts, you shall know part of this affair between Seyward and me; nay, I give you leave to tell Darnley, too, on some conditions: 'tis true, I did design to have surprised you; but now my mind's altered, that's enough.

Col. L. Ay, for any mortal's satisfaction, but here comes my lady.

Enter LADY LAMBERT.

Lady L. Away, away, Colonel and Charlotte, both of you away this instant.

Charl. What's the matter, madam?

Lady L. I am going to put the Doctor to his trial, that's all. I have considered the proposal you have made me to-day, Colonel, and am convinced it ought not to be delayed an instant: so just now, I told the Doctor, in a half-whisper, that I should be glad to have a word in private with him here; and he said he would wait upon me presently: but must I play a traitorous part now, and instead of persuading you to the Doctor, persuade the Doctor against you?

Charl. Dear madam, why not? One moment's truce with the prude, I beg of you; don't startle at his first declaration, but let him go on, till he shews the very bottom of his ugly heart.

Lady L. I warrant you, I'll give a good account of him; but, as I live, here he comes!

Charl. Come, then, brother, you and I will be commode, and steal off.

[*Exeunt Charl. and Col. The Col. listening.*

Enter DOCTOR CANTWELL.

Dr. C. Here I am, madam, at your ladyship's command; how happy am I that you think me worthy.

Lady L. Please to sit, sir.

(*They sit.*)

Dr. C. Well, but, dear lady—Ha! you can't conceive the joyousness I feel at this so much desired interview. Ah! ah! I have a thousand friendly things to say to you. And how stands your precious health? Is your naughty cold abated yet? I have scarce closed my eyes these two nights with my concern for you.

Lady L. Your charity is too far concerned for me.

Dr. C. Ah! don't say so: don't say so: you merit more than mortal man can do for you.

Lady L. Indeed you overrate me.

Dr. C. I speak it from my heart: indeed, indeed, indeed, I do.

(*Pressing her hand.*)

Lady L. O dear! you hurt my hand, sir.

Dr. C. Impute it to my zeal, and want of words for expression; precious soul! I would not harm you for the world; no, it would be the whole business of my life——

Lady L. But to the affair I would speak to you about.

Dr. C. Ah! thou heavenly woman!

(*Placing his hand on her knee.*)

Lady L. Your hand need not be there, sir.

Dr. C. I was admiring the softness of this silk. They are indeed come to prodigious perfection in all manufactures: how wonderful is human art! Here it disputes the prize with nature. That all this soft and gaudy lustre should be brought from the labours of a poor worm!

Lady L. But our business, sir, is upon another subject. Sir John informs me, that he thinks himself under no obligations to Mr. Darnley, and therefore resolves to give his daughter to you.

Dr. C. Such a thing has been mentioned, madam; but, to deal, sincerely with you, that is not the happiness I sigh after; there is a soft and serious excellence for me, very different from what your step daughter possesses.

Lady L. Well, sir, pray be sincere, and open your heart to me.

Dr. C. Open my heart! Can you then, sweet lady, be yet a stranger to it? Has no action of my life been able to inform you of my real thoughts.

Lady L. Well, sir; I take all this, as I suppose you intend it, for my good, and spiritual welfare.

Dr. C. Indeed I mean you cordial service.

Lady L. I dare say you do: you are above the low, momentary views of this world.

Dr. C. Why, I should be so: and yet, alas! I find this mortal clothing of my soul is made like other men's of sensual flesh and blood, and has its frailties.

Lady L. We all have those; but yours are well corrected by your divine and virtuous contemplations.

Dr. C. Alas! madam; my heart is not of stone. I may resist; call all my prayers, my fastings, tears, and penance, to my aid; but yet I am not an angel. I am still but a man; and virtue may strive, but nature will be uppermost. I love you then, madam.

Lady L. (*They rise.*) Hold, sir! Suppose I now should let my husband, your benefactor, know the favour you design him.

Dr. C. You cannot be so cruel!

Lady L. Nor will, on this condition; that you instantly renounce all claim and title to Charlotte, and use your utmost interest with Sir John, to give her, with her full fortune, to Mr. Darnley.

[*Colonel Lambert advances between them.*

Col. L. Villain! monster! perfidious and ungrateful traitor! Your hypocrisy, your false zeal is discovered; and I am sent here, by the hand of insulted heaven, to lay you open to my father, and expose you to the world.

Dr. C. Ha!

Lady L. O! unthinking Colonel!

Col. L. Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?

Dr. C. I have nothing to say to you, Colonel, nor for you; but you shall have my prayers.

Col. L. Why, you profligate hypocrite! Do you think to carry off your villany with that sanctified air?

Dr. C. I know not what you mean, sir. I have been in discourse here with my good lady, by permission of your worthy father.

Col. L. Dog! did my father desire you to talk of love to my lady?

Dr. C. Call me not dog, Colonel! I hope we are both brother Christians. Yes, I will own I did beg leave to talk to her of love; for, alas! I am but a man; yet, if my passion for your dear sister, which I cannot control, be sinful—

Lady L. (*Aside to the Colonel.*) Your noise, I perceive, is bringing up Sir John. Manage with him as you will, at present; I will withdraw; for I have an after-game to ply, which may yet put this wretch effectually into our power.

[*Exit.*

Enter SIR JOHN LAMBERT.

Sir J. L. What uproar is this?

Col. L. Nothing, sir; nothing; only a little broil of the good Doctor's here. You are well rewarded for your kindness; and he would fain pay it back, with triple interest, to your wife: in short, sir, I took him here in the very fact of making a criminal declaration of love to my lady.

Dr. C. Why, why, Sir John, would you not let me leave your house? I knew some dreadful method would be taken to drive me hence.—O! be not angry, good Colonel; but indeed, and indeed, you use me cruelly.

Sir J. L. Horrible, wicked creature!—Doctor, let me hear it from you.

Dr. C. Alas! sir, I am in the dark as much as you; but it should seem, for what purpose he best knows, your son hid himself somewhere hereabouts: and while I was talking to my lady, rushed in upon us. You know the subject, sir, on which I was to entertain her; and I might speak of my love to your daughter, with more warmth than perhaps I ought; which the Colonel overhearing, might possibly imagine I was addressing my lady herself; for I will not suspect—no, heaven forbid! I will not suspect that he would intentionally forge a falsehood to dishonour me.

Sir J. L. Now, vile detractor of all virtue! is your outrageous malice confounded? What he tells you is true; he has been talking to my lady by my consent; and what he said, he said by my orders. Good man, be not concerned; for I see through their vile designs. Here, thou curse of my life, if thou art not lost to conscience, and all sense of honour, repair the injury you have attempted, by confessing your rancour, and throwing yourself at his feet.

Dr. C. Oh, Sir John!—for my sake, I will throw myself at the Colonel's feet; nay, if that will please him, he shall tread on my neck.

Sir J. What! mute, defenceless, hardened in thy malice?

Col. L. I scorn the imputation, sir; and with the same repeated honesty avow (however cunningly he may have devised this gloss) that you are deceived. What I tell you, sir, is true; these eyes, these ears, were witnesses of his audacious love, without the mention of my sister's name;—directly, plainly, grossly tending to abuse the honour of your bed.

Sir J. Villain! this instant leave my sight, my house, my family, for ever!

Dr. C. Hold, good Sir John; I am now recovered from my surprise; let me then be an humble mediator. On my account, this must not be: I grant it possible, your son loves me not; but you must grant it, too, as possible he might mistake me; to accuse me then, was but the error of his virtue: you ought to love him, and thank him for his watchful care.

Sir J. Hear this, perverse and reprobate! Couldst thou wrong such more than mortal virtue?

Col. L. Wrong him! The hardened impudence of this painted charity—

Sir J. Peace, graceless infidel!

Col. L. No, sir; though I would hazard life to gain you from the clutches of that wretch, I could die to reconcile my duty to your favour: yet, on the terms his villany offers, it is merit to refuse it—but, sir, I'll trouble you no more; to-day is his, to-morrow may be mine.

[*Exit.*

Sir J. Come, my friend; we'll go this instant, and sign the settlement; for that wretch ought to be punished, who, I now see, is incorrigible, and given over to perdition.

Dr. C. And do you think I take your estate with such views? No, sir, I receive it, that I may have an opportunity to rouse his mind to virtue, by shewing him an instance of the forgiveness of injuries; the return of good for evil!

Sir J. O, my dear friend! my stay and my guide! I am impatient till the affair is concluded.

Dr. C. The will of heaven be done in all things.

Sir J. Poor dear man!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Parlour in Sir John Lambert's House.*

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* SEYWARD.

Charl. You were a witness, then?

Sey. I saw it signed, sealed, and delivered, madam.

Charl. And all passed without the least suspicion.

Sey. Sir John signed it with such earnestness, and the Doctor received it with such seeming reluctance, that neither had the curiosity to examine a line of it.

Charl. Well, Mr. Seyward, whether it succeeds to our ends or not, we have still the same obligation to you. You saw with what friendly warmth my brother heard your story; and I don't in the least doubt his being able to do something for you.

Sey. What I have done, my duty bound me to; but pray, madam, give me leave, without offence, to ask you one innocent question.

Charl. Freely.

Sey. Have you never suspected, that in all this affair, I have had some secret, stronger motives than barely duty?

Charl. Yes: but have you been in no apprehension I should discover that motive?

Sey. Pray, pardon me; I see already I have gone too far.

Charl. Not at all; it loses you no merit with me; nor is it in my nature to use any one ill that loves me, unless I loved that one again; then, indeed, there might be danger. Come, don't look grave; my inclinations to another shall not hinder me paying every one what's due to their merit; I shall, therefore, always think myself obliged to treat your misfortunes and your modesty with the utmost tenderness.

Sey. Your good opinion is all I aim at.

Charl. Ay, but the more I give it you, the better you'll think of me still; and then I must think the better of you again, and you the better of me upon that too; and so, at last, I shall think seriously, and you'll begin to think ill of me: but I hope, Mr. Seyward, your good sense will prevent all this.

Sey. I see my folly madam, and blush at my presumption. I humbly take your leave.

[*Exit.*

Charl. Well, he's a pretty young fellow after all; and the very first, sure, that ever had reason against himself with so good an understanding. Lud! how one may live and learn! I could not believe that modesty in a young fellow could have been so amiable; and though I own there is, I know not what, of dear delight in indulging one's vanity with them, yet, upon serious reflection, I must confess, that truth and sincerity have a thousand charms beyond it. I believe I had as good confess all this to Darnley, and e'en make up the bustle with him, too; but then he will so tease one for instances of real inclination—O gad! I can't bear the thought on't; and yet we must come together, too. Well, nature knows the way to be sure, and so I'll e'en trust to her for it.

Enter LADY LAMBERT.

Lady L. Dear Charlotte, what will become of us?

Charl. Pray explain, madam.

Lady L. In spite of all I could urge, he has consented that the Doctor should this minute come, and be his own advocate with you.

Charl. I'm glad on't; for the beast must come like a bear to the stake. I'm sure he knows I shall bait him.

Lady L. No matter for that; he presses it, to keep Sir John still blind to his wicked design upon me; therefore, I come to give you notice, that you might be prepared to receive him.

Charl. I'm obliged to your ladyship. Our meeting will be a tender scene, no doubt on't.

Lady L. I think I hear the Doctor coming up stairs. My dear girl, at any rate keep your temper. I shall expect you in my dressing-room, to tell me the particulars of your conduct.

[*Exit.*

Charl. He must have a great deal of impudence, to come in this manner to me.

Enter BETTY, *introducing* DR. CANTWELL.

Betty Dr. Cantwell desires to be admitted madam.

Charl. Let him come in.—Your servant, sir.—Give us chairs, Betty, and leave the room. [*Exit Betty.*] Sir, there's a seat. What can that ugly cur say to me? He seems a little puzzled.

(*Aside.*)

Dr. C. (*They sit.*) Lookye, young lady! I am afraid, notwithstanding your good father's favour, I am not the man you would desire to be alone with upon this occasion.

Charl. Your modesty is pleased to be in the right.

Dr. C. I'm afraid, too, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the contrary, that you entertain a pretty bad opinion of me.

Charl. A worse, sir, of no mortal breathing.

Dr. C. Which opinion is immovable?

Charl. No rock so firm!

Dr. C. I am afraid, then, it will be a vain pursuit, when I solicit you, in compliance with my worthy friend's desire, and my own inclinations, to become my partner in that blessed estate, in which we may be a comfort and support to each other.

Charl. I would die rather than consent to it.

Dr. C. In other words, you hate me.

Charl. Most transcendently!

Dr. C. Well, there is sincerity, at least, in your confession: you are not, I see, totally deprived of all virtue; though, I must say, I never could perceive in you but very little.

Charl. Oh, fie! you flatter me.

Dr. C. No; I speak it with sorrow, because you are the daughter of my best friend. But how are we to proceed now? Are we to preserve temper?

Charl. Oh, never fear me, sir! I shall not fly out; being convinced that nothing gives so sharp a point to one's aversion as good breeding; as, on the contrary, ill manners often hide a secret inclination.

Dr. C. Well, then, young lady, be assured so far am I from the unchristian disposition of retaining injuries, that your antipathy to me causes no hatred in my soul towards you; on the contrary, I would willingly make you happy, if it may be done according to my conscience, with the interest of heaven in view.

Charl. Why, I can't see sir, how heaven can be any way concerned in a transaction between you and me.

Dr. C. When you marry any other person, my consent is necessary.

Charl. So I hear, indeed!—But pray, Doctor, how could your modesty receive so insolent a power, without putting my poor father out of countenance with your blushes?

Dr. C. I sought it not; but he would crowd it in among other obligations. He is good-natured; and I foresaw it might serve to pious purposes.

Charl. I don't understand you.

Dr. C. I take it for granted, that you would marry Mr. Darnley. Am I right?

Charl. Once in your life, perhaps, you are.]

Dr. C. Nay, let us be plain. Would you marry him?

Charl. You're mighty nice, methinks. Well, I would.

Dr. C. Then I will not consent.

Charl. You won't?

Dr. C. My conscience will not suffer me. I know you to be both luxurious and worldly-minded; and you would squander upon the vanities of the world, those treasures which ought to be better laid out.

Charl. Hum! I believe I begin to conceive you.

Dr. C. If you can think of any project to satisfy my conscience, I am tractable. You know there is a considerable moiety of your fortune which goes to my lady, in case of our disagreement.

Charl. That's enough, sir. You think we should have a fellow-feeling in it. At what sum do you rate your concurrence to my inclinations? That settled, I am willing to strike the bargain.

Dr. C. What do you think of half?

Charl. How! two thousand pounds!

(*Rises.*)

Dr. C. Why, you know you gain two thousand pounds; and really the severity of the times for the poor, and my own stinted pittance, which cramps my charities, will not suffer me to require less.

(*Rises.*)

Charl. But how is my father to be brought into this?

Dr. C. Leave that to my management.

Charl. And what security do you expect for the money?

Dr. C. Oh! Mr. Darnley is wealthy: when I deliver my consent in writing, he shall lay it down to me in bank-bills.

Charl. Pretty good security! On one proviso, though.

Dr. C. Name it.

Charl. That you immediately tell my father that you are willing to give up your interest to Mr. Darnley.

Dr. C. Hum! Stay—I agree to it; but, in the meantime, let me warn you, child, not to expect to turn that, or what has now passed between us, to my confusion, by sinister construction, or evil representation to your father. I am satisfied of the piety of my own intentions, and care not what the wicked think of them: but force me not to take advantage of Sir John's good opinion of me, in order to shield myself from the consequences of your malice.

Charl. Oh! I shall not stand in my own light: I know your conscience and your power too well, dear Doctor.

Dr. C. Well, let your interest sway you. Thank heaven! I am actuated by more worthy motives.

Charl. No doubt on't.

Dr. C. Farewell, and think me your friend.

[*Exit.*

Charl. What this fellow's original was I know not; but, by his conscience and cunning, he would make an admirable Jesuit.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Darnley.

Charl. Desire him to walk in.

[*Exit Serv.*

Enter DARNLEY.

Darn. To find you thus alone, madam, is a happiness I did not expect, from the temper of our last parting.

Charl. I should have been as well pleased, now, to have been thanked as reproached for my good nature; but you will be in the right, I find.

Darn. Indeed, you take me wrong. I literally meant that I was afraid you would not so soon think I had deserved this favour.

Charl. Well, but were not you silly, now?

Darn. Come, you shall not be serious: you can't be more agreeable.

Charl. Oh! but I am serious.

Darn. Then I'll be so. Do you forgive me all?

Charl. What?

Darn. Are we friends, Charlotte?

Charl. Oh, lud! but you have told me nothing of poor Seyward.

Darn. But you needs know that, before you answer me?

Charl. Lud! you are never well till you have talked one out of countenance.

Darn. Come, I won't be too particular; you shall answer nothing. Give me but your hand only.

Charl. Psha! I won't pull off my glove, not I.

Darn. I'll take it as it is, then.

Charl. Lud! there, there; eat it, eat it.

Darn. And so I could, by heaven!

Charl. Oh, my glove! my glove! my glove! You are in a perfect storm. Lud! if you make such a rout with one's hand only, what would you do if you had one's heart?

Darn. That's impossible to tell. But you were asking me of Seyward, madam?

Charl. Oh, ay—that's true! Well, now you are very good again. Come, tell me all the affair, and then you shall see—how I will like you.

Darn. There is not much to tell; only this: we met the attorney-general, to whom he has given a very sensible account of himself, and the Doctor's proceedings. The attorney-general seems very clear in his opinion, that, as the Doctor, at the time of the death of Seyward's mother, was intrusted with her whole affairs, the court of equity will oblige him to be accountable.

Charl. If Seyward does not recover his fortune, you must absolutely get him a commission, and bring him into acquaintance.

Darn. Upon my word, I will.

Charl. And shew him to all the women of taste: and I'll have you call him my pretty fellow, too.

Darn. I will, indeed. But hear me.

Charl. You can't conceive how pretty he makes love.

Darn. Not so well as you make your defence, Charlotte.

Charl. Lud! I had forgot; he is to teach me Greek, too.

Darn. Trifling tyrant! How long, Charlotte, do you think you can find new evasions for what I say to you?

Charl. Lud! you are horrid silly; but since 'tis love that makes you such a dunce, poor Darnley! I forgive you.

Enter COLONEL, *behind.*

Darn. That's kind, however. But, to complete my joy, be kinder yet; and——

Charl. Oh, I can't—I can't! Lud! did you ever ride a horse-match?

Darn. Was ever so wild a question?

Charl. Because, if you have, it runs in my head that you galloped a mile beyond the winning-post, to make sure on't.

Darn. Now I understand you. But since you will have me touch everything so very tenderly, Charlotte, how shall I find proper words to ask you the lover's necessary question?

Charl. Oh, there are a thousand points to be adjusted before that's answered.

Col. L. (*Advancing.*) Name them this moment; for, positively, this is the last time of asking.

Charl. Psha! Who sent for you?

Col. L. I only came to teach you to speak plain English, my dear.

Charl. Lud! mind your own business, can't you?

Col. L. So I will; for I will make you do more of yours in two minutes, than you would have done without me in a twelvemonth. Why, how now? do you think the man's to dangle after your ridiculous airs for ever?

Charl. This is mighty pretty!

Col. L. You'll say so on Thursday se'nnight; for let affairs take what turn they will in the family, that's positively your wedding-day. (*Charl. attempts to go.*) Nay, you sha'n't stir.

Charl. Was ever such assurance?

Darn. Upon my life, madam, I'm out of countenance; I don't know how to behave myself.

Charl. No, no; let him go on—only this is beyond what was ever known, sure!

Col. L. Ha, ha! if I were to leave you to yourselves, what a couple of pretty out-of-countenanced figures you would make! humming and ha'ing upon the vulgar points of jointure and pin-money! Come, come; I know what's proper on both sides; you shall leave it to me.

Darn. I had rather Charlotte would name her own terms to me.

Col. L. Have you a mind to anything particular, madam?

Charl. Why, sure——What! do you think I'm only to be filled out as you please, and sweetened and sipped up like a dish of tea?

Col. L. Why, pray, madam, when your tea is ready, what have you to do but to drink it? But you, I suppose, expect a lover's heart, like your lamp, should always be flaming at your elbow; and when it is ready to go out, you indolently supply it with the spirit of contradiction.

Charl. And so you suppose that your assurance has made an end of this matter?

Col. L. Not till you have given him your hand upon it.

Charl. That, then, would complete it?

Col. L. Perfectly.

Charl. Why, then, take it, Darnley. Now I presume you are in high triumph, sir.

(*To the Colonel.*)

Col. L. No, sister: now you are consistent with the good sense I always thought you mistress of.

Charl. And now I beg we may separate; for our being seen together, at this critical juncture, may give that devil, the Doctor, suspicion of a confederacy, and make him set some engine to work that we are not aware of.

Col. L. It's a very proper caution. Come along, Darnley—nay, you must leave her now, whatever violence you do yourself.

Charl. Ay, ay, take him with you, brother;—or stay, Darnley; if you please, you may come along with me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Parlour in Sir John Lambert's house.*

Enter DARNLEY *and* CHARLOTTE.

Charl. But, really, will you stand to the agreement, though, that I have made with the Doctor?

Darn. Why not? You shall not break your word upon my account, though he might be a villain you gave it to. Suppose I should talk with Sir John myself? 'Tis true, he has slighted me of late.

Charl. No matter; here he comes. This may open another scene of action to that I believe my brother's preparing for.

Enter SIR JOHN *and* LADY LAMBERT.

Sir J. L. Mr. Darnley, I am glad I have met you here.

Darn. I have endeavoured twice to-day, sir, to pay my respects to you.

Sir J. L. Sir, I'll be plain with you; I went out to avoid you: but where the welfare of a child is concerned, you must not take it ill if we don't stand upon ceremony. However, since I have reason now to be more in temper than perhaps I was at that time, I shall be glad to talk with you.

Darn. I take it as a favour, sir.

Sir J. L. You must allow, Mr. Darnley, that conscience is the rule which every honest man ought to walk by.

Darn. 'Tis granted, sir.

Sir J. L. Then give me leave to tell you, sir, that giving you my daughter would be to act against that conscience I pretend to, whilst I thought you an ill lover; and, consequently, the same tie obliges me to bestow her on a better man.

Darn. Well, but, sir, come to the point. Suppose the Doctor (whom I presume you intend her for) actually consents to give me up his interest?

Sir J. L. But why do you suppose, sir, he will give up his interest?

Darn. I only judge from what your daughter tells me, sir.

Sir J. L. My daughter?

Darn. I appeal to her.

Charl. And I appeal even to yourself, sir. Has not the Doctor, just now, in the garden, spoken in favour of Mr. Darnley to you? Nay, pray, sir, be plain, because more depends on that than you can easily imagine or believe.

Sir J. L. What senseless insinuation have you got into your head now?

Charl. Be so kind, sir, first to answer me, that I may be better able to inform you.

Sir J. L. Well, I own he has declined his interest in favour of Mr. Darnley; but I must tell you, madam, that he did it in so modest, so friendly, so good-natured, so conscientious a manner, that I now think myself more than ever bound in honour to espouse him.

Charl. But now, sir, only for argument's sake, suppose I could prove that all this seeming virtue was artificial; that his regard for Mr. Darnley was neither founded upon modesty, friendship, good-nature, nor conscience; or, in short, that he has, like a villain, bartered, bargained, to give me to Mr. Darnley for half the four thousand pounds you valued his consent at; I say, sir, suppose this could be proved, where would be his virtue then?

Sir J. L. It is impious to suppose it.

Charl. Then, sir, from what principle must you suppose that I accuse him?

Sir J. From an obstinate prejudice to all that's good and virtuous.

Charl. That's too hard, sir. But the worst your opinion can provoke me to, is to marry Mr. Darnley without either his consent or yours.

Sir J. What! do you brave me, madam?

Charl. No, sir; but I scorn a lie; and will so far vindicate my integrity, as to insist on your believing me; if not, as a child you abandon I have a right to throw myself into other arms for protection.

Darn. Dear Charlotte, how your spirit charms me!

Sir J. I am confounded! These tears cannot be counterfeit, nor can this be true.

Lady L. Indeed, my dear, I fear it is. Give me leave to ask you one question:—in all our mutual course of happiness, have I ever yet deceived you with a falsehood?

Sir J. Never.

Lady L. Would you then believe me, should I accuse him even of crimes which virtue blushes but to mention?

Sir J. To what extravagance would you drive me?

Lady L. I would before have undeceived you, when his late artifice turned the honest duty of your son into his own reproach and ruin; but knowing then your temper was inaccessible, I durst not offer it. But suppose I should be able to let you see his villany, make him repeat his odious love to me in your hearing; at once throw off the mask, and show the barefaced traitor?

Sir J. Is it possible?

Lady L. But then, sir, I must prevail on you to descend to the poor shifts we are reduced to.

Sir J. All; to anything, to ease me of my doubts. Make me but witness of this fact, and I shall soon

accuse myself, and own my folly equal to his baseness.

Lady L. Behind that screen you may easily conceal yourself.

Sir J. Be it so.

Lady L. Mr. Darnley, shall we beg your leave; and you, Charlotte, take the least suspected way to send the Doctor to me directly.

Charl. I have a thought will do it, madam.

Sir J. Oh, Charlotte! Oh, Mr. Darnley!

Darn. Have but resolution, sir, and fear nothing.

[*Exeunt Darnley and Charlotte.*

Lady L. Now, sir, you are to consider what a desperate disease I have undertaken to cure; therefore, be sure to keep close and still; and when the proof is full, appear at your discretion.

Sir J. Fear not; I will conform myself. Yet be not angry, my love, if in a case like this, where I should not believe even him accusing you; be not angry, I say, if I have also charity enough to hope you may yet be deceived in what you charge him with, till the evidence of my own senses assures me to the contrary.

Lady L. 'Tis just.

Sir J. Hark! I think I hear him coming.

Lady L. Now, my dear, remember your promise to have patience.

Sir J. Rely upon it.

Lady L. To your post, then!

(*Sir John goes behind the screen.*)

Enter DOCTOR CANTWELL, *with a book.*

Dr. C. Madam, your woman tells me, that being here, and alone, you desired to speak with me.

Lady L. I did, sir; but, that we may be sure that we are alone, pray shut the outward door; another surprise might ruin us. Is all safe?

Dr. C. (*Fastens the door.*) I have taken care, madam.

Lady L. But I am afraid I interrupt your meditations.

Dr. C. No, madam, no; I was only looking over some pious exhortations here, for the use of a society of chosen brethren.

Lady L. Ah, Doctor, what have you done to me? The trouble of my mind, since our last unfortunate conference, is not to be expressed. You, indeed, discovered to me, what, perhaps, for my own peace, 'twere better I had never been acquainted with; but I had not sufficient time to lay my heart open to you.

Dr. C. Whither, madam, would you lead me?

Lady L. I have been uneasy, too, not knowing how far you might mistake my behaviour on the last accident that happened; but I was really, so shocked, so terrified, I knew not what I was doing; only, had I joined in your defence against the Colonel, it would have been evident I was his enemy, and I have uses for his friendship. Silence, therefore, was my only prudent part; and I knew your credit with Sir John needed no support.

Dr. C. Let me presume, then, to hope, that what I did, you judge was self-defence, and pure necessity.

Lady L. And perhaps, after all, the accident was lucky; for Sir John, in order to obviate any ill construction that may be put upon it, insists now that we should be more together, to let the world see his confidence in us both. This relieves us from restraint, and now I dare tell you,—but no—I won't—

Dr. C. But why, madam? let me beseech you—

Lady L. No; besides, why need you ask me?

Dr. C. Ah! do not endeavour to decoy my foolish heart, too apt to flatter itself. You cannot, sure, think kindly of me?

Lady L. Well, well; I would have you imagine so.

Dr. C. Besides, may I not with reason suspect, that this apparent goodness is but artifice, a shadow of compliance, meant only to persuade me from your daughter?

Lady L. Methinks this doubt of me seems rather founded on your settled resolution not to resign her; I am convinced of it. I can assure you, sir, I should have saved you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engaged to her.

(*Weeps.*)

Dr. C. Tears! then I must believe you; but, indeed, you wrong me. To prove my innocence, it is not an hour since I pressed Sir John to give Charlotte to young Darnley.

Lady L. Mere artifice! you knew that modest resignation would make Sir John warmer in your interest.

Dr. C. No, indeed, indeed. I had other motives, which you may hereafter be made acquainted with, and will convince you—

Lady L. Well, sir; now I'll give you reason to guess why, at our last meeting, I pressed you so warmly to resign Charlotte.

Dr. C. Ah, dear! ah, dear!

Lady L. You cannot blame me for having opposed your happiness, when my own, perhaps, depended upon it.

Dr. C. Spare me, spare me! you kill me with this kindness.

Lady L. But, now that I have discovered my weakness, be secret; for the least imprudence—

Dr. C. It is a vain fear.

Lady L. Call it not vain; my reputation is dearer to me than life.

Dr. C. Where can it find so sure a guard? The grave austerities of my life will dumfound suspicion, and yours may defy detraction.

Lady L. Well, Doctor, 'tis you must answer for my folly.

Dr. C. I take it all upon myself.

Lady L. But there's one thing still to be afraid of.

Dr. C. Nothing, nothing.

Lady L. My husband—Sir John.

Dr. C. Alas poor man! I will answer for him. Between ourselves, madam, your husband is weak; I can lead him by the nose anywhere.

SIR JOHN LAMBERT *advances between them.*

Sir J. No, caitiff! I'm to be led no further.

Dr. C. Ah! woman!

Sir J. Is this your sanctity? this your doctrine? these your meditations?

Dr. C. Is, then, my brother in a conspiracy against me?

Sir J. Your brother! I have been your friend, indeed, to my shame; your dupe; but your spell has lost its hold; no more canting; it will not serve your turn any longer.

Lady L. Now heaven be praised!

Dr. C. It seems you want an excuse to part with me.

Sir J. Ungrateful wretch!—but why do I reproach you? Had I not been the weakest of mankind, you never could have proved so great a villain. Get out of my sight! leave my house! Of all my follies, which is it tells you, that if you stay much longer.

I shall not be tempted to wrest you out of the hand of law, and punish you as you deserve?

Dr. C. Well; but first let me ask you, sir, who it is you menace? Consider your own condition, and where you are.

Sir J. What would the villain drive at? Leave me; I forgive you; but once more I tell you, seek some other place, out of my house. This instant be gone, and see my shameful face no more.

Dr. C. Nay, then, 'tis my duty to exert myself, and let you know that I am master here. Turn you out, sir! This house is mine! and now, sir, at your peril, dare to insult me.

Sir. J Oh, heavens! 'tis true! whither shall I fly to hide me from the world?

Lady L. Whither are you going, sir?

Sir J. I know not; but here, it seems, I am a trespasser; the master of the house has warned me hence; and, since the right is now in him, 'tis just I should resign it.

Lady L. You shall not stir. He dares not act with such abandoned insolence. No, sir; possession still is yours. If he pretends a right, let him by open course of law maintain it.

Dr. C. Ha!—Here! Seyward!

[*Exit.*

Enter MAWWORM.

Sir J. Who is this fellow? What do you want, man?

Maw. My lady, come up.

Enter OLD LADY LAMBERT.

Old Lady L. How now!

Maw. He wants to know who I be!

Old Lady L. The gentleman is a friend of mine, son. I was carrying him in a coach to attend a controversy that's to be held this evening, at the reverend Mr. Scruple's about an affair of simony, and called to take up the Doctor. But what strange tales are these I hear below?

Sir J. The Doctor is a villain, madam: I have detected him: detected him in the horrible design of seducing my wife.

Maw. It's unpossible!

Sir J. What do you say, man?

Maw. I say it's unpossible! He has been locked up with my wife for hours together, morning, noon, and night; and I never found her the worse for him.

Old Lady L. Ah, son! son!

Sir J. What is your ladyship going to say now?

Old Lady L. The Doctor is not in fault.

Sir J. 'Slife, madam!

Old Lady L. Oh! he swears! he swears! Years in growing good, we become profligate in a moment. If you swear again, I won't stay in the house.

Maw. Nor I neither: aren't you ashamed of yourself?—have no commensuration on your soul? Ah! poor wicked sinner, I pity you.

Sir J. 'Sdeath and the devil!

Maw. If you swear any more, I'll inform against you.

Sir J. Why would you bring this idiot, madam?

Maw. Ay, do despise me, I'm the prouder for it? I like to be despised.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Oh! dear papa, I shall faint away; there's murder doing.

Sir J. Who! where! what is it?

Charl. The Doctor, sir, and Seyward, were at high words just now in the garden; and, upon a sudden, there was a pistol fired between them. Oh! I'm afraid poor Seyward is killed.

Sir J. How!

Charl. Oh! here he comes himself; he'll tell you more.

Enter DR. CANTWELL, DARNLEY, SEYWARD. *and Servants.*

Darn. (*Speaking as he enters.*) Here, bring in this ruffian; this is villany beyond example.

Sir J. What means this outrage?

Lady L. I tremble.

Sey. Dont be alarmed, madam; there is no mischief done; what was intended, the Doctor here can best inform you.

Sir J. Mr. Darnley, I am ashamed to see you.

Maw. So you ought; but this good man is ashamed of nothing.

Dr. C. Alas! my enemies prevail.

Sey. In short, gentlemen the affair is circumstantially this: the Doctor called me out into the pavilion in the garden; appeared in great disorder; told me there was a sudden storm raised, which he was not sufficiently prepared to weather. He said, his dependence was upon me; and, at all events, I must be ready to swear, when he called upon me, I had seen him pay Sir John several large sums of money. He talked confusedly about giving value for an estate: but I boldly refused to perjure myself; and told him on the contrary, I was satisfied he had fleeced Sir John of several large sums, under the pretence of charitable uses, which he secretly converted to his own. This stung him, and he fastened at my throat. Then, indeed, all temper left me; and disengaging myself from his hold with a home-blow I struck him down. At this, grown desperate, he ran with fury to some pistols that hung above the chimney; but, in the instant he reached one, I seized upon his wrist; and, as we grappled, the pistol firing to the ceiling, alarmed the family.

Old Lady L. This is a lie, young man; I see the devil standing at your elbow.

Maw. So do I, with a great big pitchfork, pushing him on.

Dr. C. Well, what have you more against me?

Darn. More sir. I hope, is needless; but, if Sir John is yet unsatisfied——

Sir J. Oh! I have seen too much.

Dr. C. I demand my liberty.

Sir J. Let him go.

Enter COLONEL LAMBERT, *and Attendants.*

Col. L. Hold, sir! not so fast; you can't pass.

Dr. C. Who, sir, shall dare to stop me?

Col. L. Within there!

Enter TIPSTAFF.

Tipstaff. Is your name Cantwell, sir?

Dr. C. What if it be, sir?

Tipstaff. Then, sir, I have my lord chief justice's warrant against you.

Dr. C. Against me!

Tipstaff. Yes, sir, for a cheat and impostor.

Old Lady L. What does he say?

Sir J. Dear son, what is this?

Col. L. Only some actions of the Doctor's, sir, which I have affidavits in my hand here to prove, from more than one creditable witness; and I think it my duty to make the public acquainted with them; if he can acquit himself of them, so; if not, he must take the consequence.

Dr. C. Well, but stay, let the accusations against me be what they will, by virtue of this conveyance,

(*Producing it*) I am still master here; and, if I am forced to leave the house myself, I will shut up the doors; nobody shall remain behind.

Sir J. There! there, indeed, he stings me to the heart! for that rash act, reproach and endless shame will haunt me!

Charl. No, sir: be comforted. Even there, too, his wicked hopes must leave him; for know, the fatal deed, which you intended to sign, is here, even yet unsealed and innocent! (*Producing it.*)

Sir J. What mean you?

Charl. I mean, sir, that this deed, by accident, falling into this gentleman's hands, his generous concern for our family discovered it to me! and that, in concert, we procured that other to be drawn exactly like it: which, in your impatience to execute, passed, unsuspected, for the original. Their only difference is, that wherever you read the Doctor's name, there you'll find my brother's.

Dr. B. Come, sir, lead me where you please.

[*Exit, guarded.*

Old Lady L. I don't know what to make of all this.

Mam. They'll all go to the devil for what they are doing. Come away, my lady, and let us see after the good, dear Doctor. Ay, do laugh: you'll go to the devil for all that. Come, my lady, you go first.

[*Exeunt Mamman and Old Lady Lamb.*

Charl. Now, Darnley, I hope I have made some atonement for your jealousy.

Darn. You've banished it for ever! This was, beyond yourself, surprising.

Col. L. Sister—

Charl. Come, no set speeches; if I deserve your thanks, return them in friendship to your first preserver.

Col. L. The business of my life shall be to merit it.

Seyw. And mine to speak my sense of obligations.

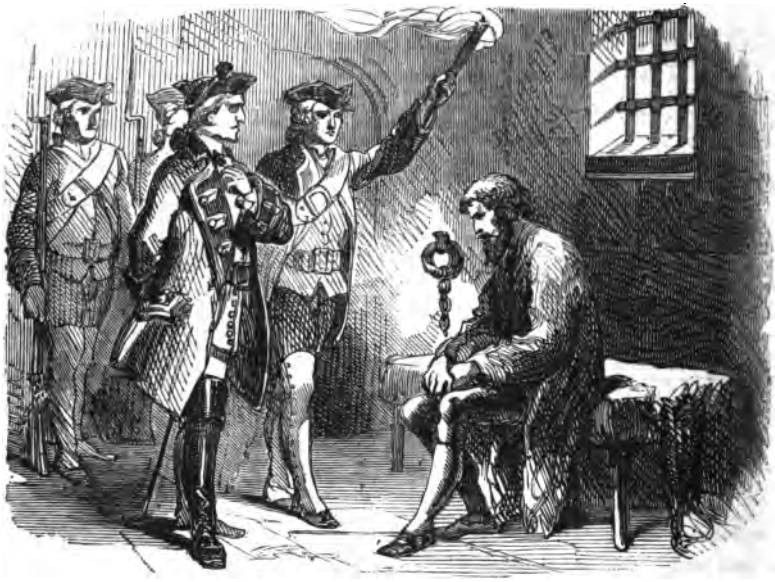
Sir J. Oh, my child! for my deliverance I can only reward you here. (*Giving her hand to Darnley.*) For you, my son, whose filial virtue I have injured, this honest deed shall in every article be ratified. And, for the sake of that hypocritical villain, I declare, that from henceforward I renounce all pious folks; I will have an utter abhorrence for every thing that bears the appearance—

Charl. Nay, now, my dear sir, I must take the liberty to tell you, you carry things too far, and go from one extreme to another. What! because a worthless wretch has imposed upon you under the fallacious show of austere grimace, will you needs have it, everybody is like him? confound the good with the bad, and conclude there are no truly religious in the world? Leave, my dear sir, such rash conclusions to fools and libertines. Let us be careful to distinguish between virtue and the appearance of it. Guard, if possible, against doing honour to hypocrisy; but, at the same time, let us allow there is no character in life, greater or more valuable than that of the truly devout; nor any thing more noble, or more beautiful, than the fervour of a sincere piety.

[*Exeunt.*

PRISONER OF STATE.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS—BY EDWARD STIRLING.



Ernest.—"WHAT MEN ARE YOU? WHY DO YOU COME HERE?"—*Act* II, *scene* I.

Persons Represented.

FREDERICK THE SECOND.	FRITZ.	ULRICA.
COUNT D'OSBORN.	CASPAR.	COUNTESS MARIE
ERNEST DE FRIDBERG.	KARL.	CHRISTINE.
BURL.	KREUTZER.	MADAME MULLER.
FAN FAN *alias* PHELIN O'TUG.	OFFICERS.	MADAME RICCA.
HERMAN.	SOLDIERS.	

First performed at the Theatre Royal Adelphi, London, 1847. (Licensed.)

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden, and a Lodge, with practicable door, and window.*

FRITZ, *a gardener, and two assistants discovered.*

Fritz. Halloa! halloa! you careless dogs, spare the pinks, and don't trample on my roses. There, leave your work and refresh yourselves. (*Gardeners exit; Fritz leans on his spade.*) What a lovely bed of early peas! all my own growing, and the gooseberries ripe enough to make fools of us all. How I dote on my flowers. I began life as a tender plant, and have grown into a tough old tree, with my branches extending half over the country; so at least Madame Fritz says. Poor soul! she's a bit jealous of my budding affections, and complains of my partiality for tulips and ladies fingers! I tell her it's all my love for Botany—she frowns, and says I'm a wicked weed. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! ha! my master's an *idle* weed, he neglects history and logic for Mademoiselle Ulrica; he's always kissing his hands to her, and writing verses on her beautiful *nose*. *He* terms it natural history, I always called it courting when I kissed Madame Fritz. However, she's a lily, and he's a hopeful twig; and they'd look amazing pretty with their boughs, *arms* I mean, gracefully twisted into matrimony. My missus, Madame Ricca 'll find it all out some day, and transplant Master Theodore to another bed. Ulrica's too poor for *us*. Sweet blossoms, they'll be cut off like early cucumbers in a frost. I'll do all I can to help 'em. Mademoiselle Ulrica's com-

ing down the gravel walk; how pretty she looks, fresh and blooming as a dog daisy.

Enter ULRICA, *reading.*

Fritz. (*Bowing, leaning on spade.*) Good day, Miss Ulrica.

Ulrica. Ah! Fritz.

(*Smiles.*)

Fritz. I want to unbosom myself to you, Miss; you're on thorns, mind they don't scratch you.

Ulrica What do you mean?

Fritz. Nothing; I speak in hyperbolic allegoric. Missus suspects Master Theodore's attentions to you, now *we*, our family, is rich! You are poor; bring rich and poor together, if you *can*——Oh, no! it's unnatural—you'll be made a sacrifice. I heard your venerable mother and Madame Ricca talking over the affair; when I was hid in the cucumber bed.

Ulrica. You alarm me, Fritz!

Fritz. What at? because old women have eyes and ears? Be more guarded, and if you must meet Master Theodore, wait till the sun goes down, and the caterpillars crawl over the cabbages; you understand—mum! mum!

[*Makes a sign, and exits.*

Ulrica. I know his intentions are good, or I should laugh at his cautions; Theodore to me is but a brother, the companion of my infancy. (*Enters lodge, and sits at window.*) I'm strangely interested in this book: the sufferings and devotions of the young girl it describes, constantly occupies my imagination. The tale is so singular. Poor girl. (*Reads.*) "Her father wounded—dying in a prison, hundreds of miles from her, yet she braves the horrors of a severe winter, without even a guide, or assistance. Heaven inspired her. In the clothes of her brother she reached his dungeon; more than twenty times she was sinking from fatigue; the little money she possessed, a party of cruel soldiers robbed her of at a wine house, and she was compelled to beg" (*With enthusiasm.*) I would have done the same through the world for a father.

[*Reads.*

Enter MADAME RICCA *and* MADAME MULLER, *in conversation, not observing Ulrica at window.*

Mad. R. I am resolved the children shall not meet so often. Theodore shall be sent to college, and Ulrica shall marry.

Ulrica. (*Attracted by her name.*) Marry!

Mad. R. I have chosen a husband for her—the son of Fritz; he's a good young man, and will just suit her condition of life.

Mad. M. Madame, Ulrica can never marry him.

Mad. R. How so?

Mad. M. She is not my daughter!

Ulrica. Heaven! what does she say?

[*Gently closes blind, and her face only is seen.*

Mad. M. It is fifteen years since I received a letter, stating, that my sister Gertrude was dying at Rittersdorf, and begged to see me for the last time. I hastened there—alas! too late! She was dead. This letter was given to me, which she had written on her death bed; listen, madame. (*Reads letter.*) "My dear sister: be the adopted mother to the poor child I leave; you will find Ulrica at Oppenbach, where she has been secretly brought up. On showing this letter, the good peasant who has the care of her, will give her to you; she is the daughter of Ernest de Fridberg."

Mad. R. De Fridberg! Why that is the state prisoner, condemned for life in the fortress of the Giant's Mount.

Ulrica. (*Aside.*) My father!

Mad. M. (*Reads.*) "And before Heaven, I swear he is innocent of the treason he is accused of. Keep the secret of her birth from Ulrica. Her mother's name I dare not even reveal to *you*, my dear sister." I adopted the child, she knows no other parent.

Mad. R. Does her father still live?

Mad. M. Yes.

Ulrica. (*Aside.*) Thank heaven!

[*Clasps her hands.*

Mad. M. He is still a prisoner in the fortress of the Giant's Mount.

Mad. R. The confidence you have placed in me shall not be abused. Ulrica will be more dear to me than ever. I will assist you in protecting her. Theodore must leave us to-night. I will give instructions to Fritz, immediately.

[*Exit.*

Enter ULRICA *slowly from lodge, and approaches* MADAME MULLER *unperceived.*

Mad. M. I've done right in telling her that—

Ulrica. I am not your daughter—you are not my mother!

Mad. M. (*Starting.*) What do you say, child?

Ulrica. (*Pointing to window.*) I was there; I heard all. You have deceived me, Madame.

[*With great emotion.*

Mad. M. Deceive! I deceive you? this to me after all the care—the many years of watchful anxiety? Oh! (*With reproach.*) Ulrica! Ulrica!

Ulrica. (*Bursting into tears.*) Pardon, pardon me; yes, you have, indeed, watched over me. You have taken care of the poor orphan; and if you did not give me life, you have well protected it, my more than mother! (*Embraces.*) Let my tears thank you. The discovery I have just made has changed my very nature; transported me into another world. I see my poor father chained, in a gloomy dungeon, innocent of the crime he suffers for—he is in misery, want, deprived of liberty, whilst I am young, happy, and enjoying the pure air of heaven! They have deprived him of all, except the affection of his child. Why did you keep this secret from me? Why not bid me pray for him? The prayers of a child for her suffering deserted parent, would mount to the throne of Him who protects the orphan, and succours the oppressed.

Mad. M. The truth would have made your heart wretched. If you had been a boy, I should have said, your father is innocent, and a prisoner, even at your life's sacrifice endeavour to liberate him; but you, delicate and weak as you are, what would you do?

Ulrica. Give them my life for *his*, throw myself at the king's feet, and beg for justice; if he refused, die together. (*Fritz heard without.*) Hush! don't let Fritz notice your agitation.

Mad. M. This is madness, Ulrica!

Re-enter FRITZ. ULRICA *retires up.*

Fritz. Here's a pretty rebellion in the household! Master Theodore refuses to go; he talks about his feelings and his heart, just as if he had as much heart as a cabbage.

Mad. M. Why does he refuse?

Fritz. Merely because he objects to go. He won't be cut off and grafted on another stock. (*Points to Ulrica, and whispers.*) He's in love.

Mad. M. How weak!

Fritz. Yes, but it's a weakness we all indulge in

Madam. I'm to take him to college in the morning, and in a day or two, poor Miss Ulrica, poor weeping willow, is to be conducted to a convent.

Ulrica. (*Advancing.*) A convent!

Mad. M. My child, be calm!

Fritz. Yes, I heard missus say so, as the best way to get rid of her.

Ulrica. I am to be immured then, like him! Never!

Fritz. Bless you, it's nothing, when you don't mind it. At first it's like forced asparagus. I'm to get Master's Theodore's clothes ready, and I'll take my son Tony's at the same time—we pass the place he lives in—his best suit's in the pavilion, and it will save expense. Will you please to help me pack up, madam?

(*Going.*)

Mad. M. Presently, I'll—

(*Hesitates.*)

Ulrica. Go: don't regard me.

Mad. M. (*To Ulrica.*) As long as I have life, you shall not leave me.

[*Exits with Fritz.*

Fritz. This parting makes us all aquatic plants—my eyes 'll run like water spouts.

[*Exit.*

Ulrica. Immure me in a convent! Why should I submit? Have I not another mission to perform—my father's freedom! Yes, yes; weak as I am it shall be tried. I will escape at once—set forth alone—alone like the poor girl whose sad story I have read, and know so well. Yes, in defiance of cold, hunger, and the dangers that beset my path, I'll trust myself to Heaven, and undertake the sacred task. But how can I go in this dress? (*Pauses.*) A thought! a happy thought strikes me—the clothes that Fritz is going to take to his son to-morrow; they would enable me to escape detection, and assist my journey. To-night—this instant, the trial shall be made.

It is gradually becoming dark.—Re-enter MADAME MULLER.

Mad. M. Still here, my love? the evening air is cold; come in.

Ulrica. I may never see her more. (*Aside.*) Kind and good as she is to me.

Mad. M. Are you coming?

Ulrica. (*Rushing into her arms, speaking in sobs.*) Mother! dear mother!

Mad. M. I see—you fear they will separate us. Never—never, dear. (*Kisses her.*)

Ulrica. If we do separate, you will forgive me for the pain I have caused you.

Mad. M. Forgive you, love! Dry your tears, and retire to rest, repose will restore your spirits.

Ulrica. Pray for me to-night, dear mother; ask Heaven to bestow on your child that help she so much requires. Bless me, mother! Bless me!

(*Falls on her knees.*—MADAME MULLER *places her hands on her head, kisses her, and bursts into tears.*)

Mad. M. Come, come, love, let us pray together.

Exit.

Ulrica. (*Recovering her courage.*) Now, now for the attempt? [*Exit into Pavilion, closing door.*

Re-enter FRITZ.

Fritz. The boxes are packed, trunks corded, and all prepared for a start before day-break. I only hope my plants won't fret after me, and wither away, when they miss my affectionate watering-pot—there's a great sympathy in flowers. What a dark night; suppose somebody robs the hot-house? lord! I forgot the door's unlocked; I'll fasten it and give Madame Muller the key; she hates grapes, and oranges don't agree with her. Ah! look at those hollyhocks, (*Looking off.*) how grand they lift their heads up, as much above all other flowers, as church steeples are to 'baccs boxes. The bee, like the jolly dog, leaves all other flowers for the juice of the hollyhock, ah, he's a jolly dog.

SONG.

What is the love of the tulip to me,
Said the happy and drowsing tipsy bee;
The rose may blush, as I hasten by,
The lily may hang her head, and die!
But oh! at their jealous pangs I mock,
Mine be the juice of the hollyhock,
The tipsy sweets of the hollyhock,
Mine, mine, mine, the juice of the hollyhock.

And what is the blush of the fairest cheek,
And what care I for the love it may speak;
Black eye, or hazel, or azure hue,
May weep like flowers in pearly dew;
For oh! at the pangs of love I mock,
The tipsy sweets of the hollyhock,
Oh! mine be the vineyard's purple stock,
Wine, wine, wine, like the juice of the hollyhock.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter MADAME MULLER.

Mad. M. Ulrica! (*Looks around.*) Not here! She has retired to rest, then; I am glad of it, sleep will relieve her mind.

Re-enter FRITZ.

Fritz. I've brought you the key of the hothouse, Madame, if you'll please to keep it till I come back.

Mad. M. Willingly. (*Takes it.*) Good-night, Fritz, a pleasant journey. [*Exit.*

Fritz. Thank you, ma'am (*Bows.*) Tho' I don't much relish the prospect. (*Distant rain.*) Hallos! it rains, I felt a drop in my eye; I'm more used to it in my mouth. Before I can get home over the park, shall be wet through. Why should I try, there's only an hour or two to sleep I'll make myself comfortable in the pavilion till day-break.

(*Music. Enters the lodge and fastens the door. The rain increases. It is very dark. Ulrica gently opens the window, and appears dressed as a peasant; she cautiously leaves the lodge, closing the window.*

Ulrica. (*Kneeling for a moment through music.*) Now to save my father, or die with him!

(*Hurry. Rushes off.*)

SCENE II.—*A dilapidated, almost roofless hovel, open to the country. A wild, savage prospect in the distance. A rude bridge formed of a pine tree thrown across a torrent. Masses of rock scattered over the scene. Snow and ice. Horizon gloomy. The towers of the fortress of Mont des Giants, seen above the bridge. Rocky ascent to the bridge. A chimney and wood fire in the hovel. Old table and stools.*

KARL and KREUTZER, *two peasants, discovered lighting the fire.*

Karl. There, all's ready now for the governor's lady, when she arrives. I wonder, if it'll please Master Burt?

Kreut. Please him, nothing pleases him but finding fault. I only wonder the governor, who treats us all so harshly, puts up with his temper.

Karl. He likes his company. And when he first came here from Berlin, fifteen years since, Master Burl, the dragoon, came with him. I see nothing to like in him for my part.

BURL *sings without.*

Women, wine, and drinking,
Are the soldier's due;
And, to my poor thinking,
Pleasant wages, too.

Enter BURL, *a soldier, with a stiff, military swagger, smoking.*

Burl. Hollos! you scarecrows, stand at ease! Eyes front! Is all prepared for my lady?

Karl. Yes, all comfortable.

Burl. Comfortable, you son of a drum! how can anybody be comfortable in such devil's own weather?

(Shivers and warms his hands.)

Karl. I thought soldiers could stand anything.

Burl. You thought—who gave you leave to think. Soldiers are used to cannon balls, not to snowballs. By Frederick's cocked hat, I'm tired of this life, shut up in yonder wasp's nest. *(Points to castle)* One forgets the use of arms. War's the thing for my constitution; scars, arms, guns, and glory, and—

Kott. Smoke. *(Laughs.)*

Burl. Another word, and I'll bring you to a court-martial. Run, hop, quick march!

(Peasants exit, laughing.)

Burl. *(Sits and smokes his pipe.)* This life won't suit me much longer, it's almost as bad as my mistress, Madame D'Osborn's, who is perpetually shut up in that cursed, black-looking prison. Poor thing, its hard for one, young and delicate too! She'd have gone to glory, if her husband, the amiable governor, had not followed the doctor's orders, and allowed her to take an hour or two's fresh air daily; the fear of losing her, turned the *lion* into a *lamb*. He's all anxiety now; this elegant establishment has been furnished, and fires made, that she may rest. Bah! he's doubly attentive, like the devil's apothecary.

(Noise of voices without. "A bear! a bear!" "Shoot him! shoot him! catch him." *Shots fired. Music. A shot fired.)*

Fan F. *(Without.)* Oh, mercy, don't! I'm not a real bear, only a make-believe one.

FAN FAN *runs in dressed in a bear's dress, followed by* KARL *and other peasants armed.*

Fan F. *(Rubbing his back.)* Murder, murder! they've hit me in my antipodes.

(Falls on his knees.)

Burl. What man is this?

Karl They took him for a bear.

Fan F. Stuff! did you ever see a bear with a face like mine? You wanted to murder me for my skin; it's a barefaced robbery. Mister, *(To Burl,)* you look honest, tho' not strikingly handsome. I appeal to you for protection.

Burl. What are you?

Fan F. A lump of ice. *(All laugh.)*

Kreut. Where do you come from?

Fan F. Paris.

Burl. What brought you here, man?

Fan F. The delusions of Cupid. I'm in love.

Burl. *(Laughs.)* Ha!

Fan F. Don't laugh! I'm a man of some consequence in my own country—a lollypop maker, and manufacturer of maids of honour to the court, and of bon-bons, and kisses to the ladies.

Burl. *(To Karl.)* Tell me when the governor comes.

(Karl and others exeunt.)

Burl. So, a petticoat brought you into Prussia. Eh?

Fan F. Yes—meandering affection. I left Paris to see the world—reached Berlin—saw an angel in a confectioner's, if they ever eat sugar plums—before I had summoned courage to speak to her, she had left the shop—I learnt her name, twas Christine, the attendant on the governor, Count D'Osborn's lady—I followed her here—bought this skin to protect my own. And those folks mistook me for a living animal.

Burl. I see, comrade; all you have to do, is to march boldly up to the fort, demand her hand, if she refuses, take her by assault.

Fan F. I couldn't do it, bless you. I'm too retiring. All our family are naturally so. My mother was too bashful ever to let me know her, and my father always kept in the back-ground.

Burl. What do you intend doing?

Fan F. Nothing, I want you to help me. I've got money—if I could only get into the fortress, I might summon up courage to speak to her. I'd give fifty florins.

Burl. I'm your man, there's a new jailor wanted.

Fan F. *(Takes his hand.)* Worthy Prussian blue.

Burl. The last one was promoted.

Fan F. Was he, though, to what?

Burl. A halter. He's going to be hung.

Fan F. Oh! don't they hang the criminals in Prussia? not the jailor.

Burl. He was guilty of a good action; endeavoured to soften the rugged fate of a poor prisoner—one who had been shut up in a dungeon for fifteen years. For this act of humanity, our worthy master, the governor, condemned him to be hung like a dog. I only wish I was hangman, and the rope was round the governor's neck instead of his. I'd give it a tug, and be damned to him.

Fan F. So would I, but I don't think the situation will suit me; I'm so soft-hearted, when I'm touched I melt like wax. Can't you get me anything else.

Enter KARL.

Kar. Madade Christine is coming.

Fan F. Christine! that well-known name awakens all my woes. I'm too flurried to see her—put me somewhere. *(Sighs.)*

Burl. Courage, man. *(Slaps his back.)* Stand here.

(Places him behind the stove.)

Enter CHRISTINE, *with fur cloak.*

Chris. Is my lady arrived?

Burl. No.

Fan F. How beautiful the frost makes her nose look.

Burl. *(Laughing and pointing to stove.)* He's there.

Chris. Who? I expected to find the countess. What a smell of burning.

Fan F. *(Runs out, having burnt himself.)* It's nothing, miss, I've only singed my whiskers.

Chris. The person that followed me in Berlin. What in the name of wonder brings the figure of fun here?

Burl. Speak to her, Fan Fan.

Fan F. I can't, her eyes pierce me through. You speak, and I'll pay you handsomely.

(*Gives money.*)

Burl. Miss Christine.

Chris. Mr. Burl.

Fan F. How polite.

Burl. This gentleman—

Fan F. (*Whispers.*) Gentleman's son.

Burl. Speak for yourself. (*Pushes him round.*) I'll help you.

(*Puts him round.*)

Chris. What an oddity. (*Laughs.*)

Fan F. Miss.

Chris. (*Curtseys.*) Sir. (*Bows.*)

Fan F. I am—as you may—may see—

Chris. A very silly fellow.

Burl. Speak out (*Aside.*) She's laughing at you.

Fan F. (*Loud.*) I admire you. I adore you. I will marry you, and all the rest of it.

Burl. Bravo! that's the way to do it.

Fan F. (*Repeats.*) That's the way to do it.

Chris. The creature's mad. Marry me, indeed. Marry your grandmother.

Fan F. I never had one, miss.

Burl. (*Aside.*) Tell her you're rich.

Fan F. I'm rich in expectations.

Burl. Psha! You're a fool.

Fan F. Well, I needn't tell her that.

Burl. No, she'll find it out soon enough. Throw yourself at her feet, and swear you'll die for her, or any other nonsense to tickle her fancy.

Fan F. (*Kneels.*) I'll throw myself at your feet, and—and—I'll die for you, or any other nonsense to tickle your fancy.

Burl. (*Laughs.*) I'll leave you together now. Courage, and the day's your own. Fire away, and don't spare powder. (*Exit.*

Fan F. Stop, stop! Alone with her. What an interesting condition. Sir! sir!

Chris. Pray, sir, what does all this nonsense mean?

Fan F. She calls courting nonsense. Women are so used to it. Have you read my letters?

Chris. No. Have you written any.

Fan F. Not yet, but I thought about it. I'm coming to live with you.

Chris. With me!

Fan F. Yes, in jail. That worthy Prussian has promised me a situation in the castle.

Chris. He was jesting with you; luckily you know not what it is to live inside.

Fan F. I shall be near you: that's recompense enough for me.

Chris. Poor fellow! None but a Frenchman could love thus. (*Aside.*) What place is it Burl has promised you?

Fan F. The gentleman's that's to be hung to-night.

Chris. The jailer's! why it's already disposed of to a nephew of the porter's, who is dumb. He is expected to arrive to-morrow.

Fan F. How dreadful! Since I can't get *in*, you come *out*; fly with me to Paris. I'll wrap you up in my bearskin.

Chris. You're very kind, but it can't be.

Fan F. Why not? I'll marry you—make you happy—and work night and day for you.

Chris. (*Firmly.*) You are very kind, but I cannot accept your offer, or quit the Countess's service; she is too good and unhappy to desert. I've promised never to leave her.

Fan F. Never! that's a short word with a long date.

Re-enter BURL.

Burl. Eyes front! Beat a retreat; the governor's coming.

Chris. Don't let him see you talking to me. He'll suspect something, and imprison you. Run—run.

Burl. It's too late, he's here.

Fan F. Never mind me. I'll hide in my skin. I'll see you again to-morrow, beautiful icicle.

(*Kisses her hand, and rolls himself up in the bearskin near the stove. Music.*

(*Enter* COUNT D'OSBORN, *offering his arm to the* COUNTESS MARIE, *who appears in pain, followed by attendants.* BURL *places stool by the fire.* CHRISTINE *spreads her fur cloak over it, and assists the* COUNTESS *to sit; she then takes from a small basket, a flask and glass, pours out wine, and offers it.*)

Chris. (*Aside to Fan Fan.*) Don't stir. (*To Countess.*) Taste it, my lady, it will warm you!

Maria. (*Refusing.*) No, I thank you, Christine.

Count. Leave us.

[*Attendants, Burl and Christine, exeunt.*

Burl. (*Pointing to Fan Fan.*) He's trapp'd. (*Aside.*)

Count. (*Sees Bear's skin.*) Wrap this skin about your feet.

[*Fan Fan groans. D'Osborn raises skin, his face being towards Marie. Fan crawls away behind table, then rises, and runs rapidly out. D'Osborn places skin at Marie's feet.*

Marie. Why do we stay in this wretched hovel?

Count. We have another hour's walk before we reach the castle, and I ordered a fire here, fearing the fatigue would be too much for you; try the cordial. (*Offers wine; Marie rejects it.*) Why do you refuse it, when you know it is the physician's orders? Marie, struggle with your malady, or you will drive me to despair.

Marie. Why this exaggerated kindness, this mockery of affection? It is more loathsome than your brutality, more cruel than your hatred. What is it you fear? your dead victim cannot rise to unmask your treachery.

Count. You are always unjust, Marie. My seeming hatred did but disguise my love for you.

Marie. Love! in such a heart as yours.

Count. Do not scorn me! I may have been cruel, unfeeling; 'twas your disdain drove me to it.

Marie. (*Rises.*) What is it you merit but disdain at my hands? You have deceived me: falsely lied! Had you kept your word—if, by your aid, Ernest de Fridberg had been publicly acquitted—I could have forgotten, nay, almost pardoned your conduct to me, and have been as a sister to you: though never as a wife.

Count. Pardon me, Marie. I will endeavour to atone, to efface the remembrance of the past.

Marie. If what you have told me is true; if Ernest be really dead, why fear me; why imprison me thus?

Count. I have been wrong; in a few days you shall return to Berlin—to Rittersdorf, if you wish.

Marie. To Rittersdorf! (*Joyfully.*) After fifteen painful years? Did I hear rightly? Shall I again see my home, the scenes of my infancy? Gertrude—(*Aside*)—my child, perhaps. Oh heaven!

Count. You shall, on one condition!

Marie. Name it quickly, I implore—what is it?

(*Snow falls. Wind heard.*)

Enter BURL, *hurriedly.*

Burl. A thunder storm's coming on. Beg pardon, my lord, but it'll be a startler.

[*Christine runs on.*

Chris. Oh, my lady, the snow is coming down.

Count. Assist your mistress to the castle. (*To Marie.*) You shall know the condition in the morning—quick, quick.

Chris. (*To Burl.*) I don't see the little man.

Burl. No! there's his skin tho'.

[*Throws it on her shoulders. Christine and Burl lead Marie out, D'Osborn following. Distant thunder; it is much darker. Music. Ulrica seen crossing the bridge, her clothes torn, and covered with snow. She appears much fatigued, and walks with difficulty; she descends the rocky path, and leans against the hovel.*

Ulrica. My strength fails me! I can go no further; cold and hunger overpower me, and every faculty is chilled within me. I shall perish. (*Sighs; sees fire.*) Ah! a fire! (*Walks with pain towards it; warms her hands, turning, sees the biscuits Christine placed on the table for Marie.*) Food, too! thank heaven! (*Eats ravenously.*) Father! I shall yet reach you. (*Sits.*) They told me another day would bring me to the citadel. I've walked all night; his dungeon may be far distant yet. (*Looks round.*) Perhaps the inhabitants of this wretched hovel will give me shelter for the night, and guide my steps—repose will give courage, and strength to pursue my journey.

[*Music. Herman, a dumb boy, crosses the bridge; his clothes are mean and soiled; his hair long and entangled, his features wild and lowering; his whole appearance repulsive. He pauses, and looks at Ulrica, who is drinking from the flagon; he examines her cautiously; on perceiving that it is a stripling, he runs to her, and snatches the flagon from her.*

Ulrica. (*Starts up, Herman takes her seat, and drinks.*) Who is this man? The master of the hovel, perhaps. I was wrong to be alarmed. (*Advances to him.*) What a repulsive look. (*Timidly.*) Do you inhabit this place? or are you, like myself, a benighted traveller?

(*Herman regards her without speaking.*)

Ulrica. May I remain for the night?

(*He laughs savagely—she shudders.*)

Ulrica. Pray answer me!

(*Music. He rises—in action tells her he is dumb.*)

Ulrica. Dumb! unfortunate creature!

(*Goes to him.*)

(*He intimates he was fighting, and that his adversary cut his tongue out, but that he had killed him. Music.*)

Ulrica. Killed him!

(*He laughs at her terror.*)

Ulrica. Do you know this country?

(*He nods.*)

Ulrica. Am I far from the fortress of the Giant's Mount?

(*He shows the distant towers.*)

Ulrica. There, there! Are you so near to me, father?

(*He signs he is going there.*)

Ulrica. You going to the fortress? (*He nods.*) To see and comfort some suffering prisoner.

(*He laughs, and signs he is going to be a jailor. Music.*)

Ulrica. A jailor!

(*He nods, takes from his bag a letter, gives it to Ulrica to read, then places bag on table. Music.*)

Ulrica. (*Reading.*) "To Bergan, porter of the Giant's Mount—I send you my nephew, Herman, for a jailor: you've promised him the first vacant place. He is well fitted for the office by disposition. This letter will make him known to you."

(*Herman snatches back letter, places it in the bag.*)

Ulrica. The prison doors will be open to you—let me follow you. (*He refuses.*) You will not refuse when you learn that I've walked many weary miles to see, to speak to my father, who has been cruelly, unjustly imprisoned for fifteen years; you will assist me to reach his dungeon. Once within the walls, my tears and supplications will soften the hearts of those that persecute him. (*He laughs.*) Do not mock me, in the name of humanity. (*Clasps her hands.*) Take pity on me!

(*Music. He laughs at seeing her weep—his features change suddenly, and he points to a small cross of gold attached to her neck by a hair-chain.*)

Ulrica. This cross! it is the only remembrance I have of my mother: and it has never left me from childhood. (*He motions her to give it him.*) Cold, misery, and hunger, never would have forced me to part with it, but if you'll lead me to the citadel it shall be yours. (*He hesitates, then extends his hands.*) You consent. Let us go at once.

(*He nods, but signs she is fatigued.*)

Ulrica. Fatigued! no! I no longer feel it. Let us hasten. (*Music. He intercepts her, intimates the night is coming on, and she had better sleep.*) Wait! wait till the morning; more delays. (*He leads her to the fire, stirs it, places bag for her head, then wraps himself in his cloak, and lies in a corner, affecting to sleep.*) He is right, I need rest. (*Kneels before stool kissing the cross.*) Blest remembrance of my mother; I shall never pray with thee more! What will comfort me when you are removed from my heart?

(*Music. She seems much moved, and gradually sinks with her head on the stool in a slumber. Herman cautiously rises, softly advances towards her, and assures himself that she sleeps; then endeavours to take the cross from her bosom. He is unable to detach the hair chain, draws a wood knife from his belt, and is in the act of cutting it, when the tempest rages violently, and a violent clap of thunder causes the shutters of the window to shake, which rouses Ulrica. She starts up, and seeing Herman with the knife, shrieks.*

Ulrica. Wretch! What is your intention? (*He points to the cross and threatens.*) Would you murder me?

(*He rushes towards her, she endeavours to escape, he pursues her, she runs towards the bridge. Herman climbs the rocks, and appears on bridge, intercepting her crossing; she screams, and again endeavours to fly from him; he is in the act of seizing her, when a thunderbolt strikes the bridge, it falls in two, and Herman is plunged into the torrent. Rocks fall on him. Ulrica sinks on her knees, and looks over the precipice after him. Tableau.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Dungeon in the Citadel. The walls damp and gloomy. A recess leading to a grated window, three steps to it. The entrance door is strongly barred; in the centre, another recess, in which is a bed, with tattered curtains. A chain hangs from the wall, rude wooden seat, a chest, and a chimney. On the rising of the curtain,* ERNEST DE FRIDBERG *is discovered on his knees—music—with a file, endeavouring to force open a small iron door in the recess; the bed being out, shows it. A lamp nearly expiring, and a faint light; daylight seen through the iron bars. Music.*

Ernest. Again, I must give up the task, till night returns; or daybreak will reveal my labours to the jailor, and nights of anxious toil will be rendered fruitless. (*Conceals file, saw, &c., under the mattrass, then replaces bed in the recess. Music.*) The sun has risen, and its faint rays serve but to make the terrors more hideous. (*Takes a bit of stick, burns it in the lamp, and makes a mark on the window stone.*) Another day in my sad record of misery, and I shall have lived—oh, no, *died*—passed fifteen years in captivity—fifteen years shut out from the world; torn from all I loved—Marie—Ulrica—angels of consolation; your fond memories alone enable me to sustain the dreadful trial.

(*Music. Sits on bed, noise of chains and bolts heard.*)

Door opens, and BURL *enters, with a torch.*

Burl. What a hole! Nothing but a toad ought to live in it. What a nice man my master is. I should like to——

Enter COUNT D'OSBORN, *with guards, who remain at the door.*

Count. (*To Burl.*) Is he alive?

Burl. If he is, he must have more lives than a cat.

Ernest. (*Rising.*) What men are you? Why do you come here?

Count. I am Count D'Osborn, governor of the fortress.

Burl. (*Aside.*) And I am his head man; more's the pity.

Ernest. (*Pressing his head.*) D'Osborn! (*Pauses.*) Yes, yes—I remember, now, I saw you the night they brought me here. Vainly, I've endeavoured to speak, or write to you since. It has always been refused.

Count. The refusal was a mercy! My orders were severe! I could not aid you! Correspondence would have been useless! Examine the dungeon, Burl.

Burl. Yes, governor; I wish (*Aside*) you had to examine it for the remainder of your life. (*Examines the dungeon, looks up chimney.*) I suppose, I must take an official help.

Count. You are about to change guards, sir; your projected escape is known; Firbach, your late jailor, will pay dearly for his treason; detected in the midst of his preparations for your flight. He revealed all.

Ernest. He is not guilty. Let me be responsible for his conduct. If his goodness of heart has betrayed him, let me atone for it. My life is at your disposal; take it, and let him escape punishment.

Burl. (*Aside at the bed.*) You're a trump, and I am near-sighted. (*Shews file, and hastily conceals it again.*) I can't see it.

Count. Spare your prayers, sir; he will be released to-day.

Ernest. To-day!

Count. Yes; at twelve o'clock, he will be hung. You may see the execution from that window; it may serve as a caution.

(*Faints.*)

Ernest. Horrible! Will my sufferings never cease.

(*Burl advances.*)

Count. Well!

Burl. All correct. Nothing to be seen. Not a rat-hole escaped me.

Count. You may bring the new jailor in.

Burl. (*Salutes; then aside, shaking his fist.*) I should like to—hem!

(*Goes up to the door.*)

Count. Monsieur de Fridberg, from this hour, your attempt to escape will be rendered more hopeless. Every look will be changed. Your jailor will be constantly with you; his idiotcy will prevent his attending to your complaints. He may hear, but cannot answer; for luckily he is dumb.

Burl. This way, you young wasp. (*Half-aside.*) If you're in such a hurry, you'll break your neck. I wish he would.

Enter ULRICA, *wearing Herman's cloak and cap. Music. Ulrica starts on seeing Ernest.*

Count. Approach, Herman; this is the prisoner, your trust; guard him day and night, if you value your life. You've already received my instructions. (*Ulrica Bows.*) Pull this chain; the alarm will sound, and bring you instantly aid, if needed. (*To Ernest.*) This boy will never, for an instant leave you; and the guards shall be doubled. I shall honour myself, by visiting you again to-day.

(*Bows sarcastically and exits.*)

Burl (*To Count.*) Choke that young devil, if you can; I'll come back, and help you.

[*Exit.*

Ernest. (*Remains motionless.*) To-day, at twelve, he is to suffer, for his kindness and humanity to me. Of what am I guilty? What curse is on me, that draws down vengeance on all that pity me? Why not let me die with him, and instead of one, place two corses at the feet of the king? The tyrant! Oh, heaven! help me.

(*Falls into a chair. Ulrica approaches him, and sinks on her knees.*)

Ulrica. (*In a soft tone.*) Heaven help him!

Ernest. (*Surprised.*) Why do you pray for me? Who are you?

Ulrica. You're jailor.

Ernest. Your heart ought to be hard and pitiless. The Governor told me you were dumb.

Ulrica. He thought so. I have deceived him

Ernest. Why?

Ulrica. To save you.

Ernest. To save me! What induces you to do so?

Ulrica. My heart.

Ernest. Who sent you here?

Ulrica. No one.

Ernest. How did you enter this place?

Ulrica. By stratagem.

Ernest. There is but one who would take this interest in an unhappy being like me—a woman; Marie of Rittersdorf; did you come from her?

Ulrica. I never heard her name before. A week since I was happy, living far distant in Pomerania, with one who called me daughter: accident revealed that she was not my mother. I learnt that my father lived, but dragged out his existence in a dungeon, an exile from his home. I called to my

remembrance the history of a young girl, who had, without friends or succour travelled for to snatch her father from death. Animated by her example, I fled, and resolved to burst my captive father's chains.

Ernest. Your name is—

Ulrica. Ulrica.

Ernest. Ulrica, my child!

Ulrica. Father!

[*Throws herself into his arms.*

Ernest. My child, look at me! speak to me! (*Kisses her.*) Is this reality, or have my senses left me?

[*Weeps.*

Ulrica. Dear father!

Ernest. Yes, yes, it is my child; none other would have been so devoted. My child! Oh, that precious word. (*Parts her hair and kisses her.*) My Marie lives again in you—I see you now, as I have beheld you in my dreams—the same blest smile. This moment's happiness atones for years of pain and sufferings.

Ulrica. I am here to watch over you as a spy: they little know how carefully I've fulfilled my task.

Ernest. To-morrow we shall be free—at liberty! Oh, how I thirst to taste the air again. Fifteen years, my child, and I've never beheld leaf or flower. Look on this. (*Removes bed and shows door.*) For weeks I've laboured to cut a road to freedom. From my former jailor, I learnt there was a passage connected with this door, that leads to the platform: with the help of these instruments, which he supplied me with, I've separated the hinges from the wall; the stone-work will soon give: once on the ramparts, with a cord we could descend.

Ulrica. And that cord?

Ernest. Is here!

(*Shows a cord which is hid behind the chest. A drum is heard. Music. They hastily replace under the bed the cord and file.*)

Ernest. We are betrayed! They will tear you from me.

Ulrica. Courage, for my sake, father.

(*She embraces Ernest, then runs up the steps and sits: he sits at table.*)

Enter COUNT D'OSBORN, BURL, *and two soldiers, who retire at the door.*

Count. Monsieur de Fridberg, I come in the name of the King, to demand those implements the traitor Firbach furnished you with.

Ernest. All hope is lost.

(*Aside. Ulrica remains motionless.*)

Count. Hesitation is useless. Firbach, in order to save his life, confessed that he gave you tools to effect an escape. Will you deliver them up? (*A pause.*) Search again, and more narrowly.

(*To Burl.*)

Burl. (*Aside.*) The blind must see this time.

(*He is about to move the bedstead, when Ulrica rushes before him, putting him aside, and feels under the mattress.*)

Burl. (*Aside.*) His nose is like a ferret's.

(*Ulrica produces tools.*)

Ernest. (*Aside.*) What has she done?

Count. Firbach spoke the truth, then—his avowal came rather too late, though.

(*Makes a sign through the bars of window with his head. Drums again heard.*)

Count. (*Beckons Ulrica to the window, and points.*) That sound announces that justice has been done on a traitor. Behold! his fate is yours if you betray your trust—the gallows.

Burl. Lord, lord! he has never winked once at seeing a man hung—what a jailor he'll make when he grows up.

Ernest. (*Aside.*) She'll sink under this horrible trial.

Count. Be warned—for you, sir—to-morrow, a prison more secure, darker, and deeper, shall be found amongst the fortress. Remember what you have seen, boy, and profit by it.

[*Exit followed by Burl; the door barred. Ernest runs to Ulrica, who is still gazing at the window.*

Ernest. (*Leads her away.*) Speak! this silence is terrible.

Ulrica. (*Bursts into tears.*) Oh, that horrible sight. Father! father! my strength almost gave way, but I thought of you, and prayed for *Him*.

Ernest. I must submit to fate; to-morrow another dungeon will receive me—escape, then, is hopeless.

Ulrica. (*Rapidly.*) No, no; I gave up some, that I might keep this. (*Takes file from her sleeve.*) This will liberate us. To work, to work. We'll away—we'll breathe the air of freedom or perish.

(*They hastily draw the bed out, and work at the hinges of the door with a file. Music.*

Ulrica. It yields! it yields!

The door gives way. Scene closed in.

SCENE II.—*A handsome apartment in the fortress, and grounds, window in flat, and secret door behind arras. Door to lock.* CHRISTINE *enters, followed by attendants, who carry a table and an arm chair. Pens, ink, and paper on the table.*

Chris. That will do: place the table there, and the chair, my lady will write in this apartment; you may go now. (*Attendants exit.*) Poor dear thing, she's almost wild at the thoughts of leaving this Blue Beard's castle,—so am I; to think that in three days we are to go to Rittersdorf; once outside the walls, I'll sing and dance for joy. (*Sits.*) I wonder what has become of that funny little man from Paris; I've seen worse-looking animals. Then he appears so desperately fond of me; but all the men are—dozens are dying heavily for me, and have been these two years; but they're not dead yet, as their heads are too thick, and their hearts are too hard, for me to break.

Enter COUNT D'OSBORN.

Count. Send your mistress to me, Christine.

Chris. Yes, my lord.

Count. I shall not forget your kind attention and devotion to her.

Chris. I hope he won't—the firebrand! (*Aside.*)

[*Exit.*

Count. The lawyer will soon arrive, then the estates, with Marie's signature, will be mine beyond a doubt.

Enter MARIE, *conducted by* CHRISTINE, *who leads her to a chair, then exit.*

Count. I am about to fulfil my promise to you. In three days you leave this place. I am also called to Silesia to join the army. Before we part, perhaps for ever, I have taken some precautions relative to our property, which I trust you will approve of. The *contract* made on our marriage was dictated by the king, as you know, which leaves to

either of us that survives the estates of both. I have made another clause, which leaves to you my private fortune, and I expect you to make a similar will in my favour. (*Produces a paper.*)

Marie. I understand. You know I have not long to live—you think——I will not agree to this.

Count. Marie, you are utterly regardless of the wound you inflict on my heart.

Marie. Talk no more of kindness to me; we know each other. Cast aside your pretended mask, and act as you have ever done—as a traitor and a villain. To you I owe all my misery. You tore me from one who was my husband by the laws of heaven.

Count. (*Smiling.*) Though not by the laws of man.

Marie. Wretch! to obtain my wealth and remove him, you basely accused him of conspiring against his king—he was condemned to die—then, to force me into a hated union, you offered to save his life, and prove his innocence. I trusted you, and consented. How have you kept your word?

Count. By serving my king.

Marie. No, traitor! by persecuting an innocent man—by tyrannizing over a helpless woman. No sooner was I yours, than you burnt the only proof of Ernest's innocence; obtained the jailorship of this prison, to which your victim had been removed; his life being spared, you have murdered him; now, to complete your purpose, you would rob me. (*Crosses.*)

Count. (*Presenting pen.*) Sign the paper, Marie, or you never quit this castle—(*aside*) alive.

Marie. I will not. I defy your threats.

Count. (*Seizing her hand.*) Obey me, madame, sign it.

Marie. Never! I will not disinherit my child.

Count. (*Relaxing his hold.*) Your child! You shall pay dearly for this avowal. The signature I must and will have.

Enter CHRISTINE.

Chris. The lawyer has arrived, my lord. (*Runs to Marie, who sinks on a chair.*) In tears, madame?

Count. Attend to her. I shall return shortly, madame. Beware!

[*Exit. Marie bursts into tears.*

Chris. (*Kneeling.*) What is it, dear mistress; his cruelty again? I only wish I was a man for his sake.

Marie. I'll throw myself at the feet of the king: he will protect me.

Chris. Do, and I'll throw myself down with you. His Majesty's at Tercher, only ten miles from the castle; write to him, madame, and tell him all about it.

Marie. Who will convey the letter?

Chris. I will.

Marie. How can you quit the castle?

Chris. Easy enough. I'll get turned out. Write the letter, my lady, and leave me to contrive; a woman's head is more than a match for twenty men's at any time. [*Marie exits.*] I'd go to the end of the world for her. Once outside, I'll run all the way to the palace. I wonder what the king will say to me. He'll courtsey, and I shall bow—no, I shall curtsey. Please, your glorious Majesty, I've brought a letter. (*Imitates.*) Give it me, pretty damsel? He must see I'm pretty, if he ain't blind. I give it—he reads—looks at me—perhaps kisses me—jumps on his horse, and gallops back here to hang the governor and relieve my lady.

Enter FAN FAN, *disguised as a wood-cutter, carrying a faggot and an axe.*

Fan F. Any wood wanted for the fires. (*Sees Christine. Drops his axe and bundle, and runs to her.*) I've found you—I've found you again.

Chris. How did you get into the castle?

Fan F. (*Holding up axe.*) I axed my way in.

Chris. What?

Fan F. I bribed the woodman to lend me his clothes, axe, and sticks, and came to supply the governor with wood. I've been in every room to make up the fires, in hope of finding you. I have done so, and we'll never part again.

Chris. Mr. Fan Fan.

Fan F. Look on that bundle of sticks—they represent matrimony—married life—nothing but sticks tied together, and precious tough ones they are sometimes. (*Takes up faggot.*) See how strong they are when bound together, nobody can break in—that's matrimony—but when they're apart, anybody can snap a single stick. (*Breaks a stick.*) That's me—don't let me be broke up—marry me, and let me be double.

Chris. 'Pon my word, sir, you're quite a philosopher.

Fan F. I don't mean to leave the castle till you go with me. I'm not bashful now.

Chris. (*Pausing.*) What a capital idea.

Fan F. Aint it? I knew you'd like it.

Chris. (*Not attending.*) Just what I wanted.

Fan F. To be sure it is. (*Aside.*) I knew the sticks would tickle the faggot.

Chris. You have come just in time to serve me.

Fan F. No, have I, by jingo?

Chris. From this moment you must never leave me.

Fan F. (*Aside.*) How she adores me.

Chris. Be silent. Obey me, and shut your eyes.

Fan F. I'll open my mouth, and shut my eyes, and take whatever you like to give me.

Re-enter MARIE, *with letter, not seeing* FAN FAN. CHRISTINE *stands before him.*

Chris. Hush! it's my mistress.

Fan F. I'll ask if she wants any wood.

Marie. Here is the letter. Should it fall into D'Osborn's hands my life would be sacrificed.

Chris. Fall into his hands. I'll swallow it first.

Fan F. Shall I swallow it for you? (*Aside.*)

Chris. It shall reach the king to-night.

Count. (*Without.*) Burl! Burl!

Marie. Your master is coming.

Fan F. Let me pick up my axe, and cut my stick.

Marie. Who is this man?

Fan F. I'm a wood-pecker—no, a wood-cutter. (*Bows.*)

Chris. He's devoted to my interests, lady, and is here to aid me. I'll answer for his fidelity with my life. He promised to die for us if required.

Fan F. I'll die for you—not for both, mind.

Chris. Silence! the Governor. Don't notice him.

Enter COUNT.

Chris. Yes, madame, this good young man.

Fan F. Good young man! Oh, don't, Christy.

Chris. Will you do anything for us?

Fan F. I'll do anything for you—not for her. (*Aside.*)

Chris. He will assist our escape.

Count. Will he? (*Motions at door.*)

Fan F. No, no. I'll only assist you—I can't marry you both.

Count. (*Advancing to Christine.*) I thought you faithful—I was mistaken. Retire to your apartment, madame. (*To Marie.*) I will see you to-night. (*Christine is following Marie.*) Remain here, girl! (*Re-enter* BURL, *with two soldiers.*) Now, countess. (*Marie exits into chamber to Burl.*) You know my orders. [*Exit.*

Fan F. Thank your honour—I'll cut your wood for nothing.

Burl. (*Laughs.*) You're done for now?

Fan F. What does he mean?

Chris. They're going to turn us out of doors.

Fan. F. That's just what we want.

Burl. (*Placing himself between them.*) Take my arm, Mademoiselle Christine. Allow me to march you out of the castle.

Fan F. No, you don't, Mr. Prussian Blue. I shall march her out myself. Every soldier ought to look after his own baggage.

Chris. It's shameful to send her away.

Fan F. I'm glad of it—good bye—you may keep the twenty francs I gave you, and if ever you come to Paris, call at my shop in Corkscrew Street.

Burl. Stop, my bird, you're not going yet, these gentlemen (*Points to soldiers.*) will conduct you to a snug place underground.

Fan F. Under ground! oh, lord! no tricks, Mr. Soldier. I aint used to them. I gave fifty francs to get in—now I'll give a hundred to get out.

Burl. I can't help you—come, Christine.

Fan F. Let her be put under ground with me, then.

Chris. I shall soon return.

Fan F. Oh, Christy, we shall never see each other any more. I'm worm's meat—whenever you look upon a broken stick think of me.

(*Christine and Burl exit. Soldiers march Fan Fan off. Music. Noise heard at secret door-flat, it opens, and Ulrica cautiously appears. She looks round much exalted, and throws window open.*)

Ulrica. No one, you may come forth, father.

Enter ERNEST, *from panel.*

Ernest. This must be the state apartment, what Firbach called the Countess's room.

Ulrica. From this window we can descend to the outer moat, let us make the attempt at once, lest we are surprised.

Ernest. Think, my child, if your courage deserted you;—should your hands slip—

Ulrica. Heaven will give me strength. Prepare the cord. I'll watch from this staircase, and give you notice if any one approaches. Lose not a moment.

(*Runs to wing. Ernest re-enters closet, and brings out a stout cord. Music.*)

Ernest. This will enable us to descend. It is a fearful height for her to venture. (*Fastens cord. A noise; the door opens.*) Footsteps! a woman!

Enter MARIE.

Marie. (*Alarmed.*) That form!

Ernest. Marie!

Marie. Ernest.

Ernest. My own, long lost Marie.

(*Embraces.*)

Marie. Have you arisen from the tomb? They told me you were dead.

Ernest. Talk not of me, love, tell me of yourself—speak to me! where, how, have you lived these fifteen long years—tell me?

Marie. I have been imprisoned here with the man the king compelled me marry.

Ernest. To marry? who! who is he!

Marie. Your jailor—your enemy, the Count D'Osborn. How did you regain your liberty?

Ernest. Your child reclaimed me.

Marie. Ulrica living! merciful Providence!

Ernest. She is watching there—while I prepared our only road to freedom—it is a perilous one.

(*Points to window.*)

Marie. You will be detected; there is a door leading to my chamber—let me fasten it—wait but an instant.

(*Rushes off.*)

Re-enter ULRICA.

Ulrica. Father! father! hasten or we are lost. I heard the Governor speaking to Burl: he bade him prepare the gallows for another traitor. We are missed—fly, fly my life shall be ventured first. They shall not enter here.

(*Fastens door.*)

Ernest. I dare not tell her of her mother—my first duty is to save her child. I am ready for th't trial.

(*Approaches the window.*)

Ulrica. Quick! quick! keep a firm hold—done cast your eyes down, or you'll grow dizzy. (*He descends.*) Oh, how the cord swings; I dare not trust myself to look down on him, should it break, oh!

(*Shudders.*)

COUNT D'OSBORN *without.*

Count. Sound the alarm!

Ulrica. How shall I gain time? He is not half way down. Here is but one chance.

(*Music. Closes window—takes up the cord and runs to the door in apparent disorder making violent gesticulation.*)

Enter COUNT D'OSBORN.

Count. The dumb boy! how came you here?

(*Music. She signs that the prisoner during her sleep had tied her hands, that she awoke, just as he was escaping, and then in pursuing him she lost her way. Drums beat.*)

Count. If you have deceived me your fate is sealed. Which way did he take?

(*Ulrica points to closet, when Marie knocks at the door.*)

Marie. Ernest! Ernest!

COUNT *opens door,* MARIE *enters.*

Marie. D'Osborn! Ernest is lost!

Count. Ernest! Have you seen him? Is he here?

(*A gun is fired—Ulrica screams and supports Marie.—Count opens window.*)

Count. A cord—the prisoner is rapidly descending; curses on him! he will escape! fire! fire! (*Guns heard.*) Missed him, by heaven! (*To Ulrica.*) Treacherous viper! (*Sees axe.*) this will serve me.

[*Ulrica staggers to the window*

Ulrica. You have killed my father.

[*Faints against the window*

Marie. Her father! my child!

[*She is going towards Ulrica, when Count D'Osborn prevents her. Picture. Drums beating.*

Enter CHRISTINE *hastily*, FAN FAN *runs to her.*

Fan. F. Hazza! we'll never part again Christy.

Enter MARIE *with Officer.*

Marie. The King! Ernest alive!

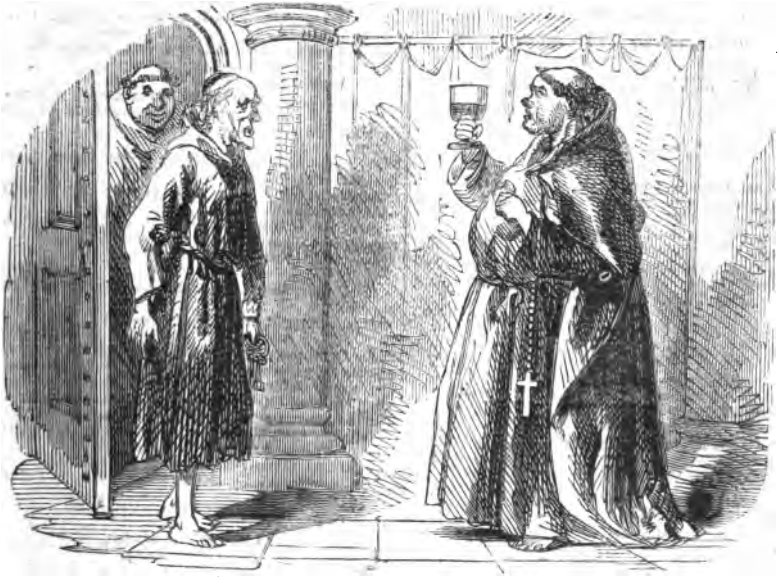
Ernest. And justified. Marie, my deliverer is our child!

Ulrica. Mother, (*Embrace.*) Father, both united honour and freedom before us. Now, indeed, am I rewarded!

(*Joins their hands, and kneels. Music. Flourish. Picture, military salute, and curtain falls.*)

THE DUENNA.

A COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.—BY R. B SHERIDAN.



Paul.—"How durst you, fellow, thus abruptly break in upon our devotions?"—*Act iii, scene 5.*

Persons Represented

Don Jerome.	Lopez.	Lorenzo.	Clara.
Don Ferdinand.	Father Paul.	Lewis.	Louisa.
Don Antonio.	Lay Brother.	Sancho.	Duenna.
Carlos.	Francis.	Friars.	Louisa's Maid.
Isaac Mendoza.	Augustine.	Masqueraders, &c.	Clara's Maid.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter LOPEZ, *with a dark lantern.*

Lop. Past three o'clock! So, a notable hour for one of my regular disposition to be strolling like a bravo through the streets of Seville! Well, of all services, to serve a young lover is the hardest: not that I am an enemy to love; but my love and my master's differ strangely. Don Ferdinand is much too gallant to eat, drink, or sleep; now, my love gives me an appetite; then I am fond of dreaming of my mistress, and I love dearly to toast her: this cannot be done without good sleep and good liquor; hence my partiality to a feather-bed and a bottle. What a pity now, that I have not further time for reflections! but thy master expects thee, honest Lopez, to secure his retreat from Donna Clara's window, as I guess. (*Music without.*) Eh! sure I heard music. So, so! who have we here? Oh! Don Antonio, my master's friend come from the masquerade, to serenade my young mistress, Donna Louisa, I suppose: so, we shall have the old gentleman up presently. Lest he

should miss his son, I had best lose no time in getting to my post.

[*Exit.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* LORENZO, *with masks and music.*

AIR.—ANTONIO.

Tell me, my lute, can thy soft strain
So gently speak thy master's pain;
So softly sing, so humbly sigh,
That, though my sleeping love shall know
Who sighs—who sighs below,
Her rosy slumbers sha'l not fly?
Thus may some vision whisper more
Than ever I dare speak before.

Louisa. Antonio, your mistress will never wake while you sing so dolefully; love, like a cradled infant, is lulled by a sad melody.

Ant. I do not wish to disturb her rest.

Loren. The reason is, because you know she does not regard you enough to appear, if you awaked her.

Ant. Nay, then, I'll convince you.

(*Sings.*)

AIR.—ANTONIO.

The breath of morn bids hence the night:
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair;
For, till the dawn of love is there
I feel no day, I own no light.

LOUISA.—Replies from a window.

Waking, I heard thy numbers chide,
Waking, the dawn did bless my sight;
'Tis Phœbus, sure, that wooes, I cried,
Who speaks in song, who moves in light.

DON JEROME.—From a window.

What vagabonds are these I hear?
Fiddling, fluting, rhyming, ranting,
Piping, scraping, whining, canting,
Fly! scurvy minstrels, fly!

TRIO.

Lou. *Nay, pr'ythee, father, why so rough?*

Ant. *An humble lover I.*

Jer. *How durst you, daughter, lend an ear*
To such deceitful stuff?
Quick, from the window fly!

Lou. *Adieu, Antonio!*

Ant. *Must you go?*

Lou. } Ant. } *We soon, perhaps, may meet again;*
For though hard fortune is our foe,
The god of love will fight for us.

Jer. *Reach me the blunderbuss!*

Ant. & Lou. *The god of love, who knows our pain,*

Jer. *Hence! or these slugs are through your brain.*

[*Exeunt Jerome and Louise from the window, and Antonio and Lorenzo.*

SCENE II.—*A Piazza.*

Enter FERDINAND *and* LOPEZ.

Lop. Truly, sir, I think that a little sleep, once in a week, or so—

Ferd. Peace, fool! don't mention sleep to me.

Lop. No, no, sir; I don't mention your low-bred, vulgar, sound sleep; but I can't help thinking that a gentle slumber, or half-an-hour's dozing, if it were only for the novelty of the thing—

Ferd. Peace, booby! I say. Oh! Clara, dear, cruel disturber of my rest!

Lop. And of mine, too.

Ferd. 'Sdeath! to trifle with me at such a juncture as this; now to stand on punctilios. Love me! I don't believe she ever did.

Lop. Nor I, either.

Ferd. Or is it, that her sex never know their desires for an hour together.

Lop. Ah! they know them oftener than they'll own them.

Ferd. Is there, in the world, so inconstant a creature as Clara?

Lop. I could name one.

(*Aside.*)

Ferd. Yes, the tame fool who submits to her caprice.

Lop. I thought he couldn't miss it.

(*Aside.*)

Ferd. Is she not capricious, teasing, tyrannical, obstinate, perverse, absurd? Ay, a wilderness of faults and follies; her looks are scorn, and her very smiles—'Sdeath! I wish I hadn't mentioned her smiles; for she does smile such beaming loveliness, such fascinating brightness—Oh! death and madness! I shall die if I lose her.

Lop. Oh! these d—d smiles have undone all!

[*Exit.*

AIR.—FERDINAND.

Could I her faults remember,
Forgetting every charm,
Soon would impartial reason
The tyrant love disarm.
But when enraged I number
Each failing of her mind,
Love still suggests her beauty,
And sees—while reason's blind.

Re-enter LOPEZ.

Lop. Here comes Don Antonio, sir.

Ferd. Well, go you home; I shall be there presently.

Lop. Ah! those cursed smiles!

[*Exit.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ferd. Antonio, Lopez tells me he left you chanting before our door. Was my father waked?

Ant. Yes, yes; he has a singular affection for music, so I left him rearing at his barred window, like the print of Bajazet in the cage. And what brings you out so early?

Ferd. I believe I told you, that to-morrow was the day fixed by Don Pedro and Clara's unnatural stepmother, for her to enter a convent, in order that her brat might possess her fortune. Made desperate by this, I procured a key to the door, and bribed Clara's maid to leave it unbolted; at two this morning, I entered, unperceived, and

stole, to her chamber: I found her waking and weeping.

Ant. Happy Ferdinand!

Ferd. 'Sdeath! hear the conclusion. I was rated as the most confident ruffian, for daring to approach her room at that hour of night.

Ant. Ay, ay, this was at first.

Ferd. No such thing; she would not hear a word from me, but threatened to raise her mother, if I did not instantly leave her.

Ant. Well, but at last?

Ferd. At last? why, I was forced to leave the house, as I came in.

Ant. And did you do nothing to offend her?

Ferd. Nothing, as I hope to be saved; I believe I might snatch a dozen or two of kisses.

Ant. Was that all? Well, I think I never heard of such assurance.

Ferd. Zounds! I tell you I behaved with the utmost respect.

Ant. Oh, lord! I don't mean you, but in her. But, harkye, Ferdinand, did you leave your key with them?

Ferd. Yes; the maid who saw me out, took it from the door.

Ant. Then, my life for it, her mistress elopes after you.

Ferd. Ay, to bless my rival, perhaps. I am in a humour to suspect everybody. You loved her once, and thought her an angel, as I do now.

Ant. Yes, I loved her till I found she wouldn't love me; and then I discovered that she hadn't a good feature in her face.

AIR.—ANTONIO.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid, who seeks my heart,
Cheeks of rose, untouch'd by art?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it, to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it, grateful, press again;
Must I, with attentive ey',
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

Besides, Ferdinand, you have full security in my love for your sister; help me there, and I can never disturb you with Clara.

Ferd. As far as I can, consistently with the honour of our family, you know I will; but there must be no eloping.

Ant. And yet, now, you would carry off Clara!

Ferd. Ay, that's a different case: we never mean that others should act to our sisters and wives as we do to others. But, to-morrow, Clara is to be forced into a convent.

Ant. Well, and am not I as unfortunately circumstanced? To-morrow, your father forces Louisa to marry Isaac, the Portuguese. But come with me, and we'll devise something, I warrant.

Ferd. I must go home.

Ant. Well, adieu!

Ferd. But, Antonio, if you do not love my sister, you have too much honour and friendship to supplant me with Clara.

AIR.—ANTONIO.

Friendship is the bond of reason;
But if beauty disapprove,
Heaven dissolves all other treason
In the heart that's true to love.
The faith which to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I view;
But o the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Don Jerome's house.*

Enter LOUISA *and Duenna.*

Lou. But, my dear Margaret, my charming Duenna, do you think we shall succeed?

Duen. I tell you again, I have no doubt on't; but it must be instantly put to the trial. Everything is prepared in your room; and, for the rest, we must trust to fortune.

Lou. My father's oath was, never to see me till I had consented to—

Duen. 'Twas thus I overheard him say to his friend Don Guzman: "I will demand of her to-morrow, once for all, whether she will consent to marry Isaac Mendoza; if she hesitate, I will make a solemn oath never to see or speak to her, till she returns to her duty." These were his words.

Lou. And on his known obstinate adherence to what he has once said, you have formed this plan for my escape. But have you secured my maid in our interest?

Duen. She is a party in the whole; but remember, if we succeed, you resign all right and title in little Isaac, the Jew, over to me.

Lou. That I do with all my soul; get him, if you can, and I shall wish you joy most heartily. He is twenty times as rich as my poor Antonio.

AIR.—LOUISA.

Thou canst not boast of fortune's store,
My love, while me they wealthy call,
But I was glad to find thee poor,
For with my heart I'd give thee all;
And then the grateful youth shall own,
I lov'd him for himself alone.

But when his worth my hand shall gain,
No word or look of mine shall show
That I the smallest thought retain
Of what my bounty did bestow;
Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
I lov'd him for himself alone.

Duen. I hear Don Jerome coming. Quick, give me the last letter I brought you from Antonio; you know that is to be the ground of my dismission. I must slip out to seal it up, as undelivered.

[*Exit.*

Enter DON JEROME *and* FERDINAND.

Jer. What! I suppose you have been serenading, too, eh? Disturbing some peaceable neighbourhood with villanous catgut, and lascivious piping. Out on't! You set your sister here a vile example; but I come to tell you, madam, that I'll suffer no more of these midnight incantations; these amorous orgies, that steal the senses in the hearing; as they say, Egyptian embalmers serve

mummies, extracting the brain through the ears. However, there is an end of your frolics: Isaac Mendoza will be here presently, and, to-morrow, you shall marry him.

Lou. Never, while I have life.

Ferd. Indeed, sir, I wonder how you can think of such a man for a son-in-law.

Jer. Sir, you are very kind to favour me with your sentiments; and, pray, what is your objection to him?

Ferd. He is a Portuguese, in the first place.

Jer. No such thing, boy; he has forsworn his country.

Lou. He is a Jew.

Jer. Another mistake: he has been a Christian these six weeks.

Ferd. Ay, he left his old religion for an estate, and has not had time to get a new one.

Lou. But stands like a dead wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament.

Jer. Anything more?

Ferd. But the most remarkable part of his character is his passion for deceit and tricks of cunning.

Lou. Though, at the same time, the fool predominates so much over the knave, that I am told he is generally the dupe of his own art.

Ferd. True! like an unskilful gunner, he usually misses his aim, and is hurt by the recoil of his own piece.

Jer. Anything more?

Lou. To sum up all, he has the worst fault a husband can have—he's not my choice.

Jer. But you are his; and choice on one side is sufficient. Two lovers should never meet in marriage. Be you sour as you please, he is sweet-tempered; and for your good fruit, there's nothing like ingrafting on a crab.

Lou. I detest him as a lover, and shall ten times more as a husband.

Jer. I don't know that: marriage generally makes a great change; but, to cut the matter short, will you have him or not?

Lou. There is nothing else I could disobey you in.

Jer. Do you value your father's peace?

Lou. So much, that I will not fasten on him the regret of making an only daughter wretched.

Jer. Very well, madam; then mark me: never more will I see or converse with you till you return to your duty. No reply. This and your chamber shall be your apartments; I never will stir out, without leaving you under lock and key; and when I'm at home, no creature can approach you but through my library. We'll try who can be most obstinate. Out of my sight! There remain till you know your duty. (*Pushes her out.*)

Ferd. Surely, sir, my sister's inclinations should be consulted in a matter of this kind, and some regard paid to Don Antonio being my particular friend.

Jer. That, doubtless, is a very great recommendation: I certainly have not paid sufficient respect to it.

Ferd. There is not a man living I would sooner choose for a brother-in-law.

Jer. Very possible; and if you happen to have ever a sister, who is not at the same time a daughter of mine, I'm sure I shall have no objection to the relationship; but, at present, if you please, we'll drop the subject.

Ferd. Nay, sir, 'tis only my regard for my sister makes me speak.

Jer. Then pray, sir, in future, let your regard for your father make you hold your tongue.

Ferd. I have done, sir. I shall only add a wish that you would reflect what at our age you would have felt, had you been crossed in your affection for the mother of her you are so severe to.

Jer. Why, I must confess, I had a great affection for your mother's ducats; but that was all, boy. I married her for her fortune, and she took me in obedience to her father, and a very happy couple we were. We never expected any love from one another, and so were never disappointed. If we grumbled a little now and then, it was soon over, for we were never fond enough to quarrel; and when the good woman died, why—why, I had as lief she had lived; and I wish every widower in Seville could say the same. I shall now go and get the key of this dressing-room; so, good son, if you have any lecture in support of disobedience to give your sister, it must be brief; so make the best of your time, d'ye hear?

(*Exit.*

Ferd. I fear, indeed, my friend Antonio has little to hope for. However, Louisa has firmness, and my father's anger will probably only increase her affection. In our intercourse with the world, it is natural for us to dislike those who are innocently the cause of our distress; but in the heart's attachment, a woman never likes a man with ardour till she has suffered for his sake. (*Noise.*) So! what bustle is here? Between my father and the Duenna, too! I'll e'en get out of the way.

(*Exit.*

Enter DON JEROME *with a letter, pulling in the Duenna.*

Jer. I'm astonished! I'm thunder-struck! Here's treachery and conspiracy with a vengeance! You, Antonio's creature, a chief manager of this plot for my daughter's eloping! you, that I placed here as a scarecrow?

Duen. What?

Jer. A scarecrow! To prove a decoy-duck! What have you to say for yourself?

Duen. Well, sir, since you have forced that letter from me, and discovered my real sentiments, I scorn to renounce them: I am Antonio's friend, and it was my intention that your daughter should have served you as all such old tyrannical sots should be served: I delight in the tender passions, and would befriend all under their influence.

Jer. The tender passions! Yes, they would become those impenetrable features! Why, thou deceitful hag! I placed thee as a guard to the rich blossoms of my daughter's beauty—I thought that dragon's front of thine would cry "aloof!" to the sons of gallantry. Steel straps and spring guns seemed written in every wrinkle of it. But you shall quit my house this instant. The tender passions, indeed! Go, thou wanton sybil! thou amorous woman of Endor, go!

Duen. You base, scurrilous, old—but I won't demean myself by naming what you are. Yes, savage, I'll leave your den; but I suppose you don't mean to detain my apparel? I may have my things, I presume?

Jer. I took you, mistress, with your wardrobe on. What have you pilfered, eh?

Duen. Sir, I must take my leave of my mistress;

she has valuables of mine; besides, my cardinal and veil are in her room.

Jer. Your veil, forsooth! What, do you dread being gazed at? Are you afraid of your complexion? Well, go take your leave, and get your veil and cardinal. So! you quit the house within these five minutes. In—in, quick. [*Exit Duenna.*] Here was a precious plot of mischief. These are the comforts daughters bring us.

AIR.—JEROME.

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,
No peace shall you know, though you've buried your wife;
At twenty, she mocks at the duty you've taught her;
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter;
Sighing and whining,
Dying and pining:
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

When scarce in their teens, they have wit to perplex us;
With letters and lovers for ever they vex us;
Whi'e each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought her;
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!
Wrangling and jangling,
Flouting and pouting,
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

Enter LOUISA, *dressed as the Duenna, with a cardinal and vei', seeming to cry.*

Jer. This way, mistress—this way. What! I warrant a tender parting. So! tears of turpentine down those deal cheeks. Ay, you may well hide your head;—yes, whine till your heart breaks; but I'll not hear one word of excuse; so, you are right to be dumb. This way—this way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duenna.

Duen. So speed you well, sagacious Don Jerome! Oh! rare effects of passion and obstinacy! Now shall I try whether I can't play the fine lady as well as my mistress; and, if I succeed, I may be a fine lady for the rest of my life. I'll lose no time to equip myself.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Court before Don Jerome's house.*

Enter DON JEROME *and* LOUISA.

Jer. Come, mistress, there is your way. The world lies before you; so troop, thou antiquated Eve, thou original sin. Hold! yonder is some fellow skulking; perhaps it is Antonio. Go to him, d'ye hear? and tell him to make you amends, and as he has got you turned away, tell him I say it is but just he should take you himself; go. [*Exit Louisa.*] So, I am rid of her, thank heaven! and now I shall be able to keep my oath, and confine my daughter with better security.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The Piazza.*

Enter CLARA *and her Maid.*

Maid. But where, madam, is it you intend to go?

Cla. Anywhere to avoid the selfish violence of my mother-in-law, and Ferdinand's insolent importunity.

Maid. Indeed, ma'am, since we have profited by Don Ferdinand's key, in making our escape, I think we had best find him, if it were only to thank him.

Cla. No; he has offended me exceedingly.

(*They retire.*)

Enter LOUISA.

Lou. So, I have succeeded in being turned out of doors. But how shall I find Antonio? I dare not inquire for him, for fear of being discovered; I would send to my friend Clara, but that I doubt her prudery would condemn me.

Maid. Then suppose, ma'am, you were to try if your friend Donna Louisa would not receive you.

(*To Clara.*)

Cla. No; her notions of filial duty are so severe, she would certainly betray me.

Lou. Clara is of a cold temper, and would think this step of mine highly forward.

Cla. Louisa's respect for her father is so great, she would not credit the unkindness of mine.

(*Aside, not seeing ea-h other. Louisa turns and sees Clara and Maid.*)

Lou. Ha! who are those? Sure one is Clara. If it be, I'll trust her. Clara!

(*Advances.*)

Cla. Louisa! and in masquerade, too!

Lou. You will be more surprised when I tell you, that I have run away from my father,

Cla. Surprised, indeed! and I should certainly chide you most horridly, only that I have just run away from mine.

Lou. My dear Clara!

(*They embrace.*)

Cla. Dear sister truant! And whither are you going?

Lou. To find the man I love, to be sure; and, I presume you would have no aversion to meet with my brother.

Cla. Indeed, I should. He has behaved so ill to me, I don't believe I shall ever forgive him.

AIR.—CLARA.

When sable night, each drooping plant restoring,
Wept o'er the flowers her breath did cheer,
As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,
Wakes its beauty with a tear;
When all did s'eep, whose weary hearts did borrow
One hour from love and care to rest,
Lo! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow,
My lover caught me to his breast.
He vow'd he came to save me
From those who would enslave me;
Then kneeling,
Kisses stealing,
Endless faith he swore;
But soon I chid him thence;
For had his fond pretence
Obtain'd one favour then,
And he had press'd again,
I fear'd my treacherous heart might grant him more.

Lou. Well, for all this, I would have sent him to plead his pardon, but that I would not yet awhile have him know of my flight. And where do you hope to find protection?

Cla. The lady abbess of the convent of St. Catherine is a relation and kind friend of mine; I shall be secure with her, and you had best go thither with me.

Lou. No: I am determined to find Antonio first; and, as I live, here comes the very man I will employ to seek him for me.

Cla. Who is he? He's a strange figure!

Lou. Yes; that sweet creature is the man whom my father has fixed on for my husband.

Cla. And will you speak to him? are you mad?

Lou. He is the fittest man in the world for my purpose; for, though I was to have married him to-morrow, he is the only man in Seville, who, I am sure, never saw me in his life.

Cla. And how do you know him?

Lou. He arrived but yesterday, and he was shewn to me from the window, as he visited my father.

Cla. Well, I'll begone.

Lou. Hold, my dear Clara! A thought has struck me. Will you give me leave to borrow your name, as I see occasion.

Cla. It will but disgrace you; but use it as you please. I dare not stay; (*Going.*) but, Louisa, if you should see your brother, be sure you don't inform him that I have taken refuge with the Dame Prior of the Convent of St. Catherine, on the left-hand side of the piazza, which leads to the church of St. Antony.

Lou. Ha, ha, ha! I'll be very particular in my directions where he may not find you. [*Exeunt Clara and Maid.*] So! my swain yonder has done admiring himself, and draws nearer. (*Retires.*)

Enter ISAAC *and* CARLOS; *Isaac with a pocket-glass.*

Isa. (*Looking in the glass.*) I tell you, friend Carlos, I will please myself in the habit of my chin.

Car. But, my dear friend, how can you think to please a lady with such a face?

Isa. Why, what's the matter with the face? I think it is a very engaging face; and, I am sure, a lady must have very little taste, who could dislike my beard. (*Sees Louisa.*) See, now! I'll die, if here is not a little damsel struck with it already.

Lou. Signor, are you disposed to oblige a lady, who greatly wants your assistance? (*Unveils.*)

Isa. Egad! a very pretty black-eyed girl! She has certainly taken a fancy to me, Carlos. First, madam, I must beg the favour of your name.

Lou. So! it's well I am provided. (*Aside.*) My name, sir, is Doana Clara d'Almansa.

Isa. What, Don Guzman's daughter? I'faith, I just now heard she was missing.

Lou. But sure, sir, you have too much gallantry and honour to betray me, whose fault is love?

Isa. So! a passion for me! Poor girl! (*Aside.*) Why, madam, as for betraying you, I don't see how I could get anything by it: so you may rely on my honour; but as for your love, I am sorry your case is so desperate.

Lou. Why so, signor?

Isa. Because I am positively engaged to another; ain't I Carlos?

Lou. Nay, but hear me.

Isa. No, no; what should I hear you for? It is impossible for me to court you in an honourable way; and for anything else, if I were to comply now, I suppose you have some ungrateful brother, or cousin, that would want to cut my throat for my civility; so, truly, you had best go home again.

Lou. Odious wretch! (*Aside.*) But, good signor, it is Antonio d'Ercilla, on whose account I have eloped.

Isa. How! what? It is not with me, then, that you are in love?

Lou. No, indeed, it is not.

Isa. Then you are a forward, impertinent, simpleton; and I shall certainly acquaint your father.

Lou. Is this your gallantry?

Isa. Yet hold! Antonio d'Ercilla, did you say? Egad! I may make something of this, Antonio d'Ercilla?

Lou. Yes; and if ever you hope to prosper in love, you will bring me to him.

Isa. By St. Iago, and I will, too. Carlos, this Antonio is one who rivals me (as I have heard) with Louisa! Now, if I could hamper him with this girl, I should have the field to myself; eh, Carlos? A lucky thought, isn't it?

Car. Yes, very good; very good.

Isa. Ah! this little brain is never at a loss. Cunning Isaac! cunning rogue! Donna Clara, will you trust yourself awhile to my friend's direction?

Lou. May I rely on you, good signor?

Car. Lady, it is impossible I should deceive you.

AIR.—CARLOS.

Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you;
For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong;
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passions rest,
And act a brother's part:
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

Isa. Carlos, conduct the lady to my lodgings; I must haste to Don Jerome; perhaps you know Louisa, madam. She is divinely handsome; isn't she?

Lou. You must excuse me not joining with you.

Isa. Why, I have heard it on all hands.

Lou. Her father is uncommonly partial to her; but I believe you will find she has rather a matronly air.

Isa. Carlos, this is all envy. You pretty girls never speak well of one another. Harkye! find out Antonio, and I'll saddle him with this scrape, I warrant! Oh! 'twas the luckiest thought! Donna Clara, your very obedient. Carlos, to your post.

DUET.

Isa. *My mistress expects me, and I must go to her,*
Or how can I hope for a smile?

Lou. *Soon may you return a prosperous wooer,*
But think what I suffer the while:
Alone and away from the man whom I love,
In strangers I'm forc'd to confide.

Isa. *Dear lady, my friend you may trust, and he'll prove*
Your servant, protector, and guide.

AIR.—CARLOS.

Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee, then reject me.
Canst thou trust, and I deceive thee?
Art thou sad, and shall I grieve thee?
Gentle maid, ah, why suspect me?
Let me serve thee, then reject me.

TRIO.—LOUISA, ISAAC, *and* CARLOS.

Lou. *Never may'st thou happy be,*
If in aught thou'rt false to me.

Isa. *Never may he happy be,*
If in aught he's false to thee.

Car. *Never may I happy be,*
If in aught I'm false to thee.

Lou *Never may'st thou, &c.*

Isa. *Never may he, &c.*

Car. *Never may I, &c.*

[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Library in Don Jerome's house.*

Enter DON JEROME *and* ISAAC.

Jer. Ha, ha, ha! run away from her father! Has she given him the slip? Ha, ha, ha! Poor Don Guzman!

Isa. Ay; and I am to conduct her to Antonio; by which means, you see, I shall hamper him so that he can give me no disturbance with your daughter: this is a trap, isn't it? a nice stroke of cunning, eh?

Jer. Excellent, excellent! Yes, yes; carry her to him, hamper him by all means: ha, ha, ha! Poor Don Guzman! an old fool! imposed on by a girl!

Isa. Nay, they have the cunning of serpents, that's the truth on't.

Jer. Psha! they are cunning only when they have fools to deal with. Why don't my girl play me such a trick? Let her cunning over-reach my caution, I say - eh, little Isaac!

Isa. True, true; or let me see any of the sex make a fool of me. No, no; egad; little Solomon (as my aunt used to call me) understands tricking a little too well.

Jer. Ay, but such a driveller as Don Guzman!

Isa. And such a dupe as Antonio!

Jer. True; sure never were seen such a couple of credulous simpletons; but, come, 'tis time you should see my daughter: you must carry on the siege by yourself, friend Isaac.

Isa. Sir, you'll introduce—

Jer. No: I have sworn a solemn oath not to see or speak to her, till she renounce her disobedience; win her to that, and she gains a father and a husband at once.

Isa. 'Gad! I shall never be able to deal with her alone. Nothing keeps me in such awe as perfect beauty: now there is something consoling and encouraging in ugliness.

SONG.—ISAAC.

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good-humour to make her his toast;
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care;
If brown, it is lasting; more pleasing if fair;
And though in her face I no dimples should see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green;
Be they light grey, or black, their lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice; only let her have two.

'Tis true, I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

Jer. You will change your note, my friend, when you've seen Louisa.

Isa. Oh! Don Jerome, the honour of your alliance—

Jer. Ay, but her beauty will affect you. She is, though I say it, who am her father, a very prodigy. There you will see features with an eye like mine; yes, i'faith! there is a kind of wicked sparkling; something of a roguish brightness, that shews her to be my own.

Isa. Pretty rogue!

Jer. Then, when she smiles, you'll see a little dimple in one cheek only; a beauty it is certainly, yet you shall not say which is prettiest, the cheek with the dimple, or the cheek without.

Isa. Pretty rogue!

Jer. Then the roses on those cheeks are shaded with a sort of velvet down, that gives a delicacy to the glow of health.

Isa. Pretty rogue!

Jer. Her skin pure dimity, yet more fair, being spankled here and there with a golden freckle.

Iso. Charming, pretty rogue! Pray, how is the tone of her voice?

Jer. Remarkably pleasing; but if you could prevail on her to sing, you would be enchanted; she is a nightingale; a Virginia nightingale; but, come, come, her maid shall conduct you to her antechamber.

Isa. Well, egad! I'll pluck up resolution, and meet her frowns intrepidly.

Jer. Ay, woo her briskly. Win her, and give me a proof of your address, my little Solomon.

Isa. But, hold! I expect my friend Carlos to call on me here. If he comes, will you send him to me?

Jer. I will. Lauretta! Come, she'll shew you to the room. What, do you droop? Here's a mournful face to make love with! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Louisa's dressing-room.*

Enter Maid and ISAAC.

Maid. Sir, my mistress will wait on you presently. (*Goes to the door.*)

Isa. When she's at leisure; don't hurry her. [*Exit Maid.*] I wish I had ever practised a love-scene. I doubt I shall make a poor figure, I couldn't be more afraid if I were going before the Inquisition! So! the door opens; yes, she's coming; the very rustling of her silk has a disdainful sound.

Enter the DUENNA, *dressed as Louisa.*

Now daren't I look round for the soul of me. Her beauty will certainly strike me dumb if I do. I wish she'd speak first.

Duen. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Isa. So, the ice is broken, and a pretty civil beginning, too! Hem! madam—miss, I'm all attention.

Duen. Nay, sir, 'tis I who should listen, and you propose.

Isa. Egad! this isn't so disdainful, neither. I believe I may venture to look. No; I daren't; one glance of those roguish sparklers would fix me again.

Duen. You seem thoughtful, sir: let me persuade you to sit down.

Isa. So, so; she mollifies apace: she's struck with my figure! this attitude has had its effect.

Duen. Come, sir, here's a chair.

Isa. Madam, the greatness of your goodness overpowers me. That a lady so lovely should deign to turn her beauteous eyes on me, so——

(*She takes his hand, he turns and sees her.*)

Duen. You seem surprised at my condescension.

Isa. Why, yes, madam, I am a little surprised at it. Zounds! this can never be Louisa: she's as old as my mother.

(*Aside.*)

Duen. But former prepossessions give way to my father's commands.

Isa. (*Aside.*) Her father! Yes, 'tis she, then. Lord, lord! how blind some parents are!

Duen. Signor Isaac!

Isa. Truly, the little damsel was right; she has rather a matronly air, indeed. Ah! 'tis well my affections are fixed on her fortune, and not on her person.

(*Aside.*)

Duen. Signor, won't you sit?

(*She sits.*)

Isa. Pardon me, madam, I have scarce recovered my astonishment at—your condescension, madam. She has the devil's own dimples, to be sure.

(*Aside.*)

Duen. Nay, you shall not stand. (*He sits.*) I do not wonder, sir, that you are surprised at my affability; I own, signor, that I was vastly prepossessed against you, and being teased by my father, I did give some encouragement to Antonio; but, then, sir, you were described to me as quite a different person.

Isa. Ay, and so you were to me, upon my soul, madam.

Duen. But when I saw you, I was never more struck in my life.

Isa. That was just my case too, madam; I was struck all on a heap, for my part.

Duen. Well, sir, I see our misapprehension has been mutual; you expected to find me haughty and averse, and I was taught to believe you a little, black, snub-nosed fellow, without person, manners, or address.

Isa. Egad! I wish she had answered her picture as well.

(*Aside.*)

Duen. But, sir, your air is noble—something so liberal in your carriage, with so penetrating an eye, and so bewitching a smile!

Isa. Egad! now I look at her again, I don't think she is so ugly.

(*Aside.*)

Duen. So little like a Jew, and so much like a gentleman.

Isa. Well, certainly there is something pleasing in the tone of her voice.

(*Aside.*)

Duen. You will pardon this breach of decorum in praising you thus; but my joy at being so agreeably deceived has given me such a flow of spirits!

Isa. Oh! dear lady, may I thank those dear lips for this goodness. (*Kisses her.*) Why, she has a pretty sort of velvet down, that's the truth on't!

(*Aside.*)

Duen. Oh! sir, you have the most insinuating manner—but, indeed, you should get rid of that odious beard; one might as well kiss a hedge-hog.

Isa. Yes, madam: the razor wouldn't be amiss—for either of us. (*Aside.*) Could you favour me with a song.

Duen. Willingly, sir, though I am rather hoarse Ahem!

(*Begins to sing.*)

Isa. Very like a Virginia nightingale! (*Aside.*) Madam, I perceive you're hoarse: I beg you'll not distress——

Duen. Oh! not in the least distressed; now, sir.

SONG.—DUENNA.

When a tender maid
Is first essayed
By some admiring swain,
How her blushes rise,
If she meet his eyes,
While he unfolds his pain;
If he take her hand, she trembles quite,
Touch her lips, and she swoons outright.
While pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her fright.

But in time appear
Fewer signs of fear,
The youth she boldly views,
If her hand he grasps,
Or her bosom clasps,
No mantling blush ensues.
Then to church well plea'd the lovers move,
While her smiles her contentment prove,
And pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her love.

Isa. Charming, madam! enchanting! and, truly, your notes put me in mind of one that's very dear to me; a lady, indeed, whom you greatly resemble.

Duen. How! is there, then, another, so dear to you? Oh! I see how it is: I have your hand, whilst another has you heart.

Isa. Oh! no madam, you mistake; it was my mother, I meant.

Duen. Come, sir, I see you are amazed and confounded at my condescension, and know not what to say.

Isa. It is very true, indeed, madam: but it is a judgment; I look on it as a judgment on me for delaying to urge the time when you'll permit me to complete my happiness, by acquainting Don Jerome with your condescension.

Duen. Sir, I must frankly own to you, that I can never be yours with my father's consent.

Isa. Good lack! How so?

Duen. When my father in his passion swore he would never see me again till I acquiesced in his will, I also made a vow, that I would never take a husband from his hand. Nothing shall make me break that oath; but, if you have spirit and contrivance enough to carry me off without his knowledge, I'm yours.

Isa. Humph!

Duen. Nay, sir, if you hesitate—

Isa. I'faith, no bad whim this. If I take her at her word, I shall secure her fortune, and avoid making any settlement in return; thus, I shall not only cheat the lover, but the father too. Oh! cunning rogue; cunning Isaac! Ay, ay, let this little brain alone. Egad! I'll take her in the mind.

(*Aside.*)

Duen. Well, sir, what's your determination?

Isa. Madam, I was dumb only from rapture. I applaud your spirit, and joyfully close with your proposal; for which, thus let me, on this lily hand, express my gratitude.

Duen. Well, sir, you must get my father's consent to walk with me in the garden. But, by no means, inform him of my kindness to you.

Isa. No, to be sure; that would spoil all: but, trust me, when tricking is the word, let me alone for a piece of cunning. This very day you shall be out of his power.

Duen. Well, I leave the management of it all to you. I perceive plainly, sir, that you are not one that can be easily outwitted.

Isa. Egad! you're right, madam; you're right, i'faith!

Enter Maid.

Maid. Here's a gentleman at the door, who begs permission to speak with Signor Isaac.

Isa. A friend of mine, madam, and a trusty friend—let him come in. [*Exit Maid.*) He is one to be depended on, madam.

Enter CARLOS.

So, coz!

Car. (*Aside.*) I have left Donna Clara at your lodgings; but can no where find Antonio.

Isa. Well, I will search him out myself. Carlos, you rogue, I thrive, I prosper.

Car. Where is your mistress?

Isa. There, you booby, there she stands.

Car. Why, she's d—d ugly!

Isa. Hush!

(*Stops his mouth.*)

Duen. What is your friend saying, signor?

Isa. Oh! madam, he is expressing his raptures at such charms as he never saw before; eh, Carlos?

Car. Ay, such as I never saw before, indeed!

Duen. You are a very obliging gentleman. Well, Signor Isaac, I believe we had better part for the present. Remember our plan.

Isa. Oh! madam, it is written in my heart, fixed as the image of those divine beauties. Adieu, idol of my soul! Yet once more permit me—

(*Kisses her.*)

Duen. Sweet, courteous sir, adieu!

Isa. Your slave eternally. Come, Carlos, say something civil at taking leave.

Car. I'faith! Isaac, she is the hardest woman to compliment I ever saw; however, I'll try something I had studied for the occasion.

(*Aside.*)

SONG.—CARLOS.

Ah! sure a pair was never seen,
So justly form'd to meet by nature;
The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in ev'ry grace and feature.

Oh! how happy are such lovers.
When kindred beauty each discovers;
For surely she
Was made for thee,
And thou to bless this lovely creature.

So mild your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the task of duty;
The boys with all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty.
Oh! how happy to inherit
At once such graces and such spirit!
Thus while you live,
May fortune give
Each blessing equal to your merit.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Library.*

DON JEROME *and* FERDINAND *discovered.*

Jer. Object to Antonio? I have said it: his poverty; can you acquit him of that?

Ferd. Sir, I own he is not over rich; but he is of as ancient and honourable a family as any in the kingdom.

Jer. Yes, I know the beggars are a very ancient family in most kingdoms; but never in great repute, boy.

Ferd. Antonio, sir, has many amiable qualities.

Jer. But he is poor; can you clear him of that, I say? Is he not a gay, dissipated rake, who has squandered his patrimony?

Ferd. Sir, he inherited but little: and that his generosity, more than his profuseness, has stripped him of; but he has never sullied his honour, which, with his title, has outlived his means.

Jer. Psha! you talk like a blockhead. Nobility, without an estate, is as ridiculous as gold lace on a frieze coat.

Ferd. This language, sir, would better become a Dutch or English trader, than a Spaniard.

Jer. Yes; and those Dutch and English traders, as you call them, are the wiser people. Why, booby, in England, they were, formerly, as nice, as to birth and family, as we are: but they have long discovered what a wonderful purifier gold is; and now, no one there regards pedigree in any thing but a horse. Oh! here comes Isaac! I hope he has prospered in his suit.

Ferd. Doubtless, that agreeable figure of his must have helped his suit surprisingly.

Jer. How now?

(*Ferdinand walks aside.*)

Enter ISAAC.

Well, my friend, have you softened her?

Isa. Oh! yes; I have softened her.

Jer. What! does she come to?

Isa. Why, truly, she was kinder than I expected to find her.

Jer. And the dear little angel was civil, eh?

Isa. Yes, the pretty little angel was very civil.

Jer. I'm transported to hear it. Well, and you were astonished at her beauty, eh?

Isa. I was astonished, indeed! Pray, how old is miss?

Jer. How old? Let me see—eight and twelve—she is twenty.

Isa. Twenty?

Jer. Ay, to a month.

Isa. Then, upon my soul, she is the oldest-looking girl of her age in Christendom.

Jer. Do you think so? But, I believe, you will not see a prettier girl.

Isa. Here and there one.

Jer. Louisa has the family face.

Isa. Yes, egad! I should have taken it for a family face, and one that has been in the family some time, too.

(*Aside.*)

Jer. She has her father's eyes.

Isa. Truly, I should have guessed them to have been so. If she had her mother's spectacles, I believe she would not see the worse.

(*Aside.*)

Jer. Her aunt Ursula's nose, and her grandmother's forehead, to a hair.

Isa. Ay, faith! and her grandfather's chin to a hair.

(*Aside.*)

Jer. Well, if she was but as dutiful as she's handsome—and, harkye! friend Isaac, she is none of your made-up beauties; her charms are of the lasting kind.

Isa. I'faith! so they should; for if she be but twenty now, she may be double her age, before her years will overtake her face.

Jer. Why, zounds! master Isaac, you are not sneering, are you?

Isa. Why, now, seriously, Don Jerome, do you think your daughter handsome?

Jer. By this light, she's as handsome a girl as any in Seville.

Isa. Then, by these eyes, I think her as plain a woman as ever I beheld.

Jer. By St. Jago, you must be blind.

Isa. No, no; 'tis you are partial.

Jer. How! have I neither sense nor taste? If a fair skin, fine eyes, teeth of ivory, with a lovely bloom, and a delicate shape; if these, with a heavenly voice, and a world of grace, are not charms, I know not what you call beautiful.

Isa. Good lack! with what eyes a father sees! As I have life, she is the very reverse of all this; as for the dimity skin you told me of, I swear, 'tis a thorough nankeen as ever I saw; for her eyes, their utmost merit is not squinting; for her teeth, where there is one of ivory, its neighbour is pure ebony, black and white alternately, just like the keys of an harpsichord. Then, as to her singing, and heavenly voice; by this hand, she has a shrill, cracked pipe, that sounds, for all the world like a child's trumpet.

Jer. Why, you little Hebrew scoundrel, do you mean to insult me? Out of my house, I say!

Ferd. Dear sir, what's the matter?

(*Advancing.*)

Jer. Why, this Israelite here has the impudence to say your sister's ugly.

Ferd. He must be either blind or insolent.

Isa. So I find they are all in a story. Egad! I believe I have gone too far. (*Aside.*)

Ferd. Sure, sir, there must be some mistake; it can't be my sister whom he has seen.

Jer. 'Sdeath! you are as great a fool as he! What mistake can there be? Did not I lock up Louisa? and haven't I the key in my own pocket? And didn't her maid shew him into the dressing-room? And yet you talk of a mistake? No; the Portuguese meant to insult me; and, but that this roof protects him, old as I am, this sword should do me justice.

Isa. I must get off as well as I can; her fortune is not the less handsome. (*Aside.*)

DUET.—ISAAC AND JEROME.

Isa. *Believe me, good sir, I ne'er meant to offend.*
My mistress I love, and I value my friend!
To win her, and wed her, is still my request,
For better, for worse, and I swear I don't jest.

Jer. *Zounds! you'd best not provoke me, my rage is so high.*

Isa. *Hold him fast, I beseech you, his rage is so high;*
Good sir, you're too hot, and this place I must fly.

Jer. *You're a knave and a sot, and this place you'd best fly.*

Isa. Don Jerome, come now, let us lay aside all joking, and be serious.

Jer. How?

Isa. Ha, ha, ha! I'll be hanged if you haven't taken my abuse of your daughter seriously.

Jer. You meant it so, did not you?

Isa. Oh, mercy, no! a joke; just to try how angry it would make you.

Jer. Was that all, i'faith? I didn't know you had been such a wag. Ha, ha, ha! By St. Jago! you made me very angry, though. Well, and do you think Louisa handsome?

Isa. Handsome! Venus de Medicis was a sybil to her.

Jer. Give me your hand, you little jocose rogue. Egad! I thought we had been all off.

Ferd. So! I was in hopes this would have been a quarrel; but I find the Jew is too cunning.

(*Aside.*)

Jer. Ay, this gust of passion has made me dry. I am seldom ruffled. Order some wine in the next room. Let us drink the poor girl's health. Poor Louisa! Ugly, eh? Ha, ha, ha! 'Twas a very good joke, indeed.

Isa. And a very true one, for all that.

(*Aside.*)

Jer. And, Ferdinand, I insist upon your drinking success to my friend.

Ferd. Sir, I will drink success to my friend, with all my heart.

Jer. Come, little Solomon, if any sparks of anger had remained, this would be the only way to quench them.

TRIO.—JEROME, FERDINAND, *and* ISAAC.

A bumper of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker,
Than justice, judge, or vicar.
So fill a cheerful glass,
And let good humour pass.
But if more deep the quarrel,
Why, sooner drain the barrel,
Than be the hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he's mellow.
A bumper, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Isaac's Lodgings.*

Enter LOUISA.

Lou. Was ever truant daughter so whimsically circumstanced as I am? I have sent my intended

husband to look after my lover; the man of my father's choice is gone to bring me the man of my own; but how dispiriting is this interval of expectation!

SONG.—LOUISA.

What bard, oh! time, discover,
With wings first made thee move?
Ah! sure he was some lover,
Who ne'er had left his love.

For who that once did prove
The pangs which absence brings,
Tho' but one day
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings?

Enter CARLOS.

So, friend, is Antonio found?

Car. I could not meet with him, lady; but I doubt not, my friend Isaac will be here with him presently.

Lou. Oh, shame! You have used no diligence. Is this your courtesy to a lady, who has trusted herself to your protection?

Car. Indeed, madam, I have not been remiss.

Lou. Well, well; but if either of you had known how each moment of delay weighs upon the heart of her who loves, and waits the object of her love oh! ye would not then, have trifled thus.

Car. Alas, I know it too well.

Lou. Were you ever in love, then?

Car. I was, lady; but while I have life, will never be again.

Lou. Was your mistress so cruel?

Car. If she had always been so, I should have been happier.

SONG.—CARLOS.

Oh, had my love ne'er smil'd on me,
I ne'er had known such anguish;
But think how false, how cruel she,
To bid me cease to languish.
To bid me hope her hand to gain.
Breathe on a flame half perish'd;
And then with cold and fix'd disdain,
To kill the hope she cherish'd.
Not worse his fate, who on a wreck,
That drove as winds did blow it;
Silent had left the shatter'd deck,
To find a grave below it.
Then land was cried—no more resign'd,
He glow'd with joy to hear it,
Nor worse his fate, his woe to find,
The wreck must sink ere near it.

Lou. As I live, here is your friend coming with Antonio. I'll retire for a moment to surprise him. [*Exit.*

Enter ISAAC *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. Indeed, my good friend, you must be mistaken. Clara d'Almanza in love with me, and employ you to bring me to meet her! It is impossible.

Isa. That you shall see in an instant. Carlos, where is the lady? In the next room is she?

Ant. Nay, if that lady is really there, she certainly wants me to conduct her to a dear friend of mine, who has long been her lover.

Isa. Paha! I tell you 'tis no such thing. You are the man she wants, and nobody but you. Here's a do to persuade you to take a pretty girl that's dying for you!

Ant. But I have no affection for this lady.

Isa. And you have for Louisa, eh? but take my word for it, Antonio, you have no chance there; so you may as well secure the good that offers itself to you.

Ant. And could you reconcile it to your conscience to supplant your friend?

Isa. Pish! Conscience has no more to do with gallantry, than it has with politics. Why, you are no honest fellow, if love can't make a rogue of you; so come, do go in, and speak to her at least.

Ant. Well, I have no objection to that.

Isa. (*Opens the door.*) There, there she is! yonder by the window. Get in, do. (*Pushes him in, and half shuts the door.*) Now, Carlos, now I shall hamper him, I warrant. Stay, I'll peep how they go on. Egad! he looks confoundedly posed. Now, she's coaxing him. See, Carlos he begins to come to: ay, ay, he'll soon forget his conscience.

Car. Look; now they are both laughing!

Isa. Ay, so they are. Yes, yes; they are laughing at the dear friend he talked of. Ay, poor devil, they have outwitted him.

Car. Now he's kissing her hand.

Isa. Yes, yes, 'faith, they are agreed. He's caught, he's entangled. My dear Carlos, we have brought it about. Oh! this little cunning head! I'm a Machiavel—a very Machiavel.

Car. I hear somebody inquiring for you. I'll see who it is. [*Exit.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* LOUISA.

Ant. Well, my good friend, this lady has so entirely convinced me of the certainty of your success at Don Jerome's, that I now resign my pretensions there.

Isa. You never did a wiser thing, believe me; and as for deceiving your friend, that's nothing at all; tricking is all fair in love, isn't it, ma'am?

Lou. Certainly, sir; and I am particularly glad to find you are of that opinion.

Isa. Oh! lud, yes, ma'am. Let any one outwit me, that can, I say. But here, let me join your hands; there, you lucky rogue! I wish you happily married, from the bottom of my soul

Lou. And I am sure, if you wish it, no one else should prevent it.

Isa. Now, Antonio, we are rivals no more; so let us be friends, will you?

Ant. With all my heart, Isaac.

Isa. It is not every man, let me tell you, that would have taken such pains, or been so generous to a rival.

Ant. No, 'faith! I don't believe there's another besides yourself in all Spain.

Isa. Well, but you resign all pretensions to the other lady?

Ant. That I do, most sincerely.

Isa. I doubt you have a little hankering there still.

Ant. None in the least, upon my soul.

Isa. I mean after her fortune.

Ant. No, believe me. You are heartily welcome to every thing she has.

Isa. Well, 'faith, you have had the best of the bargain, as to beauty, twenty to one. Now I'll tell you a secret; I am to carry off Louisa this very evening.

Ant. Indeed!

Isa. Yes, she has sworn not to take a husband from her father's hand; so, I've persuaded him to trust her to walk with me in the garden, and then we shall give him the slip.

Lou. And is not Don Jerome to know anything of this?

Isa. Oh! lud, no; there lies the jest. Don't you see, that by this step I over-reach him? I shall be entitled to the girl's fortune, without settling a ducat on her. Ha, ha, ha! I'm a cunning dog, a'n't I? A sly little villain, eh?

Lou. Ha, ha, ha! you are, indeed!

Isa. Roguish, you'll say, but keen, eh?—devilish keen?

Ant. So you are, indeed; keen—very keen.

Iso. And what a laugh we shall have at Don Jerome's, when the truth comes out, eh?

Lou. Yes, I'll answer for it, we shall have a good laugh, when the truth comes out. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter CARLOS.

Car. Here are the dancers come to practise the fandango you intended to have honoured Donna Louisa with.

Isa. Oh, I sha'n't want them: but as I must pay them, I'll see a caper for my money. Will you excuse me?

Lou. Willingly.

Isa. Here's my friend, whom you may command for any service. Madam, your most obedient. Antonio, I wish you all happiness. Oh, the easy blockhead! what a tool I have made of him! This was a master-piece. (*Aside.*)

[*Exit.*

Lou. Carlos, will you be my guard again, and convey me to the Convent of St. Catherine?

Ant. Why, Louisa—why should you go there?

Lou. I have my reasons, and you must not be seen to go with me; I shall write from thence to my father; perhaps, when he finds what he has driven me to, he may relent.

Ant. I have no hopes from him. Oh, Louisa, in these arms should be your sanctuary.

Lou. Be patient but for a little while. My father cannot force me thence. But let me see you there before evening, and I will explain myself.

Ant. I shall obey.

Lou. Come, friend. Antonio, Carlos has been a lover himself.

Ant. Then he knows the value of his trust.

Car. You shall not find me unfaithful.

TRIO.—ANTONIO, CARLOS, *and* LOUISA.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast,
Where love has been received a welcome guest,
As wand'ring saints poor huts have sacred made,
He hallows ev'ry heart he once has sway'd;
And when his presence we no longer share,
Still leaves compassion as a relic there.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

Enter JEROME *and a Servant.*

Jer. Why, I never was so amazed in my life! Louisa gone off with Isaac Mendoza! What! steal away with the very man whom I wanted her to marry? elope with her own husband, as it were? It is impossible!

Serv. Her maid says, sir, they had your leave to walk in the garden, while you were abroad. The door by the shrubbery was found open, and they have not been heard of since. [*Exit.*

Jer. Well, it is the most unaccountable affair. 'Sdeath! there is certainly some infernal mystery in it I can't comprehend.

Enter Second Servant, with a letter.

Serv. Here is a letter, sir, from Signor Isaac.

[*Exit.*

Jer. So, so! this will explain. Ay, Isaac Mendoza. Let me see. (*Reads.*)

"Dearest Sir,—You must, doubtless, be much surprised at my flight with your daughter." Yes, 'faith, and well I may. "I had the happiness to gain her heart at our first interview." The devil you had! "But she having unfortunately made a vow not to receive a husband from your hands, I was obliged to comply with her whim." So, so! "We shall shortly throw ourselves at your feet; and I hope you will have a blessing ready for one who will then be your son-in-law.

"ISAAC MENDOZA."

A whim, eh? Why, the devil's in the girl, I think! This morning, she would die, sooner than have him; and before evening, she runs away with him! Well, well, my will's accomplished, let the motive be what it will; and the Portuguese, surely, will never deny to fulfil the rest of the article.

Enter Servant, with another letter.

Serv. Sir, here's a man below, who says he brought this from my young lady, Donna Louisa.

[*Exit.*

Jer. How! Yes, it is my daughter's hand, indeed! Lord, there was no occasion for them both to write. Well, let's see what she says. (*Reads.*) "My dearest Father,—How shall I entreat your pardon for the rash step I have taken;—how confess the motive?" Pish! hasn't Isaac just told me the motive? One would think they were not together when they wrote. "If I have a spirit too resentful of ill-usages, I have also a heart easily affected by kindness." So, so! here the whole matter comes out; her resentment for Antonio's ill-usage has made her sensible of Isaac's kindness. Yes, yes; it is all plain enough. Well:—"I am not married yet, though with a man I am convinced adores me."—Yes, yes; I dare say Isaac is very fond of her.—"But I shall anxiously expect your answer, in which should I be so fortunate as to receive your consent, you will make completely happy, your ever affectionate daughter—Louisa." My consent? To be sure she shall have it. Egad! I was never better pleased. I have fulfilled my resolution; I knew I should. Oh! there's nothing like obstinacy. Lewis!

Enter Servant.

Let the man who brought the last letter, wait; and give me pen and ink below. I am impatient to set poor Louisa's heart at rest. Hallo! Lewis! Sancho!

Enter Servants.

See that there be a noble supper provided in the saloon to-night. Serve up my best wines, and let me have music, d'ye hear?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Jer. And order all my doors to be thrown open; admit all guests, with masks, or without masks. I'faith! we'll have a night of it; and I'll let them see how merry an old man can be.

[*Exeunt Servants*

SONG.—JEROME.

Oh! the days when I was young,
When I laugh'd in fortune's spite,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night!
Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.

Truth, they say, lies in a well;
Why, I vow, I ne'er cou'd see,
Let the water-drinkers tell;
There it always lay for me.
For when the sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falsehood's mask,
But still honest truth I found
In the bottom of each flask.

True, at leng'h my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey.
Yet, o'd Jerome, thou may'st boast,
While thy spirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's frost,
Glows a spark of youthful fire.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The New Piazza.*

Enter FERDINAND *and* LOPEZ.

Ferd. What! could you gather no tidings of her, nor guess where she was gone? Oh! Clara, Clara!

Lop. In truth, sir, I could not. That she was run away from her father, was in everybody's mouth; and that Don Guzman was in pursuit of her was also a very common report. Where she was gone, or what was become of her, no one could take upon him to say.

Ferd. 'Sdeath and fury, you blockhead! she can't be out of Seville.

Lop. So I said to myself, sir: "'Sdeath and fury, you blockhead, (says I,) she can't be out of Seville." Then some said she had hanged herself for love; and others have it, Don Antonio had carried her off.

Ferd. 'Tis false, scoundrel! no one said that.

Lop. Then I misunderstood them, sir.

Ferd. Go, fool, get home, and never let me see you again till you bring me news of her. [*Exit Lopez.*] Oh! how my fondness for this ungrateful girl has hurt my disposition!

Enter ISAAC.

Isa. So! I have her safe, and have only to find a priest to marry us. Antonio now may marry Clara, or not, if he pleases.

Ferd. What? what was that you said of Clara?

Isa. Oh! Ferdinand, my brother-in-law, that shall be, who thought of meeting you!

Ferd. But what of Clara?

Isa. I'faith, you shall hear. This morning, as I was coming down, I met a pretty damsel, who told me her name was Clara d'Almanza, and begged my protection.

Ferd. How!

Isa. She said she had eloped from her father, Don Guzman, but that love for a young gentleman in Seville, was the cause.

Ferd. Oh, heavens! did she confess it?

Isa. Oh! yes; she confessed at once; but, then, says she, my lover is not informed of my flight, nor suspects my intention.

Ferd. Dear creature! no more I did, indeed. Oh! I am the happiest fellow! (*Aside.*) Well, Isaac?

Isa. Why, then, she entreated me to find him out for her, and bring him to her.

Ferd. Good heavens, how lucky! Well, come along, let's lose no time.

(*Pulling him.*)

Isa. Zooks! where are we to go?

Ferd. Why, did anything more pass?

Isa. Anything more? yes; the end on't was, that I was moved with her speeches, and complied with her desires.

Ferd. Well, and where is she?

Isa. Where is she? Why, don't I tell you I complied with her request, and left her safe in the arms of her lover.

Ferd. 'Sdeath! you trifle with me. I have never seen her.

Isa. You! Oh, lud, no! How the devil should you? 'Twas Antonio she wanted: and with Antonio I left her.

Ferd. Hell and madness! (*Aside.*) What! Antonio d'Ercilla?

Isa. Ay, ay, the very man; and the best part of it was, he was shy of taking her at first. He talked a good deal about honour and conscience, and deceiving some dear friend; but, lord! we soon over-ruled that.

Ferd. You did?

Isa. Oh! yes, presently. "Such deceit," says he.—"Pish! (says the lady,) tricking is all fair in love."—"But then, my friend," (says he).—"Psha! d——n your friend," (says I). So, poor wretch, he has no chance. No, no; he may hang himself as soon as he pleases.

Ferd. I must go, or I shall betray myself.

(*Aside.*)

Isa. But stay, Ferdinand, you haven't heard the best of the joke.

Ferd. Curse on your joke!

Isa. Good lack! what's the matter now? I thought to have diverted you.

Ferd. Be racked! tortured! damned—

Isa. Why, surely, you are not the poor devil of a lover, are you? I'faith! as sure as can be, he is. This is a better joke than t'other. Ha, ha, ha!

(*Aside.*)

Ferd. What! do you laugh? you vile, mischievous varlet! (*Collars him.*) But that you're beneath my anger, I'd tear your heart out.

(*Throws him from him.*)

Isa. Oh! mercy! Here's usage for a brother-in-law!

Ferd. But, harkye, rascal! tell me directly where these false friends are gone; or, by my soul——

(*Draws.*)

Isa. For heaven's sake, now, my dear brother-in-law, don't be in a rage. I'll recollect as well as I can.

Ferd. Be quick, then!

Isa. I will, I will; but people's memories differ; some have a treacherous memory; now mine is a cowardly memory; it takes to its heels at sight of

a drawn sword; it does, i'faith! and I could as soon fight as recollect.

Ferd. Zounds! tell me the truth, and I won't hurt you.

Isa. No, no; I know you won't, my dear brother-in-law; but that ill-looking thing there—

Ferd. What, then, you won't tell me?

Isa. Yes! yes! I will—I'll tell you all, upon my soul! But why need you listen sword in hand?

Ferd. Why, there. (*Puts up.*) Now?

Isa. Why, then, I believe, they are gone to—that is, my friend Carlos told me, he had left Donna Clara—dear Ferdinand, keep your hands off—at the convent of St. Catherine.

Ferd. St. Catherine.

Isa. Yes; and that Antonio was to come to her there.

Ferd. Is this the truth?

Isa. It is, indeed; and all I know, as I hope for life.

Ferd. Well, coward, take your life. 'Tis that false, dishonourable Antonio, who shall feel my vengeance.

Isa. Ay, ay, kill him; cut his throat and welcome.

Ferd. But, for Clara—infamy on her; she is not worth my resentment.

Isa. No more she is, my dear brother-in-law. I'faith! I would not be angry about her; she is not worth it, indeed.

Ferd. 'Tis false! She is worth the enmity of princes.

Isa. True, true; so she is; and I pity you exceedingly for having lost her.

Ferd. 'Sdeath, you rascal! how durst you talk of pitying me?

Isa. Oh! dear brother-in-law, I beg pardon, I don't pity you in the least, upon my soul.

Ferd. Get hence, fool, and provoke me no further; nothing but your insignificance saves you.

Isa. I'faith! then my insignificance is the best friend I have. I'm going, dear Ferdinand. What a cursed hot-headed bully he is!

[*Aside.—Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Garden of the Convent.*

Enter LOUISA *and* CLARA.

Lou. And you really wish my brother may not find you out?

Cla. Why else have I concealed myself under this disguise?

Lou. Why, perhaps, because the dress becomes you; for you certainly don't intend to be a nun for life.

Cla. If indeed, Ferdinand had not offended me so last night—

Lou. Come, come, it was his fear of losing you made him so rash.

Cla. Well, you may think me cruel; but I swear, if he were here this instant—I believe I should forgive him.

SONG.—CLARA.

By him we love offended,
How soon our anger flies;
One day apart, 'tis ended;
Behold him, and it dies.

Last night your roving brother,
Enrag'd I bade depart,
And sure his rude presumption
Deserv'd to lose my heart.

Yet, were he now before me,
In spite of injur'd pride,
I fear my eyes would pardon,
Before my tongue could chide.

Lou. I protest, Clara, I shall begin to think you are seriously resolved to enter on your probation.

Cla. And, seriously, I very much doubt whether the character of a nun would not become me best.

Lou. Why, to be sure the character of a nun is a very becoming one at a masquerade; but no pretty woman, in her senses, ever thought of taking the veil for above a night.

Cla. Yonder I see your Antonio is returned. I shall only interrupt you. Ah! Louisa, with what happy eagerness you turn to look for him!

[*Exit.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Well, my Louisa, any news since I left you?

Lou. None. The messenger is not returned from my father.

Ant. Well, I confess I do not perceive what we are to expect from him.

Lou. I shall be easier, however, in having made the trial; I do not doubt your sincerity, Antonio; but there is a chilling air around poverty, that often kills affection, that was not nursed in it. If we would make love our household god, we had best secure him a comfortable roof.

SONG.—ANTONIO.

How oft, Louisa, hast thou told,
Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown,
Thou would'st not lose Antonio's love,
To reign the partner of a throne!
And by those lips, that spoke so kind,
And by that hand, I've press'd to mine,
To be the lord of wealth and power,
By heav'ns, I would not part with thine!

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not buy?
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
In serving thee, a monarch I.
Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss,
And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

Enter Maid, with a letter.

Lou. My father's answer, I suppose.

Ant. My dearest Louisa, you may be assured that it contains nothing but threats and reproaches.

Lou. Let us see, however. (*Reads.*) "Dearest daughter, make yourself happy; you have my full consent to marry as your whim has chosen, but be sure come home and sup with your affectionate father."

Ant. You jest, Louisa!

Lou. (*Gives him the letter.*) Read—read.

Ant. 'Tis so, by heavens! Sure there must be some mistake; but that's none of our business. Now, Louisa, you have no excuse for delay.

Lou. Shall we not, then, return and thank my father?

Ant. But first let the priest put it out of his power to recall his word. I'll fly to procure one.

Lou. Nay, if you part with me again, perhaps you may lose me.

Ant. Come, then; there is a friar of a neighbouring convent who is my friend. You have already been diverted by the manners of a nunnery; let us see, whether there is less hypocrisy among the holy fathers.

Lou. I'm afraid not, Antonio; for in religion, as in friendship, those who profess most are ever the least sincere.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CLARA.

Cla. So! yonder they go, as happy as a mutual and confessed affection can make them, while I am left in solitude. Heigho! Love may, perhaps, excuse the rashness of an elopement from one's friend, but I am sure, nothing but the presence of the man we love can support it. Ha? what do I see? Ferdinand, as I live! How could he gain admission? By potent gold, I suppose, as Antonio did. How eager and disturbed he seems; he shall not know me as yet. (*Lets down her veil.*)

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Yes; those were certainly they: my information was right.

(*Going.*)

Cla. (*Stops him.*) Pray, signor, what is your business here?

Ferd. No matter—no matter. Oh! they stop. (*Looks out.*) Yes, that is the perfidious Clara, indeed!

Cla. So; a jealous error: I'm glad to see him so moved.

(*Aside.*)

Ferd. Her disguise can't conceal her. No, no; I know her too well.

Cla. Wonderful discernment! but, signor—

Ferd. Be quiet, good nun, don't tease me. By heavens! she leans upon his arm, hangs fondly on it! Oh! woman, woman!

Cla. But, signor, who is it you want?

Ferd. Not you, not you! so, pr'ythee, don't tease me. Yet, pray, stay: gentle nun, was it not Donna Clara d'Almanza just parted from you?

Cla. Clara d'Almanza, signor, is not yet out of the garden.

Ferd. Ay, ay I knew I was right. And pray, is not that gentleman now at the porch with her, Antonio d'Ercilla?

Cla. It is indeed, signor.

Ferd. So, so! now but for one question more. Can you inform me for what purpose they have gone away?

Cla. They are gone to be married, I believe.

Ferd. Very well. Enough. Now if I don't mar their wedding—

[*Exit.*

Cla. (*Unveils.*) I thought jealousy had made lovers quick sighted; but it has made mine blind. Louisa's story accounts to me for this error; and I am glad to find I have power enough over him to make him so unhappy. But why should not I be present at his surprise, when undeceived? When he's through the porch, I'll follow him; and, perhaps, Louisa shall not singly be a bride.

SONG.—CLARA.

Adieu! thou dreary pile, where never dies
The sullen echo of repentant sighs;
Ye sister mourners of each lonely cell,
Inured to hymns and sorrow, fare ye well!
For happier scenes I fly this darksome grove,
To saints a prison, but a tomb to love.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Court before the Priory.*

Enter ISAAC, *followed by* ANTONIO.

Ant. What, my friend Isaac!

Isa. What, Antonio! Wish me joy! I have Louisa safe.

Ant. Have you? I wish you joy with all my soul.

Isa. I have come here to procure a priest to marry us.

Ant. So! then we are both on the same errand; I am come to look for Father Paul.

Isa. Ah! I am glad on't. But, i'faith! he must take me first; my love is waiting.

Ant. And so is mine. I left her in the porch.

Isa. Ay, but I am in haste to get back to Don Jerome.

Ant. And so am I, too.

Isa. Well, perhaps he'll save time, and marry us both together; or I'll be your father, and you shall be mine. Come along; but you are obliged to me for all this.

Ant. Yes, yes.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Priory. Friars at the table drinking.*

GLEE AND CHORUS.

This bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine;
We, planets, that are not able
Without his help to shine.
Let mirth and glee abound;
You'll soon grow bright,
With borrow'd light,
And shine as he goes round.

Paul. Brother Francis, toss the bottle about, and give me your toast.

Fran. Have we drunk the abbess of St. Ursuline?

Paul. Yes, yes; she was the last

Fran. Then I'll give you the blue-eyed nun of St. Catherine's.

Paul. With all my heart. (*Drinks.*) Pray, brother Francis, were there any benedictions left in my absence.

Fran. Don Juan Corduba has left a hundred ducats to remember him in our masses.

Paul. Has he? Let them be paid to our wine-merchant, and we'll remember him in our glasses, which will do just as well. Anything more?

Fran. Yes; Baptista, the rich miser, who died last week, has bequeathed us a thousand pistoles, and the silver lamp, he used in his own chamber, to burn before the image of St. Anthony.

Paul. 'Twas well meant; but we'll employ his money better. Baptista's bounty shall light the living, not the dead. St. Anthony is not afraid to be left in the dark, though he was. (*A knocking without.*) See who's there.

(*They clear the table, and retire behind the curtain. Francis goes to the door and opens it.*)

Enter Porter.

Por. Here's one without, in pressing haste to speak with Father Paul.

Fran. Brother Paul!

(Paul comes from behind the curtain with a glass of wine and a piece of cake.)

Paul. Here! How durst you, fellow, thus abruptly break in upon our devotions?

Por. I thought you were finished.

Paul. No, they were not; were they, brother Francis?

Fran. Not by a bottle each. *(Aside.)*

Paul. But neither you nor your fellows mark how the hours go. No; you mind nothing but the gratifying of your appetites. Ye eat, and swill, and sleep, and gormandize, and thrive, while we are wasting in mortification.

Por. We ask no more than nature craves.

Paul. 'Tis false; ye have more appetites than hairs; and your flushed, sleek, and pampered appearance, is the disgrace of our order. Out on't! If you are hungry, can't you be content with the wholesome roots of the earth; and if you are dry, isn't there the crystal spring? *(Drinks.)* Put this away, *(gives a glass)* and show me where I'm wanted. *(Porter drains the glass. Paul going, returns.)* So! you would have drunk it, if there had been any left. Ah! glutton, glutton! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Court before the Priory.*

Enter ISAAC *and* ANTONIO.

Isa. A plaguy while coming, this same Father Paul. He's detained at vespers, I suppose, poor fellow.

Ant. No; here he comes.

Enter PAUL.

Good Father Paul, I crave your blessing.

Isa. Yes, good Father Paul, we are come to beg a favour.

Paul. What is it, pray?

Isa. To marry us, good Father Paul; and in truth, thou dost look the very priest of Hymen.

Paul. In short, I may be called so; for I deal in repentance and mortification.

Isa. No, no; thou seemest an officer of Hymen, because thy presence speaks content and good humour.

Paul. Alas! my appearance is deceitful. Bloated I am, indeed; for, fasting is a windy recreation, and it hath swoln me like a bladder.

Ant. But thou hast a good fresh colour in thy face, father; rosy, i'faith!

Paul. Yes, I have blushed for mankind, till the hue of my shame is as fixed as their vices.

Isa. Good man!

Paul. And I have laboured, too; but to what purpose? They continue to sin under my very nose.

Isa. I fecks! father, I should have guessed as much; for your nose seems to be put to the blush more than any other part of your face.

Paul. Go, you're a wag.

Ant. But to the purpose, father. Will you officiate for us?

Paul. To join young people thus clandestinely is not safe; and, indeed, I have in my heart many weighty reasons against it.

Ant. And I have in my hand many weighty reasons for it. Isaac, haven't you an argument or two in our favour about you?

Isa. Yes, yes; here is a most unanswerable purse.

Paul. For shame! you make me angry: you forget who I am; and when importunate people have forced their trash—ay, into this pocket, here—or into this—why, then, the sin was theirs. *(They put money into his pockets.)* Fie! now, how you distress me. I would return it, but that I must touch it that way, and so wrong my oath.

Ant. Now, then, come with us.

Isa. Ay, now give us your title to joy and rapture.

Paul. Well, when your hour of repentance comes, don't blame me.

Ant. No bad caution to my friend Isaac. *(Aside.)* Well, well, father, do you do your part, and I'll abide the consequence.

Isa. Ay, and so will I. *(They are going.)*

Enter LOUISA, *running.*

Lou. Oh! Antonio, Ferdinand is at the porch, and inquiring for us.

Isa. Who? Don Ferdinand! He's not inquiring for me, I hope.

Ant. Fear not, my love; I'll soon pacify him. *(To Louisa.)*

Isa. Egad! you won't Antonio, take my advice, and run away; this Ferdinand is the most unmerciful dog, and has the cursedest long sword; and upon my soul, he comes on purpose to cut your throat.

Ant. Never fear, never fear.

Isa. Well, you may stay if you will; but I'll get some one to marry me; for, by St. Jago, he shall never marry me again, while I am master of a pair of heels. *(Runs out.)*

Enter FERDINAND.

(Louisa veils herself.)

Ferd. So, sir, I have met with you at last;

Ant. Well, sir?

Ferd. Base, treacherous man! whence can a false, deceitful soul, like yours, borrow confidence, to look so steadily on the man you've injured?

Ant. Ferdinand, you are too warm. 'Tis true you find me on the point of wedding one I love beyond my life; but no argument of mine prevailed on her to elope. I scorn deceit as much as you. By heaven! I knew not she had left her father's, till I saw her.

Ferd. What a mean excuse; you have wronged your friend, then, for one whose wanton forwardness anticipated your treachery; of this, indeed, your Jew pander informed me: but let your conduct be consistent, and since you have dared to do wrong, follow me, and shew you have a spirit to avow it.

Lou. Antonio, I perceive his mistake; leave him to me.

Paul. Friend, you are rude, to interrupt the union of two willing hearts.

Ferd. No, meddling priest; the hand he seeks is mine.

Paul. If so, I'll proceed no further. Lady, did you ever promise this youth your hand? *(To Louisa, who shakes her head.)*

Ferd. Clara, I thank you for your silence: I would not have heard your tongue avow such falsity; be it your punishment to remember, I have not reproached you.

Enter CLARA.

Cla. What mockery is this?

(*Aside.*)

Ferd. Antonio, you are protected now, but we shall meet.

(*Going; Clara holds one arm, and Louisa the other.*)

DUET.—LOUISA *and* CLARA.

Lou. *Turn thee round, I pray thee,*
Calm awhile thy rage.

Cla. *I must help to stay thee,*
And thy wrath assuage.

Lou. *Couldst thou not discover*
One so dear to thee?

Cla. *Canst thou be a lover,*
And thus fly from me?

(*Both unveil.*)

Ferd. How's this! my sister! Clara too! I'm confounded.

Lou. 'Tis even so, good brother.

Paul. How! what impiety! Did the man want to marry his own sister?

Lou. And are not you ashamed of yourself, not to know your own sister?

Cla. To drive away your own mistress!

Lou. Don't you see how jealousy blinds people?

Cla. Ay, and will you ever be jealous again?

Ferd. Never, never. You, sister, I know, will forgive me; but how, Clara, shall I presume—

Cla. No, no, just now you told me not to tease you. "What do you want, good signor?" "Not you, not you." Oh! you blind wretch! But swear never to be jealous again, and I'll forgive you.

Ferd. By all—

Cla. There, that will do: you'll keep the oath just as well.

(*Gives her hand.*)

Lou. But, brother, here is one to whom some apology is due.

Ferd. Antonio, I am ashamed to think—

Ant. Not a word of excuse, Ferdinand; I have not been in love myself without learning that a lover's anger should never be resented. But, come, let us retire with this good father, and we'll explain to you the cause of this error.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Oft does Hymen smile to hear
Wordy vows of feign'd regard;
Well he knows when they're sincere;
Never slow to give reward;
For his glory is to prove
Kind to those who wed for love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A grand Saloon.*

Enter DON JEROME *and Servants.*

Jer. Be sure, now, let everything be in the best order; let all my servants have on the merriest faces; but tell them to get as little drunk as possible, till after supper.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is Signor Isaac.

Enter ISAAC.

Jer. So, my dear son-in-law! There, take my blessing and forgiveness. But where's my daughter? where's Louisa?

Isa. She's without, impatient for a blessing, but almost afraid to enter.

Jer. Oh, fly, and bring her in. [*Exit Isaac.*] Poor girl, I long to see her pretty face.

Isa. (*Without.*) Come, my charmer! my trembling angel!

Enter ISAAC *and the* DUENNA.

Jer. (*Runs to meet them; she kneels.*) Come to my arms, my—(*Starts back.*) Why, who the devil have we here?

Isa. Nay, Don Jerome, you promised her forgiveness; see how the dear creature droops!

Jer. Droops, indeed! Why, gad take me, this is old Margaret. But where's my daughter, where's Louisa?

Isa. Why here, before your eyes. Nay, don't be abashed, my sweet wife.

Jer. Wife, with a vengeance! Why, zounds! you have not married the Duenna?

Duen. (*Kneeling.*) Oh, dear papa, you'll not disown me, sure.

Jer. Papa, papa! Why, zounds! your impudence is as great as your ugliness.

Isa. Rise, my charmer; go, throw your snowy arms about his neck, and convince him you are—

Duen. Oh, sir, forgive me.

(*Embraces him.*)

Jer. Help, murder!

Servants. What's the matter, sir?

Jer. Why, here, this d—d Jew has brought an old harridan to strangle me.

Isa. Lord, it is his own daughter; and he is so hard-hearted he won't forgive her.

Enter ANTONIO *and* LOUISA.

(*They kneel.*)

Jer. Zounds and fury! What's here now? Who sent for you, sir, and who the devil are you?

Ant. This lady's husband, sir.

Isa. Ay, that he is, I'll be sworn: for I left them with the priest, and was to have given her away,

Jer. You were?

Isa. Ay, that's my honest friend Antonio; and that's the little girl I told you I had hampered him with.

Jer. Why, you are either drunk or mad: this is my daughter.

Isa. No, no; 'tis you are both drunk and mad, I think. Here's your daughter.

Jer. Harkye! old iniquity, will you explain all this, or not?

Duen. Come, then, Don Jerome, I will; though our habits might inform you all. Look on your daughter there, and on me.

Isa. What's this I hear?

Duen. The truth is, that in your passion, this morning, you made a small mistake; for you turned your daughter out of doors, and locked up your humble servant.

Isa. Oh, lud! oh, lud! here's a pretty fellow, to turn his daughter out of doors, instead of an old duenna.

Jer. And oh, lud! Oh, lud! here's a pretty fel-

low, to marry an old duenna, instead of my daughter. But how came the rest about?

Duen. I have only to add, that I remained in your daughter's place, and had the good fortune to engage the affections of my sweet husband here.

Isa. Her husband! why, you old witch, do you think I'll be your husband now? This is a trick, a cheat, and you ought all to be ashamed of yourselves.

Ant. Harkye! Isaac, do you dare to complain of tricking? Don Jerome, I give you my word, this cunning Portuguese has brought all this upon himself, by endeavouring to over-reach you, by getting your daughter's fortune, without making any settlement in return.

Jer. Over-reach me!

Lou. 'Twas so, indeed, sir; and we can prove it to you.

Jer. Why, gad take me! it must be so; or he could never have put up with such a face as Margaret's. So, little Solomon, I wish you joy of your wife, with all my soul.

Lou. Isaac, tricking is all fair in love. Let you alone for a plot!

Ant. A cunning dog, aren't you? A sly little villain, eh?

Lou. Roguish, perhaps; but keen, devilish keen!

Jer. Yes, yes; his aunt always called him little Solomon.

Isa. Why, the plagues of Egypt upon you all? But do you think I'll submit to such an imposition?

Ant. Isaac, one serious word: you'd better be content as you are; for, believe me, you will find that, in the opinion of the world, there is not a fairer subject for contempt and ridicule, than a knave become the dupe of his own art.

Isa. I don't care. I'll not endure this. Don Jerome, 'tis you have done this; you would be so cursed positive about the beauty of her you locked up, and all the time, I told you she was as old as my mother, and as ugly as the devil.

Duen. Why, you little insignificant reptile! Dares such a thing as you pretend to talk of beauty? A walking reuleau! a body that seems to owe all its consequence to the dropsy! a pair of eyes like two dead beetles in a wad of brown dough! a beard like an artichoke, with dry shrivelled jaws, that would disgrace the mummy of a monkey!

Jer. Well done, Margaret!

Duen. But you shall know that I have a brother, who wears a sword, and if you don't do me justice——

Isa. Fire seize your brother, and you too! I'll fly to Jerusalem to avoid you.

Duen. Fly where you will, I'll follow you.

Jer. Throw your snowy arms about him, Margaret. [*Exeunt Isaac and Duenna.*] But, Louisa, are you really married to this modest gentleman?

Lou. Sir, in obedience to your commands, I gave him my hand within this hour.

Jer. My commands?

Ant. Yes, sir; here is your consent under your own hand.

Jer. How! would you rob me of my child by a trick, a false pretence? And do you think to get her fortune by the same means? Why, 'slife! you are as great a rogue as Isaac.

Ant. No, Don Jerome; though I have profited by this paper, in gaining your daughter's hand, I scorn to obtain her fortune by deceit. There, sir. (*Gives a letter.*) Now give her your blessing for a dower, and all the little I possess shall be settled on her in return. Had you wedded her to a prince, he could do no more.

Jer. Why, gad take me! but you are a very extraordinary fellow. But have you the impudence to suppose no one can do a generous action but yourself? Here, Louisa, tell this proud fool of yours, that's he's the only man I know that would renounce your fortune; and, by my soul, he's the only man in Spain that's worthy of it. There, bless you both: I'm an obstinate old fellow when I'm in the wrong; but you shall now find me as steady in the right.

Enter FERDINAND *and* CLARA.

Another wonder still! Why, sirrah! Ferdinand, you have not stolen a nun, have you?

Ferd. She is a nun in nothing but her habit, sir. Look nearer, and you will perceive 'tis Clara d'Almanza, Don Guzman's daughter; and, with pardon for stealing a wedding, she is also my wife.

Jer. Gadsbud! and a great fortune. Ferdinand, you are a prudent young rogue, and I forgive you, and, ifecks! you are a pretty little damsel. Give your father-in-law a kiss, you smiling rogue!

(*She kisses him.*)

Cla. There, old gentleman; and now mind you behave well to us.

Jer. Ifecks! those lips haven't been chilled by kissing beads. Egad! I believe, I shall grow the best humoured fellow in Spain. Lewis! Sancho! Carlos! d'ye hear? Are all my doors thrown open? Our children's weddings are the only holidays our age can boast; and then we drain, with pleasure, the little stock of spirits time has left us. (*Music within.*) But see, here come our friends and neighbours!

Enter Masqueraders.

And, i'faith! we'll make a night on't, with wine, and dance, and catches: then old and young shall join us.

FINALE.

Jer. *Come now for jest and smiling,*
Both old and young beguiling;
Let us laugh and play, so blythe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Lou. *Thus crown'd with dance and song,*
The hours shall glide along.
With a heart at ease, merry, merry glees,
Can never fail to please.

Ferd. *Each bride with flushes glowing;*
Our wine as rosy flowing.
Let us laugh and play, so blythe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Ant. *Then healths to every friend,*
The night's repast shall end;
With a heart at ease, merry, merry glees,
Can never fail to please.

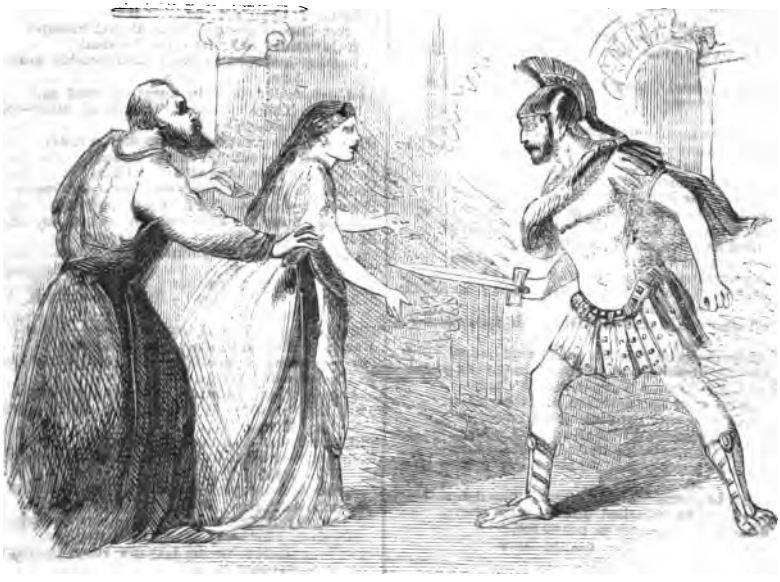
Cla. *Nor, while we are so joyous,*
Shall anxious fear annoy us,
Let us laugh and play, so blythe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Jer. *For generous guests like these,*
Accept the wish to please;
So we'll laugh and play, so blythe and gay
Your smiles drive care away.

[*Exeunt.*

THE ROMAN FATHER.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS—BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.



Horatius.—"DISTRACTION! DRIVE HER OFF!"—*Act* V, *scene* 1.

Persons Represented.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.	PUBLIUS.	SOLDIERS.
HORATIUS.	VOLSCINIUS.	VALERIA.
VALERIUS.	CITIZENS.	HORATIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Horatius's house.*

VOLSCINIUS *crosses the stage,* HORATIA *following.*

Horatia. Stay, soldier. As you parted from my father,
Something I overheard of near concern,
But all imperfectly. Said you not, Alba
Was on the brink of fate, and Rome determin'd
This day to crush her haughty rival's power,
Or perish in th' attempt?

Vol. 'Twas so resolv'd,
This morning, lady, ere I left the camp.
Our heroes are tired out with lingering war,
And half-unmeaning fight.

Horatia. Then this day
Is fix'd for death or conquest? *(He bows.)* To me death,
Whoever conquers! *(Aside.)* I detain you, sir.
Commend me to my brothers; say, I wish—
But wherefore should I wish? The gods will crown
Their virtues with the just success they merit—
Yet let me ask you, sir—

Vol. My duty, lady,

Commands me hence. Ere this, they have engag'd;
And conquest's self would lose its charms to me,
Should I not share the danger.

(As Volscinius goes out, enter VALERIA, *who looks first on him, and then on Horatia.)*

Valeria. My dear Horatia, wherefore wilt thou court
The means to be unhappy? Still inquiring,
Still more to be undone. I heard it too;
And flew to find thee, ere the fatal news
Had hurt thy quiet, that thou might'st have learnt it
From a friend's tongue, and dress'd in gentler terms.

Horatia. Oh, I am lost, Valeria! lost to virtue.
Ev'n while my country's fate, the fate of Rome,
Hangs on the conqueror's sword, this breast can feel
A softer passion, and divide its cares.
Alba to me is Rome. Wouldst thou believe it?
I would have sent by him, thou saw'st departing,
Kind wishes to my brothers; but my tongue
Denied its office, and this rebel heart
Ev'n dreaded their success. Oh! Curiatius,
Why art thou there, or why an enemy?

Valeria. Forbear this self-reproach; he is thy husband,
And who can blame thy fears? If fortune make him
Awhile thy country's foe, she cannot cancel
Vows register'd above. What, though the priest
Had not confirm'd it at the sacred altar,
Yet were your hearts united, and that union
Approv'd by each consenting parent's choice
Your brothers lov'd him as a friend, a brother;
And all the ties of kindred pleaded for him,
And still must plead, whate'er our heroes teach us,
Of patriot strength. Our country may demand
We should be wretched, and we must obey;
But never can require us not to feel
That we are miserable: nature there
Will give the lie to virtue.

Horatia. True; yet sure
A Roman virgin should be more than woman.
Are we not early taught to mock at pain,
And look on danger with undaunted eyes?
But what are dangers, what the ghastliest form
Of death itself?—Oh! were I only bid
To rush into the Tiber's foaming wave,
Or from the height
Of yon Tarpeian rock, whose giddy steep
Has turn'd me pale with horror at the sight,
I'd think the task were nothing! but to bear
These strange vicissitudes of torturing pain,
To fear, to doubt, and to despair as I do—

Valeria. And why despair? Have we so idly learn'd
The noblest lessons of our infant days,
Our trust above? Does there not still remain
The wretch's last retreat, the gods, Horatia?
'Tis from their awful wills our evils spring
And at their altars may we find relief.
Say, shall we thither?—Look not thus dejected,
But answer me. A confidence in them,
Ev'n in this crisis of our fate, will calm
Thy troubled soul, and fill thy breast with hope.

Horatia. Talk not of hope! What should I hope?
That Alba conquer?—Cursed be every thought
Which looks that way!

Valeria. Forbear, forbear, Horatia
Nor fright me with the thought. Rome cannot fall.
Think on the glorious battles she has fought;
Has she once fall'd, though oft exposed to danger?
And has not her immortal founder promis'd
That she should rise the mistress of the world?

Horatia. And if Rome conquers, then Horatia dies.

Valeria. Why wilt thou form vain images of horror,
Industrious to be wretched? Is it then
Become impossible that Rome should triumph,
And Curiatius live? He must, he shall;
Protecting gods shall spread their shields around him,
And love shall combat in Horatia's cause.

Horatia. Think'st thou so meanly of him?—No, Valeria;
His soul's too great to give me such a trial;
Or could it ever come, I think, myself,
Thus lost in love, thus abject as I am,
I should despise the slave, who dar'd survive
His country's ruin. Ye immortal powers!
I love his fame too well, his spotless honour,
At least I hope I do, to wish him mine
On any terms which he must blush to own.

(Shout.)

What means that shout?—Might we not ask, Valeria?
Didst thou not wish me to the temple!—Come,
I will attend thee thither: the kind gods
Perhaps may ease this throbbing heart, and spread
At least a temporary calm within.

Valeria. Alas, Horatia! 'tis not to the temple
That thou wouldst fly; the shout alone alarms thee.
But do not thus anticipate thy fate;
Why shouldst thou learn each chance of varying war?
Stay but an hour, perhaps, and thou shalt know
The whole at once. I'll send—I'll fly myself
To ease thy doubts, and bring thee news of joy.

Horatius. *(Without.)* What ho! Vindicius.

Valeria. Hark! 'tis thy father's voice, he comes to cheer thee.

Enter HORATIUS *and* VALERIUS.

Horatius. *(Entering.)* News from the camp, my child!—
Save you, sweet maid!

(Seeing Valeria.)

Your brother brings the tidings, for, alas!
I am no warrior now; my useless age,
Far from the paths of honour, loiters here
In sluggish inactivity at home.
Yet I remember—

Horatia. You'll forgive us, sir,
If with impatience we expect the tidings.

Horatius. I had forgot; the thought of what I was
Engross'd my whole attention. Pray, young soldier,
Relate it for me: you beheld the scene,
And can report it justly.

Valerius. Gentle lady,
The scene was piteous, though its end be peace.

Horatia. Peace! O, my fluttering heart! by what kind means?

Valerius. 'Twere tedious, lady, and unnecessary
To paint the disposition of the field;
Suffice it, we were arm'd, and front to front
The adverse legions heard the trumpet's sound:
But vain was the alarm, for motionless,
And wrapt in thought, they stopp'd; the kindred ranks
Had caught each other's eyes, nor dar'd to lift
The faultering spear against the breast they lov'd.
Again the alarm was given, and now they seem'd
Preparing to engage, when once again
They hung their drooping heads, and inward mourn'd:
Then nearer drew, and at the third alarm,
Casting their swords and useless shields aside,
Rush'd to each other's arms.
Horatius. 'Twas so, just so,
(Though I was then a child, yet I have heard
My mother, weeping, oft relate the story)
Soft pity touch'd the breast of mighty chiefs,
Romans and Sabines, when the matrons rush'd
Between their meeting armies, and oppos'd
Their helpless infants, and their heaving breasts,
To their advancing swords, and bade them there
Sheathe all their vengeance. But I interrupt you—
Proceed, Valerius; they would hear the event.
And yet, methinks, the Albans—pray go on.
Valerius. Our king Hostilius from a rising mound
Beheld the tender interview, and join'd
His friendly tears with theirs; then swift advanc'd,
Ev'n to the thickest press, and cried, My friends,
If thus we love, why are we enemies?
Shall stern ambition, rivalship of power,
Subdue the soft humanity within us?
Are we not join'd by every tie of kindred?
And can we find no method to compose
These jars of honour, these nice principles
Of virtue, which infest the noblest mind?
Horatius. There spoke his country's father! this transcends
The flight of earth-born kings, whose low ambition
But tends to lay the face of nature waste,
And blast creation!—How was it receiv'd?
Valerius. As he himself could wish, with eager transport.
In short, the Roman and the Alban chiefs
In council have determin'd, that since glory
Must have her victims, and each rival state,
Aspiring to dominion, scorns to yield,
From either army shall be chose three champions,
To fight the cause alone, and whate'er state
Shall prove superior, their acknowledged power
Shall fix the imperial seat, and both unite
Beneath one common head.
Horatia. Kind heaven, I thank thee!
Bless'd be the friendly grief, that touch'd their souls!
And bless'd the tongue,
Which brings the gentle tidings!
Valeria. Now, Horatia,
Your idle fears are o'er.
Horatia. Yet one remains.
Who are the champions? are they yet elected?
Has Rome—
Valerius. The Roman chiefs now meet in council.
And ask the presence of the sage Horatius.
Horatius. (*After a pause.*) But still, methinks, I like not this, to trust
The Roman cause to such a slender hazard;
Three combatants! 'tis dangerous—
Horatia. (*In a fright.*) My father!
Horatius. I might, perhaps, prevent it—
Horatia. Do not, sir, oppose the kind decree.
Valerius. Rest satisfied,
Sweet lady, 'tis so solemnly agreed to
Not even Horatius's advice can shake it.
Horatius. And yet, 'twere well to end these civil broils:
The neigh'ring states might take advantage of them.
Would I were young again! how glorious
Were death in such a cause! And yet, who knows,
Some of my boys may be selected for it—
Perhaps may conquer! Grant me that, kind gods,
And close my eyes in transport!—Come, Valerius,
I'll but despatch some necessary orders,
And straight attend thee. Daughter, if thou lov'st
Thy brothers, let thy prayers be pour'd to heav'n,
That one, at least, may share the glorious task.
[*Exit.*
Valerius. Rome cannot trust her cause to worthier hands.
They bade me greet you, lady.
(*To Horatia.*)
Horatia. (*With some hesitation.*) My brothers, gentle sir, you said were well.
Saw you their noble friends, the Curiatii?
The truce, perhaps, permitted it.
Valerius. Yes, lady,
I left them jocund in your brothers' tent,
Like friends, whom envious storms awhile had parted,
Joying to meet again.
Horatia. Sent they no message?
Valerius. None, fair one, but such general salutation
As friends would bring unbid.
Horatia. Said Caius nothing?
Valerius. Caius?
Horatia. Ay, Caius; did he mention me?
Valerius. 'Twas slightly, if he did, and 'scapes me now—
Oh, yes, I do remember, when your brother
Ask'd him, in jest, if he had aught to send,
To sooth a love-sick maid, (your pardon, lady.)
He smil'd, and cried, Glory's the soldier's mistress.
Horatia. Sir, you'll excuse me—something of importance—
My father may have business——Oh, Valeria!
(*Aside to Valeria.*)
Talk to thy brother, know the fatal truth
I dread to hear, and let me learn to die,
If Curiatius has indeed forgot me.
Valerius. She seems disorder'd?
Valeria. Has she not cause?
Can you administer the baneful potion,
And wonder at the effect?
Valerius. You talk in riddles!
Valeria. They're riddles, brother, which your heart unfolds,
Though you affect surprise. Was Curiatius
Indeed so cold? Poor shallow artifice,
The trick of hopeless love! I saw it plainly.
Yet what could you propose? An hour's uneasiness
To poor Horatia; for be sure by that time
She sees him, and your deep-wrought schemes are air.

Valerius. What could I do? this peace has ruin'd me;
While war continued, I had gleams of hope,
Some lucky chance might rid me of my rival,
And time efface his image in her breast,
But now—

Valeria. Yes, now you must resolve to follow
The advice I gave you first, and root this passion
Entirely from your heart: for know, she dotes,
Ev'n to distraction dotes on Curiatius;
And every fear she felt while danger threaten'd,
Will now endear him more.

Valerius. Cruel Valeria,
You triumph in my pain!

Valeria. By heaven, I do not!
I only would extirpate every thought
Which gives you pain, nor leave one foolish wish
For hope to dally with.

Valerius. Yet once more assist me—
Nay, turn not from me, by my soul I meant not
To interrupt their loves. Yet, should some accident,
'Tis not impossible, divide their hearts,
I might, perhaps, have hope: therefore, till marriage
Cuts off all commerce, and confirms me wretched,
Be it thy task, my sister, with fond stories,
Such as our ties of blood may countenance,
To paint thy brother's worth, his power in arms,
His favour with the king; then mention many a fair,
No matter whom, that sighs to call you sister.

Valeria. Well, well, away—Yet tell me, ere you go,
How did this lover talk of his Horatia?

Valerius. Why will you mention that ungrateful subject?
Think what you've heard me breathe a thousand times,
When my whole soul dissolved in tenderness;
'Twas rapture all; what lovers only feel,
Or can express when felt. He had been here,
But sudden orders from the camp detain'd him.
Farewell; Horatius waits me—but remember,
My life, nay, more than life, depends on you.

[*Exit.*

Valeria. Poor youth! he knows not how I feel his anguish,
Yet dare not seem to pity what I feel,
How shall I act betwixt this friend and brother!
Should she suspect his passion, she may doubt
My friendship, too; and yet to tell it her
Were to betray his cause. No, let my heart
With the same blameless caution still proceed;
To each inclining most as most distrest:
Be just to both, and leave to heaven the rest!

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the house of Horatius.*

Enter HORATIA *and* VALERIA.

Horatia. Valeria,
This seeming negligence of Curiatius
Betrays a secret coldness at the heart.
May not long absence, or the charms of war,
Have damp'd, at least, if not efac'd, his passion?
I knew not what to think.

Valeria. Think, my Horatia,
That you're a lover, and have learn'd the art
To raise vain scruples, and torment yourself
With every distant hint of fancied ill.
Your Curiatius still remains the same.
My brother idly trifled with your passion,
Or might, perhaps, unheedingly relate
What you too nearly feel. But see, your father!

Horatia. He seems transported! sure some happy news
Has brought him back thus early. Oh, my heart!
I long, yet dread, to ask him. Speak, Valeria!

Enter HORATIUS.

Valeria. You're soon return'd, my lord.

Horatius. Return'd, Valeria!
My life, my youth's return'd: I tread in air!
I cannot speak; my joy's too great for utterance,
Oh, I could weep!—my sons, my sons are chosen
Their country's combatants; not one, but all!

Horatia. My brothers, said you, sir?

Horatius. All three, my child,
All three are champions in the cause of Rome.
Oh, happy state of fathers! thus to feel
New warmth revive, and springing life renewed
Even on the margin of the grave!

Valeria. The time
Of combat, is it fix'd?

Horatius. This day, this hour,
Perhaps, decides our doom.

Valeria. And is it known
With whom they must engage?

Horatius. Not yet, Valeria;
But with impatience we expect each moment
The resolutions of the Alban senate.
And soon may they arrive, that ere we quit
Yon hostile field, the chiefs who dar'd oppose
Rome's rising glories, may with shame confess
The gods protect the empire they have rais'd.
Where are thy smiles, Horatia? Whence proceeds
This sullen silence, when my thronging joys
Want words to speak them? Pr'ythee, talk of empire,
Talk of those darlings of my soul, thy brothers.
Call them whate'er wild fancy can suggest,
Their country's pride, the boast of future times,
The dear defence, the guardian gods of Rome!—
By heav'n, thou stand'st unmov'd, nor feels thy breast
The charms of glory, the extatic warmth
Which beams new life, and lifts us nearer heaven!

Horatia. My gracious father, with surprise and transport
I heard the tidings, as becomes your daughter,
And like your daughter, were our sex allow'd
The noble privilege which man usurps,
Could die with pleasure in my country's cause.
But yet, permit a sister's weakness, sir,
To feel the pangs of nature, and to dread
The fate of those she loves, however glorious.
And sure they cannot all survive a conflict
So desperate as this.

Horatius. Survive! By heaven,
I could not hope that they should all survive.
No; let them fall. If from their glorious deaths
Rome's freedom spring, I shall be nobly paid
For every sharpest pang the parent feels.
Had I a thousand sons, in such a cause

I could behold them bleeding at my feet,
And thank the gods with tears!

Enter PUBLIUS HORATIUS.

Pub. My father!

(*Offering to kneel.*)

Horatius. Hence!
Kneel not to me—stand off: and let me view
At distance, and with reverential awe,
The champion of my country! Oh, my boy!
That I should live to this—my soul's too full;
Let this, and this speak for me—Bless thee, bless thee!

(*Embracing him.*)

But wherefore art thou absent from the camp?
Where are thy brothers? Has the Alban state
Determin'd? Is the time of combat fix'd?
Pub. Think not, my lord, that filial reverence,
However due, had drawn me from the field,
Where nobler duty calls; a patriot's soul
Can feel no humbler ties, nor knows the voice
Of kindred, when his country claims his aid.
It was the king's command I should attend you,
Else had I stay'd till wreaths immortal graced
My brows, and made thee proud indeed to see
Beneath thy roof, and bending for thy blessing
Not thine, Horatius, but the son of Rome!
Horatius. Oh, virtuous pride!—'tis bliss too exquisite
For human sense!—thus let me answer thee.

(*Embracing him again.*)

Where are my other boys?
Pub. They only wait
Till Alba's loit'ring chiefs declare her champions,
Our future victims, sir, and with the news
Will greet their father's ear.
Horatius. It shall not need.
Myself will to the field. Come, let us haste,
My old blood boils, and my tumultuous spirits
Pant for the onset. Oh! for one short hour
Of vigorous youth, that I might share the toil
Now with my boys, and be the next my last!
Horatia. My brother!
Pub. My Horatia! ere the dews
Of evening fall, thou shalt with transport own me;
Shalt own thy country's saviour in thy arms,
Or bathe his honest bier with tears of joy.
Thy lover greets thee, and complains of absence
With many a sigh, and many a longing look
Sent tow'rd the towers of Rome.
Horatia. Methinks, a lover
Might take th' advantage of the truce, and bear
His kind compliments himself, nor trust his vows
To other tongues, or be obliged to tell
The passing winds his passion.
Pub. Dearest sister,
He with impatience waits the lucky moment
That may with honour bear him to your arms.
Didst thou but hear how tenderly he talks,
How blames the dull delay of Alban councils,
And chides the ling'ring minutes as they pass,
Till fate determines, and the tedious chiefs
Permit his absence, thou wouldst pity him.
But soon, my sister, soon shall every bar
Which thwarts thy happiness be far away.
We are no longer enemies to Alba,
This day unites us, and to-morrow's sun
May hear thy vows, and make my friend, my brother.
Horatius. (*Having talked apart with Valeria.*)
'Tis truly Roman! Here's a maid, Horatia,
Laments her brother lost the glorious proof
Of dying for his country. Come, my son,
Her softness will infect thee; pr'ythee, leave her.
Horatia. (*Looking first to her father, and then tenderly on her brother.*)
Not till my soul has pour'd its wishes for him
Hear me, dread god of war, protect and save him!

(*Kneeling.*)

For thee, and thy immortal Rome, he fights!
Dash the proud spear from every hostile hand
That dares oppose him; may each Alban chief
Fly from his presence, or his vengeance feel!
And when in triumph he returns to Rome,

(*Rising.*)

Hail him, ye maids, with grateful songs of praise,
And scatter all the blooming spring before him;
Curs'd be the envious brow that smiles not then,
Curs'd be the wretch that wears one mark of sorrow,
Or flies not thus with open arms to greet him!

Enter TULLUS HOSTILIUS, VALERIUS, and *Guards.*

Valerius. The king, my lord, approaches.
Horatius. Gracious sir,
Whence comes this condescension?
Tullus. Could I have found a nobler messenger,
I would have spar'd myself th' ungrateful task
Of this day's embassy, for much I fear
My news will want a welcome.
Horatius. Mighty king!
Forgive an old man's warmth—they have not sure
Made choice of other combatants! My sons,
Must they not fight for Rome?
Tullus. Too sure they must.
Horatius. Then I am blest.
Tullus. But that they must engage
Will hurt thee most when thou shalt know with whom.
Horatius. I care not whom.
Tullus. Suppose your nearest friends,
The Aurintii, were the Alban choice.
Could you bear that? Could you, young man, support
A conflict there?
Pub. I could perform my duty,
Great sir; though even a brother should oppose me.
Tullus. Thou art a Roman! Let thy king embrace thee.
Horatius. And let thy father catch thee from his arms!
Tullus. Know then, that trial must be thine. The Albans
With envy saw one family produce
Three chiefs, to whom their country dar'd entrust
The Roman cause, and scorn'd to be undone.
Horatia. Then I am lost indeed!

(*Swoons.*)

Pub. My sister!
Valeria. My Horatia!
Horatius. Oh, foolish girl, to shame thy father thus!
Here, bear her in.

(*Horatia is carried in, Valerius and Valeria follow.*)

I am concern'd, my sovereign,

That even the meanest part of me should blast
With impious grief a cause of so much glory.
But let the virtue of my boy excuse it.

Tullus. It does most amply. She has cause for sorrow.
The shock was sudden, and might well alarm
A firmer bosom.
We leave her to her tears. For you, young soldier,
You must prepare for combat. Some few hours
Are all that are allow'd you. But I charge you
Try well your heart, and strengthen every thought
Of patriot in you. Think how dreadful 'tis
To plant a dagger in the breast you love;
To spurn the ties of nature, and forget
In one short hour whole years of virtuous friendship.
Think well on that.

Pub. I do, my gracious sovereign;
And think, the more I dare subdue affection,
The more my glory.

Tullus. True; but yet consider,
Is it an easy task to change affections?
In the dread onset can your meeting eyes
Forget their usual intercourse, and wear
At once the frown of war, and stern defiance?
Will not each look recall the fond remembrance
Of childhood past, when the whole open soul
Breath'd cordial love, and plighted many a vow
Of tend'rest import! Think on that, young soldier,
And tell me if thy breast be still unmov'd?

Pub. Think not, oh king! howe'er resolv'd on 'combat,
I sit so loosely to the bonds of nature,
As not to feel their force. I feel it strongly.
I love the Curiatii, and would serve them
At life's expense: but here a nobler cause
Demands my sword: for all connexions else,
All private duties are subordinate
To what we owe the public. Partial ties,
Of son and father, husband, friend, or brother,
Owe their enjoyments to the public safety,
And without that were vain. Nor need we, sir,
Cast off humanity, and to be heroes
Cease to be men. As in our earliest days,
While yet we learn'd the exercise of war,
We strove together, not as enemies,
Yet conscious each of his peculiar worth,
And scorning each to yield; so will we now
Engage with ardent, not with hostile minds,
Not fir'd with rage, but emulous of fame.

Tullus. Now I dare trust thee; go and teach thy brothers
To think like thee, and conquest is your own.
This is true courage, not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason. Come, Horatius,
Thy other sons shall meet thee at the camp;
For now I do bethink me, 'tis not fit
They should behold their sister thus alarm'd.
Haste, soldier, and detain them.

(*To one of the Guards.*)

Horatius. Gracious sir,
We'll follow on the instant.

Tullus. Then farewell.
When next we meet, 'tis Rome and liberty!

[*Exit with Guards.*

Horatius. Come, let me arm thee for the glorious toil.
I have a sword whose lightning oft has blaz'd
Dreadfully fatal to my country's foes;
This shalt thou bear; myself will gird it on,
And lead thee forth to death or victory.

(*Going.*)

And yet my Publius, shall I own my weakness?
Though I detest the cause from whence they spring,
I feel thy sister's sorrows like a father.
She was my soul's delight.

Pub. And may remain so.
This sudden shock has but alarm'd her virtue,
Not quite subdued its force. At least, my father,
Time's lenient hand will teach her to endure
The ills of chance, and reason conquer love.

Horatius. Should we not see her?

Pub. By no means, my lord;
You heard the king's commands, about my brothers,
And we have hearts as tender sure as they.
Might I advise, you should confine her closely,
Lest she infect the matrons with her grief,
And bring a stain we should not wish to fix
On the Horatian name.

Horatius. It shall be so.
We'll think no more of her. 'Tis glory calls,
And humbler passions beat alarms in vain.

[*Exit.*

As Horatius goes off, HORATIA *enters at another door.*

Horatia. Where is my brother? Oh! my dearest Publius,
If e'er you loved Horatia, ever felt
That tenderness which you have seemed to feel,
Oh, hear her now!

Pub. What wouldst thou, my Horatia?

Horatia. I know not what I would—I'm on the rack,
Despair and madness tear my lab'ring soul.
And yet, my brother, sure you might relieve me.

Pub. How? by what means? By heaven, I'll die to do it.

Horatia. You might decline the combat.

Pub. Ha!

Horatia. I do not
Expect it from thee. Pr'ythee, look more kindly.
And yet, is the request so very hard?
I only ask thee not to plunge thy sword
Into the breast thou lovest, not kill thy friend;
Is that so hard? I might have said thy brother.

Pub. What canst thou mean? Beware, beware, Horatia;
Thou know'st I dearly love thee, nay, thou know'st
I love the man with whom I must engage;
Yet hast thou faintly read thy brother's soul,
If thou canst think entreaties have the power,
Though urged with all the tenderness of tears,
To shake his settled purpose; they may make
My task more hard, and my soul bleed within me,
But cannot touch my virtue.

Horatia. 'Tis not virtue
Which contradicts our nature, 'tis the rage
Of over-weening pride. Has Rome no champions
She could oppose but you? Are there not thousands
As warm for glory, and as tried in arms,
Who might without a crime aspire to conquest,
Or die with honest fame?

Pub. Away, away!
Talk to thy lover thus. But 'tis not Caius
Thou wouldst have infamous.

Horatia. Oh! kill me not
With such unkind reproaches. Yes, I own
I love him, more——

Pub. Than a chaste Roman maid
Should dare confess.
Horatia. Should dare! What means my brother?
I had my father's sanction on my love,
And duty taught me first to feel its power.
Should dare confess! Is that the dreadful crime!
Alas! but spare him, spare thy friend, Horatius,
And I will cast him from my breast for ever.
Will that oblige thee? Only let him die
By other hands, and I will learn to hate him.
Pub. Why wilt thou talk thus madly? Love him still!
And if we fall the victims of our country,
(Which heav'n avert!) wed, and enjoy him freely.
Horatia. Oh, never, never. What, my country's bane!
The murd'rer of my brother! may the gods
First tear me, blast me, scatter me on winds,
And pour out each unheard of vengeance on me!
Pub. Do not torment thyself thus idly—Go,
Compose thyself, and be again my sister.
Enter HORATIUS *with the sword.*
Horatius. This sword in Veii's field—What dost thou here?
Leave him, I charge thee, girl—Come, come, my Publius,
Let's haste where duty calls.
Horatia. What! to the field?
He must not, shall not go;
Oh, if you have not quite cast off affection!
If you detest not your distracted sister——
Horatius. Shame of thy race, why dost thou hang upon him?
Wouldst thou entail eternal infamy
On him, on me, on all?
Horatia. Indeed I would not:
I know I ask impossibilities;
Yet pity me, my father!
Pub. Pity thee!
Begone, fond wretch, nor urge my temper thus.
By heaven, I love thee as a brother ought.
Then hear my last resolve; if Fate, averse
To Rome and us, determine my destruction,
I charge thee wed thy lover; he will then
Deserve thee nobly. Or, if kinder gods
Propitious hear the prayers of suppliant Rome,
And he should fall by me, I then expect
No weak upbraidings for a lover's death,
But such returns as shall become thy birth,
A sister's thanks for having saved her country.
[*Exit.*
Horatia. Yet stay—yet hear me, Publius——
Horatius. Forbear, rash girl, thou'lt tempt thy father
To do an outrage might perhaps distract him.
Horatia. Alas! forgive me, sir, I'm very wretched,
Indeed I am—yet I will strive to stop
This swelling grief, and bear it like your daughter.
Do but forgive me, sir.
Horatius. I do, I do—
Go in, my child, the gods may find a way
To make thee happy yet. But on thy duty,
Whate'er reports may reach, or fears alarm thee,
I charge thee come not to the field.
Horatia. I will not,
If you command it, sir. But will you then,
As far as cruel honour may permit,
Remember that your poor Horatia's life
Hangs on this dreadful contest!
[*Exit.*
Horatius. (*Looking after her.*) Spite of my boasted strength, her grief unmans me.
But let her from my thoughts! The patriot's breast
No hopes, no fears, but for his country knows,
And in her danger loses private woes.
[*Exit.*

VALERIUS *and* VALERIA *meeting.*

Valerius, Now, my Valeria, where's the charming she
That calls me to her? with a lover's haste
I fly to execute the dear command.
Valeria. 'Tis not the lover, but the friend she wants.
If thou dar'st own that name.
Valerius. The friend, my sister!
There's more than friendship in a lover's breast,
More warm, more tender is the flame he feels—
Valeria. Alas! these raptures suit not her distress:
She seeks th' indulgent friend, whose sober sense,
Free from the mists of passion might direct
Her jarring thoughts, and plead her doubtful cause.
Valerius. Am I that friend? Oh! did she turn her thought
On me for that kind office?
Valeria. Yes, Valerius.
She chose you out to be her advocate
To Curiatius; 'tis the only hope
She now dares cherish; her relentless brother
With scorn rejects her tears, her father flies her,
And only you remain to soothe her cares,
And save her ere she sinks.
Valerius. Her advocate
To Curiatius!
Valeria. 'Tis to him she sends you,
To urge her suit, and win him from the field.
But come, her sorrows will more strongly plead
Than all my grief can utter.
Valerius. To my rival!
To Curiatius plead her cause, and teach
My tongue a lesson which my heart abhors!
Impossible! Valeria, pr'ythee, say
Thou saw'st me not; the business of the camp
Confined me there. Farewell.
(*Going.*)
Valeria. What means my brother!
You cannot leave her now; for shame, turn back,
Is this the virtue of a Roman youth?
Oh, by these tears!—
Valerius. They flow in vain, Valeria;
Nay, and thou know'st they do. Oh, earth and heav'n!
This combat was the means my happier stars
Found out to save me from the brink of ruin;
And can I plead against it, turn assassin
On my own life?
Valeria. Yet thou canst murder her
Thou dost pretend to love! away, deceiver:
I'll seek some worthier messenger to plead
In beauty's cause; but first inform Horatia,
How much Valerius is the friend she thought him.
(*Going.*)
Valerius. Oh, heavens! stay, sister; 'tis an arduous task.
Valeria. I know the task is hard, and thought I knew
Thy virtue, too.
Valerius. I must, I will obey thee.
Lead on—yet, pr'ythee, for a moment leave me,
Till I can recollect my scatter'd thoughts,
And dare to be unhappy.

Valeria. My Valerius!
I fly to tell her you but wait her pleasure.
[*Exit.*

Valerius. Yes I will undertake this hateful office;
It never can succeed. Yet, at this instant,
It may be dang'rous, while the people melt
With fond compassion. No, it cannot be:
His resolution's fix'd, and virtuous pride
Forbids an alteration. To attempt it
Makes her my friend, and may afford hereafter
A thousand tender hours to move my suit.
That hope determines all. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I—*The same.*

Enter HORATIA *and* VALERIA. *Horatia with a scarf in her hand.*

Horatia. Where is thy brother? Wherefore stays he thus?
Did you conjure him? did he say he'd come?
I have no brothers now, and fly to him
As my last refuge. Did he seem averse
To thy entreaties? Are all brothers so?

Valeria. Dear maid,
Restrain your sorrows; I've already told you
My brother will, with transport, execute
Whatever you command.

Horatia. Oh! wherefore, then,
Is he away? Each moment now is precious;
If lost, 'tis lost for ever, and if gain'd,
Long scenes of lasting peace, and smiling years
Of happiness unhoped-for wait upon it.

Valeria. He will anon be here; pray, be calm;
Success is thine if it depends on him. [*Exit.*

Horatia. Success! alas, perhaps, even now too late
I labour to preserve him; the dread arm
Of vengeance is already stretch'd against him,
And he must fall. Yet, let me strive to save him.
Yes, thou dear pledge, design'd for happier hours,
(*To the scarf.*)
The gift of nuptial love, thou shalt, at least,
Essay thy power.
Oft as I framed thy web,
He sat beside me, and would say in sport,
This present, which thy love designs for me,
Shall be the future bond of peace betwixt us:
By this we'll swear a lasting love; by this,
Through the sweet round of all our days to come,
Ask what thou wilt and Curiatius grants it.
Oh! I shall try thee nearly now, dear youth!
Glory and I are rivals for thy heart,
And one must conquer.

Enter VALERIUS.

Valerius. Save you, gracious lady!
On the first message which my sister sent me
I had been here but was oblig'd by office,
Ere to their champions each resign'd her charge,
To ratify the league 'twixt Rome and Alba.

Horatia. Are they engaged, then?

Valerius. No, not yet engaged;
Soft pity for awhile suspends the onset;
The sight of near relations, arm'd in fight
Against each other, touch'd the gazers' hearts:
And senators on each side have proposed
To change the combatants.

Horatia. My blessings on them!
Think you they will succeed?

Valerius. The chiefs themselves
Are resolute to fight.

Horatia. Insatiate virtue!
I must not to the field; I am confin'd
A prisoner here: or sure, these tears would move
Their flinty breast. Oh! sir, forgive a maid,
Who dares, in spite of modesty, confess
Too soft a passion. Will you pardon me,
If I entreat you to the field again,
An humble suitor from the veriest wretch
That ever knew distress?

Valerius. Dear lady, speak!
What would you I should do?

Horatia. Oh, bear this to him.

Valerius. To whom?

Horatia. To Curiatius bear this scarf:
And tell him, if he ever truly lov'd,
If all the vows he breath'd were not false lures
To catch th' unwary mind, (and, sure, they were not!)
Oh, tell him how he may with honour cease
To urge his cruel right; the senators
Of Rome and Alba will approve such mildness.
Tell him his wife, if he will own that name,
Entreats him from the field; his lost Horatia
Begs on her trembling knees he would not tempt
A certain fate, and murder her he loves.
Tell him, if he consents, she fondly swears,
By every god the varying world adores,
To know no brother and no sire but him;
With him, if honour's harsh commands require it,
She'll wander forth, and seek some distant home,
Nor ever think of Rome or Alba more.

Valerius. Could I, sweet lady,
But paint your grief with half the force I feel it,
I need but tell it him, and he must yield.

Horatia. It may be so. Stay, stay; be sure you tell him,
If he rejects my suit, no power on earth
Shall force me to his arms.

Valeria. Away, my brother!
But oh! for pity, do your office justly.
(*Aside to Valerius.*)
Let not your passion blind your reason now;
But urge your cause with ardour.

Valerius. By my soul,
I will, Valeria. Her distress alarms me;
And I have now no interest but hers.
[*Exit.*

Horatia. He's gone. I had a thousand things—
And, yet, I'm glad he's gone. Think you, Valeria,
Your brother will delay? They may engage
Before he reaches them.

Valeria. The field's so near,
That a few minutes brings him to the place.
My dear Horatia, success is yours already.

Horatia. And yet, should I succeed, the hard-gain'd strife
May chance to rob me of my future peace.
He may not always with the eyes of love
Look on that fondness which has stabb'd his fame.
He may regret too late the sacrifice
He made to love, and a fond woman's weakness;
And think the milder joys of social life

But ill repay him for the mighty loss
Of patriot reputation.
Valeria. Pray, forbear!
And search not thus into eventful time
For ills to come.
Like some distemper'd wretch, your wayward mind
Rejects all nourishment, or turns to gall
The very balm that should relieve its anguish.
He will admire thy love, which could persuade him
To give up glory for the milder triumph
Of heartfelt ease, and soft humanity.
Horatia. I fain would hope so. Yet we hear not of him.
Your brother, much I fear, has sued in vain.
Could we not send to urge this slow express?
This dread uncertainty! I long to know
My life or death at once.
Valeria. Shall I to the walls?
I may from thence with ease survey the field,
And can despatch a messenger each moment,
To tell thee all goes well.
Horatia. My best Valeria!
Fly, then;
Thou art a Roman maid; and, though thy friendship
Detains thee here with one who scarce deserves
That sacred name, art anxious for thy country.
But yet, for charity, think kindly of me;
For thou shalt find by the event, Valeria,
I am a Roman, too, however wretched.

[*Exit Valeria.*

Am I a Roman, then? Ye powers! I dare not
Resolve the fatal question I propose.
If dying would suffice, I were a Roman:
But to stand up against this storm of passions,
Transcends a woman's weakness. Hark! what noise?
'Tis news from Curiatius! Love, I thank thee!

Enter VOLSCINIUS.

Well, does he yield? Distract me not with silence.
Say, in one word——
Vol. Your father——
Horatia. What of him?
Would he not let him yield? Oh, cruel father!
Vol. Madam, he's here——
Horatia. Who?
Vol. Borne by his attendants.
Horatia. What mean'st thou?

Enter HORATIUS, *led in by his servants.*

Horatius. Lead me yet a little onward;
I shall recover straight.
Horatia. My gracious sire!
Horatius. Lend me thy arm, Horatia. So, my child,
Be not surpris'd; an old man must expect
These little shocks of nature; they are hints
To warn us of our end.
Horatia. How are you, sir?
Horatius. Better, much better. My frail body could not
Support the swelling tumult of my soul.
Horatia. No accident, I hope, alarm'd you, sir.
My brothers——
Horatius. Here, go to the field again,
You, Cautus and Vindicius, and observe
Each circumstance. I shall be glad to hear
The manner of the fight.
Horatia. Are they engag'd?
Horatius. They are, Horatia. But, first, let me thank thee
For staying from the field. I would have seen
The fight myself, but this unlucky illness
Has forced me to retire? Where is thy friend?

Enter a Servant, who gives a paper to Horatia, and retires.

What paper's that? Why dost thou tremble so?
Here, let me open it. (*Takes the paper, and reads it.*)
From Curiatius!
Horatia. Oh, keep me not in this suspense, my father!
Relieve me from the rack.
Horatius. He tells thee here,
He dares not do an action that would make him
Unworthy of thy love; and, therefore——
Horatia. Dies!
Well, I'm satisfied.
Horatius. I see by this
Thou hast endeavour'd to persuade thy lover
To quit the combat. Couldst thou think, Horatia,
He'd sacrifice his country to a woman?
Horatia. I know not what I thought. He proves too plainly,
Whate'er it was, I was deceiv'd in him
Whom I applied to.
Horatius. Do not think so, daughter:
Could he with honour have declin'd the fight,
I should myself have join'd in thy request,
And fore'd him from the field. But think my child,
Had he consented, and had Alba's cause,
Supported by another arm, been baffled,
What, then, couldst thou expect? Would he not curse
His foolish love, and hate thee for thy fondness?
Nay, think, perhaps, 'twas artifice in thee
To aggrandize thy race, and lift their fame
Triumphant o'er his ruin and his country's.
Think well on that, and reason must convince thee.
Horatia. (*Wildly.*) Alas! had reason ever yet the power
To talk down grief, or bid the tortur'd wretch
Not feel his anguish? 'Tis impossible.
Could reason govern, I should now rejoice
They were engaged, and count the tedious moments
Till conquest smiled, and Rome again was free.
Could reason govern, I should beg of heaven
To guide my brother's sword, and plunge it deep
Ev'n in the bosom of the man I love;
I should forget he ever won my soul,
Forget 'twas your command that bade me love him,
Nay, fly, perhaps, to yon detested field,
And spurn with scorn his mangled body from me.
Horatius. Why, wilt thou talk thus? Pr'ythee be more calm.
I can forgive thy tears; they flow from nature;
And could have gladly wish'd the Alban state
Had found us other enemies to vanquish.
But heaven has will'd it, and heaven's will be done!
The glorious expectation of success
Buoys up my soul, nor lets a thought intrude
To dash my promis'd joys. What steady valour
Beam'd from their eyes! just so, if fancy's power
May form conjecture from his after-age,
Rome's founder must have look'd, when warm in youth,

And flush'd with future conquest, forth he march'd
Against proud Acron, with whose bleeding spoils
He graced the altar of Feretrian Jove.
Methinks I feel recover'd: I might venture
Forth to the field again. What, ho! Volscinius!
Attend me to the camp.
Horatia. My dearest father,
Let me entreat you stay: the tumult there
Will discompose you, and a quick relapse
May prove most dangerous. I'll restrain my tears,
If they offend you.
Horatius. Well, I'll be advis'd.
'Twere now too late: ere this they must have conquer'd.
And here's the happy messenger of glory.

Enter VALERIA.

Valeria. All's lost, all's ruin'd! freedom is no more!
Horatius. What dost thou say?
Valeria. That Rome's subdued by Alba.
Horatius. It cannot be. Where are my sons? All dead?
Valeria. Publius is still alive; the other two
Have paid the fatal debt they ow'd their country.
Horatius. Publius alive! You must mistake, Valeria.
He knows his duty better.
He must be dead, or Rome victorious.
Valeria. Thousands as well as I, beheld the combat.
After his brothers' death he stood alone,
And acted wonders against three assailants;
Till forced, at last, to save himself by flight—
Horatius. By flight! And did the soldiers let him pass?
Oh! I am ill again! The coward, villain!
(*Throwing himself into his chair.*)
Horatia. Alas! my brothers!
Horatius. Weep not for them, girl.
They've died a death which kings themselves might envy;
And whilst they lived, they saw their country free.
Oh! had I perish'd with them! But for him
Whose impious flight dishonours all his race,
Tears a fond father's heart, and tamely barters
For poor precarious life his country's glory,
Weep, weep for him, and let me join my tears!
Valeria. What could he do, my lord, when three opposed him?
Horatius. He might have died.
Oh! villain, villain, villain!
And he shall die; this arm shall sacrifice
The life he dared preserve with infamy.
(*Endeavouring to rise.*)
What means this weakness? 'Tis untimely now,
When I should punish an ungrateful boy.
Was this his boasted virtue, which could charm
His cheated sovereign, and brought tears of joy
To my old eyes? So young a hypocrite!
Oh! shame, shame, shame!
Valeria. Have patience, sir; all Rome
Beheld his valour, and approv'd his flight,
Against such opposition.
Horatius. Tell not me!
What's Rome to me? Rome may excuse her traitor;
But I'm the guardian of my house's honour,
And I will punish. Pray ye, lead me forth:
I would have air. But grant me strength, kind gods,
To do this act of justice, and I'll own,
Whate'er 'gainst Rome your awful wills decree,
You still are just and merciful to me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Horatius's house.*

Enter HORATIUS, VALERIA *following.*

Horatius. Away, away! I feel my strength renew'd,
And I will hunt the villain through the world;
No deserts shall conceal, nor darkness hide him.
He is well skill'd in flight; but he shall find
'Tis not so easy to elude the vengeance
Of a wrong'd father's arm, as to escape
His adversary's sword.
Valeria. Restrain your rage
But for a moment, sir. When you shall hear
The whole unravell'd, you'll find he's innocent.
Horatius. It cannot be.
Valeria. And see, my brother comes!
He may, perhaps, relate—
Horatius. I will not hear him;
I will not listen to my shame again.

Enter VALERIUS.

Valerius. I come with kind condolence from the king,
To soothe a father's grief, and to express—
Horatius. I've heard it all; I pray you, spare my blushes.
I want not consolation; 'tis enough
They've perish'd for their country. But the third—
Valerius. True; he, indeed, may well supply your loss,
And calls for all your fondness.
Horatius. All my vengeance:
And he shall have it, sir.
Valerius. My lord, what fault has he committed?
Horatius. Why will you double my confusion thus?
Is flight no fault?
Valerius. In such a case as his
'Twas glorious.
Horatius. Glorious! Oh! rare sophistry!
To find a way through infamy to glory!
Valerius Infamy!
What, was it infamous to save his country?
Is art a crime? Is it the name of flight
We can't forgive, though its ador'd effect
Restor'd us all to freedom, fame, and empire?
Horatius. What fame, what freedom? Who has sav'd his country?
Valerius. Your son, my lord, has done it.
Horatius. How—when—where?
Valerius. Is't possible! Did not you say you knew?
Horatius. I care not what I knew. Oh! tell me all!
Is Rome still free? Has Alba—has my son—
Tell me—
Valerius. Your son, my lord, has slain her champions.

Horatius. What, Publius?
Valerius. He.
Horatius. Were there not three remaining?
Valerius. True, there were,
But wounded all.
Horatius. Your sister here had told us
That Rome was vanquish'd, that my son was fled—
Valerius. And he did fly; but 'twas that flight preserv'd us.
All Rome, as well as she, has been deceiv'd.
Horatius. Come, relate it.
Did I not say, Valeria, that my boy
Must needs be dead, or Rome victorious?
I long to hear the manner—Well, Valerius—
Valerius. Your other sons, my lord, had paid the debt
They ow'd to Rome, and he alone remain'd
'Gainst three opponents, whose united strength,
Though wounded each, and robb'd of half their force,
Was still too great for his. Awhile he stood
Their fierce assaults, and then, pretended flight
Only to tire his wounded adversaries.
Horatius. Pretended flight, and this succeeded, ha?
Oh, glorious boy!
Valerius. 'Twas better still, my lord:
For all pursued, but not with equal speed.
Each, eager for the conquest, press'd to reach him;
Nor did the first, till 'twas too late, perceive
His fainter brothers panting far behind.
Horatius. He took them singly, then? An easy conquest;
'Twas boy's play only!
Valerius. Never did I see
Such universal joy, as when the last
Sunk on the ground beneath Horatius' sword;
Who seemed awhile to parley as a friend,
And would have given him life, but Caius scorn'd it.
Valeria. Caius! Oh, poor Horatia!
Horatius. Peace, I charge thee!
Go, dress thy face in smiles, and bid thy friend
Wake to new transports. Let ambition fire her.
What is a lover lost? There's not a youth
In Rome but will adore her. Kings will seek
For her alliance now, and mightiest chiefs
Be honour'd by her smiles. Will they not, youth?

[*Exit Valeria.*

Valerius. Most sure, my lord, this day has added worth
To her whose merit was before unequall'd.
Horatius. How could I doubt his virtue; Mighty gods!
This is true glory, to preserve his country,
And bid, by one brave act, th' Horatian name
In fame's eternal volumes be enroll'd.
Gracious heaven!
Where is he? Let me fly! and, at his feet,
Forget the father, and implore a pardon
For such injustice.
Valerius. The king, ere this,
Has from the field despatched him!
But, hark! that shout
Which sounds from far, and seems the mingled voice
Of thousands, speaks him onward on his way.
Horatius. How my heart dances! Yet I blush to meet him.
But I will on Come, come, Horatia; leave
Thy sorrow far behind, and let us fly
With open arms to greet our common glory.

[*Exit.*

Enter HORATIA *and* VALERIA.

Horatia. Yes, I will go; this father's hard command
Shall be obey'd: and I will meet the conqueror:
But not in smiles.
Valerius. Oh! go not, gentle lady!
Might I advise—
Valeria. Your griefs are yet too fresh,
And may offend him. Do not, my Horatia.
Valerius. Indeed 'twere better to avoid his presence;
It will revive your sorrows, and recall—
Horatia. Sir, when I saw you last, I was a woman.
The fool of nature, a fond prey to grief,
Made up of sighs and tears. But now, my soul
Disdains the very thought of what I was;
'Tis grown too callous to be mov'd with toys.
Observe me well: am I not nobly chang'd?
Stream my sad eyes, or heaves my breast one groan?
No: for I doubt no longer. 'Tis not grief;
'Tis resolution now, and fix'd despair.
Valeria. My dear Horatia, you strike terrors through me;
What dreadful purpose hast thou form'd? Oh! speak!
Valerius. Hear me, swet lady.
You must not go; whatever you resolve,
There is a sight, will pierce you to the soul.
Horatia. What sight?
Valerius. Alas, I should be glad to hide it;
But it is—
Horatia. What?
Valerius. Your brother wears in triumph
The very scarf I bore to Curiatius.
Horatia. (*Wildly.*) Ye gods, I thank ye! 'tis with joy I hear it.
If I should falter now, that sight would rouse
My drooping rage, and swell the tempest louder.
But, soft! they may prevent me; my wild passion
Betrays my purpose. I'll dissemble with them.
(*Sits down.*)
Valeria. How do you, my Horatia?
Horatia. Alas! my friend, 'tis madness which I utter.
Since you persuade me, then, I will not go.
But leave me to myself, I would sit here;
Alone in silent sadness pour my tears,
And meditate on my unheard-of woes.
Valerius. (*To Valeria.*) 'Twere well to humour this. But may she not,
If left alone, do outrage on herself?
Valeria. I have prevented that; she has not near her
One instrument of death.
Valerius. Retire we, then.

[*Exit with Valeria. After a short silence Horatia rises and comes forward.*

Horatia. Yes, they are gone; and now, be firm my soul!
This way I can elude their search. The heart,
Which dotes like mine, must break to be at ease.
Just now I thought, had Curiatius lived,
I could have driven him from my breast for ever.
But death has cancell'd all my wrongs at once.

They were not wrongs; 'twas virtue which undid us,
And virtue shall unite us in the grave.
I heard them say, as they departed hence,
That they had robb'd me of all means of death.
Vain thought! they knew not half Horatia's purpose.
Be resolute, my brother; let not weak
Unmanly fondness mingle with thy virtue,
And will touch thee nearly. Oh! come on,
'Tis thou alone canst give Horatia peace.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Rome.*

Chorus of Youths and Virgins, singing, and scattering branches of oak, flowers, &c.

Enter HORATIUS, *leaning on the arm of* PUBLIUS HORATIUS.

Chorus. *Thus for freedom nobly won,*
Rome her hasty tribute pours;
And on one victorious son
Half exhausts her blooming stores.

A Youth. *Scatter here the laurel crown,*
Emblem of immortal praise.
Wondrous youth! to thy renown
Future times shall altars raise.

A Virgin. *Scatter here the myrtle wreath,*
Though the bloodless victor's due;
Grateful thousands sav'd from death
Shall devote that wreath to you.

A Youth. *Scatter here the oaken bough;*
Ev'n for one av'rted fate;
We that civic meed bestow;
He saved all who sav'd the state.

Chorus. *Thus, for freedom, &c.*

Horatius. Thou dost forgive me, then; my dearest boy,
I cannot tell thee half my ecstacy.
The day which gave thee first to my glad hopes
Was misery to this. I'm mad with transport!
Why are ye silent there? Again renew
Your songs of praise, and, in a louder strain,
Pour forth your joy, and tell the list'ning spheres,
That Rome is freed, by my Horatius' hand,
Pub. No more, my friends. You must permit me, sir,
To contradict you here. Not but my soul,
Like yours, is open to the charms of praise:
There is no joy beyond it, when the mind
Of him who hears it can, with honest pride,
Confess it just, and listen to its music
But now the toils I have sustain'd require
The interval of rest, and every sense
Is deaf to pleasure. Let me leave you, friends;
We're near our home, and would be private now:
To-morrow we'll expect your kind attendance
To share our joys, and waft our thanks to heaven.

As they are going off, HORATIO *rushes in.*

Horatia. Where is this mighty chief?
Horatius. My daughter's voice!
I bade her come: she has forgot her sorrows,
And is again my child.
Horatia. Is this the hero,
That tramples nature's lies, and nobly soars
Above the dictates of humanity?
Let me observe him well.
Pub. What means my sister?
Horatia. Thy sister! I disclaim the impious title;
Base and inhuman! Give me back my husband,
My life, my soul, my murder'd Curiatius!
Pub. He perish'd for his country.
Horatia. Gracious gods!
Was't not enough that thou hadst murder'd him,
But thou must triumph in thy guilt, and wear
His bleeding spoils? Oh! let me tear them from thee;
Drink the dear drops that issued from his wounds,
More dear to me than the whole tide that swells,
With impious pride, a hostile brother's heart.
Horatius. Am I awake, or is it all illusion?
Pub. Horatia, hear me:
Yet I am calm, and can forgive thy folly;
Would I could call it by no harsher name.
But do not tempt me farther. Go, my sister,
Go hide thee from the world, nor let a Roman
Know with what insolence thou dar'st avow
The infamy, or what is more, my shame,
How tamely I forgave it. Go, Horatia.
Horatia. I will not go. What have I touch'd thee, then?
And canst thou feel? Oh! think not thou shalt lose
Thy share of anguish. I'll pursue thee still;
I'll be the fury, that shall haunt thy dreams;
Wake thee with shrieks, and place before thy sight
Thy mangled friends in all their pomp of horror.
Pub. Away with her! 'tis womanish complaining.
Think'st thou such trifles can alarm the man
Whose noblest passion is his country's love?
Horatia. Curse on my country's love! the trick ye teach us
To make us slaves beneath the mask of virtue;
To rob us of each soft endearing sense,
And violate the first great law within us.
I scorn the impious passion.
Pub. Have a care;
Thou'st touch'd a string which may awake my vengeance.
Horatia. (*Aside.*) Then it shall.
Pub. Oh! if thou dar'st profane
That sacred tie which winds about my heart,
By heaven I swear, by the great gods, who rule
The fate of empires, 'tis not this fond weakness
Nor even thy sex, which shall protect thee from me.

(*Clapping his hand on his sword.*)

Horatius. Drag her away: thou'lt make me curse thee, girl.
Indeed, she's mad.

(*To Publius.*)

Horatia. Stand off! I am not mad.
Nay, draw thy sword; I do defy thee, murderer,
Barbarian, Roman! Mad! The name of Rome
Makes madmen of you all; my curses on it!
Rise, rise, ye states, (oh! that my voice could fire
Your tardy wrath!) confound its selfish greatness.
Raze its proud walls, and lay its towers in ashes!
Pub. I'll bear no more—

(*Drawing his sword.*)

Horatius. Distraction! Force her off!

Horatia. (*Struggling.*) Could I but prove the Helen to destroy
This curs'd unsocial state, I'd die with transport:
Gaze on the spreading fires, till the lost pile
Sunk in the blaze, then mingle with its ruins.
[*Exit.*

Pub. Thou shalt not live to that.
[*Exit.*

Thus perish all the enemies of Rome.
(*Without.*)

Valerius. (*Within.*) Oh! horror, horror! execrable act!
By Rome, and all its gods, thou shalt not 'scape!

Enter PUBLIUS

Pub. My whole soul's moved,
And Rome's immortal genius stirs within me.
Yes, ye dread powers, whose everlasting fires
Blaze on our altars, and whose sacred shields,
From heav'n descending, guard imperial Rome,
I feel, I feel your wrongs; for you I bear the sword.

Enter HORATIA, *wounded.*

Horatia. Now thou'st indeed been kind, and I forgive you
The death of Curiatius: this last blow
Has cancell'd all, and thou'rt again my brother.
Horatius. Heavens! what a sight!
A daughter bleeding by a brother's hand!
My child, my child!
Horatia. What means this tenderness? I thought to see you
Inflam'd with rage against a worthless wretch,
Who has dishonour'd your illustrious race,
And stain'd its brightest fame: in pity look not
Thus kindly on me, for I have injur'd you.
Horatius. Thou hast not, girl;
I said 'twas madness, but he would not hear me.
Horatia. Alas! my father,
All but my love was false; what that inspir'd
I utter'd freely.
But for the rest, the curses which I pour'd
On heaven-defended Rome, were merely lures
To tempt his rage, and perfect my destruction.
Heaven! with what transport I beheld him mov'd!
How my heart leap'd to meet the welcome point,
Stain'd with the life-blood of my Curiatius,
Cementing thus our union ev'n in death.
Pub. My sister, live! I charge thee live, Horatia;
Oh! thou hast planted daggers here!
Horatia. My brother!
Can you forgive me, too? then I am happy.
I dared not hope for that. Ye gentle ghosts,
That rove Elysium, hear the sacred sound!
My father and my brother both forgive me!
I have again their sanction on my love.
Oh! let me hasten to those happier climes,
Where, unmolested, we may share our joys,
Nor Rome, nor Alba, shall disturb us more.
(*She dies.*)

Horatius. 'Tis gone, the prop, the comfort of my age.
Let me reflect: this morn I had three children,
No happier father hail'd the sun's uprising:
Now I have none; for, Publius, thou must die:
Blood calls for blood; to expiate one parricide,
Justice demands another. Art thou ready?
Pub. Strike! 'tis the consummation of my wishes
To die, and by your hand.
Horatius. Oh! blind old man!
Wouldst thou lift up thy sacrilegious hand
Against the chief, the god that sav'd thy country?
There's something in that face that awes my soul
Like a divinity. Hence, thou vile weapon,
Disgrace my hand no more.
(*A cry without,* Justice, justice!)
What noise is that?

Enter VOLSCINIUS.

Vol. All Rome, my lord, has taken the alarm, and crowds
Of citizens enraged, are posting hither,
To call for justice on the head of Publius.
Horatius. Ungrateful men! how are they? Let them come.

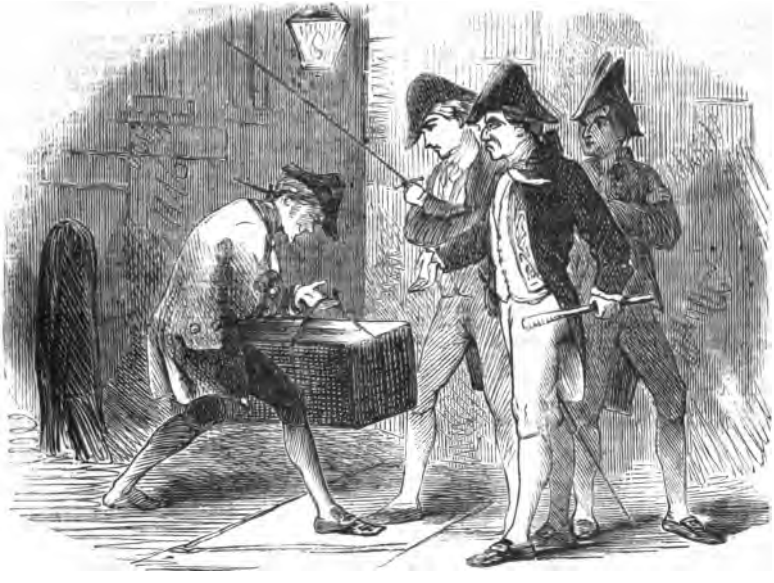
Enter TULLUS, VALERIUS, *and Citizens.*

Valerius. See, fellow-citizens, see where she lies,
The bleeding victim.
Tullus. Stop, unmanner'd youth!
Think'st thou we know not wherefore we are here?
Seest thou yon drooping sire?
Horatius. Permit them, sir.
Tullus. What would you, Romans?
Valerius. We are come, dread sir,
In the behalf of murder'd innocence;
Murder'd by him, the man—
Horatius. Whose conquering arm
Has sav'd you all from ruin. Oh! shame, shame!
Has Rome no gratitude? Do ye not blush
To think whom your insatiate rage pursues?
Down, down, and worship him.
1 *Citizen.* Does he plead for him?
Does he forgive his daughter's death?
Horatius. He does,
And glories in it; glories in the thought
That there's one Roman left who dares be grateful.
If you are wrong'd, then what am I? Must I
Be taught my duty by the affected tears
Of strangers to my blood? Had I been wrong'd,
I know a father's right, and had not ask'd
This ready-talking sir, to bellow for me,
And mouth my wrongs in Rome.
Valerius. Friends, countrymen, regard not what he says;
Stop, stop your ears, nor hear a frantic father
Thus plead against his child.
Horatius. He does belie me.
What child have I? Alas! I have but one,
And him you would tear from me.
1 *Citizen.* Hear him, hear him!
Pub. No: let me speak. Think'st thou, ungrateful youth,
To hurt my quiet? I am hurt beyond
Thy power to harm me. Death's extremest tortures
Were happiness to what I feel. Yet know,
My injur'd honour bids me live; nay, more,
It bids me even descend to plead for life.
But wherefore waste I words? 'Tis not to him,
But you, my countrymen, to you, I speak;
He lov'd the maid.
1 *Citizen.* How? lov'd her!
Pub. Fondly lov'd her;
And under shew of public justice, screens
A private passion, and a mean revenge.
Think you I lov'd her not? High heav'n's my witness
How tenderly I lov'd her; and the pangs
I feel this moment, could you see my heart,
Would prove too plainly I am still her brother.
1 *Citizen.* He shall be sav'd.

Valerius has misled us.
Save him, save him!
Tullus. If yet a doubt remains,
Behold that virtuous father, who could boast,
This very morn, a numerous progeny,
The dear supports of his declining age;
Then read the sad reverse with pitying eyes,
And tell your conscious hearts they fell for you.
Horatius. I am over-paid by that, nor claim I aught
On their accounts; by high heaven I swear,
I'd rather see him added to the heap,
Than Rome enslav'd.
1 *Citizen.* Oh, excellent Horatius!
Save him, save him!
Tullus. Then I pronounce him free. And now, Horatius,
The evening of thy stormy day at last
Shall close in peace. Here, take him to thy breast
Horatius. My son, my conqueror! 'twas a fata stroke,
But shall not wound our peace. This kind embrace
Shall spread a sweet oblivion o'er our sorrows;
Or if, in after times, though 'tis not long
That I shall trouble you, some sad remembrance
Should steal a sigh, and peevish age forget
Its revolution, only boldly say
Thou sav'd the state, and I'll entreat forgiveness.
Learn hence, ye Romans, on how sure a base
The patriot builds his happiness.
Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,
And nature suffer when our children bleed;
But still superior must that hero prove,
Whose first, best passion is his country's love.
Exeunt.

THE PROVOKED WIFE.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.



Cal.—"How now? What have we got here? a thief?"—*Act* iv, *scene* 1.

Persons Represented

Lord Rake.	Heartfree.	Lady Brute.	Mademoiselle.
Sir John Brute.	Constant.	Lady Fanciful.	Cornet.
Colonel Bully.	Razor.	Belinda.	Servants.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sir John Brute's House.*

Enter SIR JOHN BRUTE.

Sir J. What cloying meat is love, when matrimony's the sauce to it! Two years' marriage has debauched my five senses. Everything I see, everything I hear, everything I feel, everything I smell, and everything I taste, methinks, has wife in't. No boy was ever so weary of his tutor, no girl of her bib, no nun of doing penance, or old maid of being chaste, as I am of being married. Sure, there's a secret curse entailed upon the very name of wife. My lady is a young lady, a fine lady, a witty lady, a virtuous lady, and yet, I hate her. There is but one thing on earth I loath beyond her, that's fighting. Would my courage come up to a fourth part of my ill-nature, I'd stand buff to her relations, and thrust her out of doors. But marriage has sunk me down to such an ebb of resolution, I dare not draw my sword, though even to get rid of my wife. But here she comes.

Enter LADY BRUTE.

Lady B. Do you dine at home to-day, Sir John?

Sir J. Why? Do you expect I should tell you what I don't know myself?

Lady B. I thought there was no harm in asking you.

Sir J. If thinking wrong were an excuse for impertinence, women might be justified in most things they say or do.

Lady B. I am sorry I said anything to displease you.

Sir J. Sorrow for things past is of as little importance to me, as my dining at home or abroad ought to be to you.

Lady B. My inquiry was only that I might have provided what you liked.

Sir J. Six to four you had been in the wrong there again; for what I liked yesterday I don't like to-day, and what I like to-day, 'tis odds I mayn't like to-morrow.

Lady B. But if I had asked you what you liked?

Sir J. Why, then, there would be more asking about it than the thing is worth.

Lady B. I wish I did but know how I might please you.

Sir J. Ay, but that sort of knowledge is not a wife's talent.

Lady B. Whatever my talent is, I'm sure my will has ever been to make you easy.

Sir J. If women were to have their wills, the world would be finely governed.

Lady B. What reason have I given you to use me as you do of late? It once was otherwise: you married me for love.

Sir J. And you me for money: so you have your reward, and I have mine.

Lady B. What is it that disturbs you?

Sir J. A parson.

Lady B. Why, what has he done to you?

Sir J. He has married me, and be d—d to him! [*Exit.*

Lady B. The devil's in the fellow, I think. I was told before I married him, that thus 'twould be. The surly puppy! Yet, he's a fool for it: for hitherto, he has been no monster: but who knows how far he may provoke me? Or, who can tell? perhaps, a good part of what I suffer from my husband, may be a judgment upon me for my cruelty to my lover. But, hold! let me go no further: I think I have a right to alarm this surly brute of mine; but, if I know my heart, it will never let me go so far as to injure him.

Enter BELINDA.

Good-morrow, dear cousin.

Bel. Good-morrow, madam; you look pleased this morning.

Lady B. I am so.

Bel. With what, pray?

Lady B. With my husband.

Bel. Drown husbands! for yours is a provoking fellow: as he went out just now I prayed him to tell me what time of day 'twas; and he asked me if I took him for the church clock, that was obliged to tell all the parish.

Lady B. He has been saying some good obliging things to me, too. In short, Belinda, he has used me so barbarously of late, that I could almost resolve to play the downright wife, and cuckold him.

Bel. That would be downright, indeed.

Lady B. Why, after all, there's more to be said for't than you'd imagine, child. He is the first aggressor, not I.

Bel. Ah! but you know we must return good for evil.

Lady B. That may be a mistake in the translation. Pr'ythee, be of my opinion, Belinda; for I'm positive I'm in the right; and if you'll keep up the prerogative of a woman, you'll likewise be positive you are in the right, whenever you do anything you have a mind to. But I shall play the fool, and jest on, till I make you begin to think I am in earnest.

Bel. I sha'n't take the liberty, madam, to think of anything that you desire to keep a secret from me.

Lady B. Alas! my dear, I have no secrets. My heart could never yet confine my tongue.

Bel. Your eyes, you mean; for I am sure I have seen them gadding, when your tongue has been locked up safe enough.

Lady B. My eyes gadding! Pr'ythee, after who, child?

Bel. Why, after one that thinks you hate him, as much as I know you love him.

Lady B. Constant, you mean?

Bel. I do so.

Lady B. Lord! what should put such a thing into your head?

Bel. That which puts things into most people's heads,—observation.

Lady B. Why, what have you observed, in the name of wonder?

Bel. I have observed you blush when you met him; force yourself away from him; and then be out of humour with everything about you: in a word, never was a poor creature so spurred on by desire, or so reined in with fear.

Lady B. How strong is fancy!

Bel. How weak is woman!

Lady B. Pr'ythee, niece, have a better opinion of your aunt's inclination.

Bel. Dear aunt, have a better opinion of your niece's understanding.

Lady B. You'll make me angry.

Bel. You'll make me laugh.

Lady B. Then you are resolved to persist?

Bel. Positively.

Lady B. And all I can say—

Bel. Will signify nothing.

Lady B. Though I should swear 'twere false—

Bel. I should think it true.

Lady B. Then let us forgive; (*kissing her*) for we have both offended: I, in making a secret; you in discovering it.

Bel. Good-nature may do much; but you have more reason to forgive one, than I have to pardon t'other.

Lady B. 'Tis true, Belinda, you have given me so many proofs of your friendship, that my reserve has been, indeed, a crime; and, as a proof of my repentance, I own, Belinda, I am in danger. But whatever you may have observed, I have dissembled so well as to keep him ignorant. So, you see, I'm no coquette, Belinda. For 'tis an unreasonable thing to engage a man in a disease, which we beforehand resolve we will never apply a cure to.

Bel. 'Tis true; but, then, a woman must abandon one of the supreme blessings of her life. For I am fully convinced, no man has half that pleasure in gallanting a mistress, as a woman has in jilting a gallant.

Lady B. The happiest woman, then, on earth must be our neighbour.

Bel. Oh! the impertinent composition! She has

anity and affectation enough to make her a ridiculous original.

Lady B. She concludes all men her captives; and whatever course they take, it serves to confirm her in that opinion.

Bel. If they shun her, she thinks 'tis modesty, and takes it for a proof of their passion.

Lady B. And if they are rude to her, 'tis conduct, and done to prevent town-talk.

Bel. All their actions and their words, she takes for granted, aim at her.

Lady B. And pities all other woman, because she thinks they envy her.

Bel. Pray, out of pity to ourselves, let us find a better subject, for I'm weary of this. Do you think your husband inclined to jealousy?

Lady B. Oh! no: he does not love me well enough for that. Lord! how wrong men's maxims are! They are seldom jealous of their wives, unless they are very fond of them: whereas, they ought to consider the women's inclinations, for there depends their fate. Well, men may talk; but they are not so wise as we: that's certain.

Bel. At least in our affairs.

Lady B. Nay, I believe we should outdo them in the business of the state, too: for, methinks, they do and undo, and make but bad work on't.

Bel. Why, then, don't we get into the intrigues of government, as well as they?

Lady B. Because we have intrigues of our own, that make us more sport, child. And so let's in and consider of them.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Dressing Room.*

LADY FANCIFUL, MADEMOISELLE, *and* CORNET *discovered.*

Lady F. How do I look this morning?

Cor. Your ladyship looks very ill, truly.

Lady F. Lard! how ill-natured thou art, Cornet, to tell me so, though the thing should be true, don't you know, that I have humility enough to be but too easily out of conceit with myself? Hold the glass: I dare say that will have more manners than you have. Mademoiselle, let me have your opinion, too.

Madem. My opinion pe, matam, dat your ladyship never look so well in your life.

Lady F. Well, the French are the prettiest, obliging people! they say the most acceptable, well-mannered things—and never flatter.

Madem. Your ladyship say great justice inteed.

Lady F. Nay, everything is just in my house, but Cornet. The very looking-glass gives her the dementi. But I'm almost afraid it flatters me, it makes me look so engaging. (*Looking affectedly in the glass.*)

Madem. Inteed, matam, your face pe de handsomer den all de looking-glass in de world, croyez moi.

Lady F. But is it possible my eyes can be so languishing, and so very full of fire?

Madem. Matam, if de glass was burning-glass, I believe your eyes set de fire in de house.

Lady F. You may take that night-gown, mademoiselle. Get out of the room, Cornet. I can't endure you. [*Exit Cornet.*] This wench, methinks, does look so unsufferably ugly!

Madem. Everything look ugly, matam, dat stand by your latyship.

Lady F. No, really, mademoiselle, methinks you look mighty pretty.

Madem. Ah, matam, de moon has no eclat, ven de sun appear.

Lady F. Oh, pretty expression! Have you ever been in love, mademoiselle?

Madem. Oui, matam. (*Sighing.*)

Lady F. And you were beloved again?

Madem. No, matam.

Lady F. Oh, ye gods! what an unfortunate creature should I be in such a case! But nature has made me nice, for my own defence; I am nice, strangely nice, mademoiselle: I believe, were the merit of whole mankind bestowed upon one single person, I should still think the fellow wanted something to make it worth my while to take notice of him; and yet, I could love, nay, fondly love, were it possible to have a thing made on purpose for me, for I am not cruel, mademoiselle; I am only nice.

Madem. Ah, matam, I wish I was a fine gentleman, for your sake. I do all de ting in de world to get a little way into your heart. I make song, I make verse, I give you de serenade, I give great many present to mademoiselle; I no eat, I no sleep, I be lean, I be mad, I hang myself, I drown myself. Ah, ma chère dame, que je vous aimerois! (*Embracing her.*)

Lady F. Well, the French have strange, obliging ways with them; you may take these two pair of gloves, mademoiselle.

Madem. Me humbly tank my sweet lady.

Enter a Servant, with a letter.

Serv. Madam, here's a letter for your ladyship.

[*Exit.*

Lady F. 'Tis thus I am importuned every morning, mademoiselle. Pray, how do the French ladies, when they are thus accablées?

Madem. Matam, dey never complain. Au contraire, when one Frense laty have got a hundred lover, den she do all she can to get a hundred more.

Lady F. Well, let me die, I think they have le bon gout. For 'tis an unutterable pleasure to be adored by all the men, and envied by all the women. Yet, I'll swear, I'm concerned at the torture I give them. Lard! why was I formed to make the whole creation uneasy? But let me read my letter. (*Reads.*) "If you have a mind to hear of your faults, instead of being praised for your virtues, take the pains to walk in the Green Walk in St. James's Park, with your woman, an hour hence. You'll there meet one who hates you for some thing, as he could love you for others; and, therefore, is willing to endeavour your reformation. If you come to the place I mention, you'll know who I am; if you don't, you never shall: so take your choice." This is strangely familiar, mademoiselle! Now have I a provoking fancy to know who this impudent fellow is.

Madem. Den take your scarf and your mask, and go to de rendezvous. De Frense laty do justement comme ça.

Lady F. Rendezvous! What rendezvous with a man, mademoiselle?

Madem. Eh! pourquoi non?

Lady F. What, and a man, perhaps, I never saw in my life!

Lady F. Tant mieux: c'est, donc, quelque chose de nouveau.

Lady F. Why, how do I know what designs he may have? He may intend to ravish me, for aught I know.

Madem. Ravish! Bagatelle! I would fain see one impudent rogue ravish mademoiselle. Oui, je le voudrois.

Lady F. Oh! but my reputation, mademoiselle, my reputation: ah! ma chère reputation!

Madem. Matam, quand on l'a une fois perdus, on n'en est plus embarrassée.

Lady F. Fie! mademoiselle, fie! reputation is a jewel.

Madem. Qui coute bien chère, matam.

Lady F. Why, sure, you would not sacrifice your honour to your pleasure?

Madem. Je suis philosophe.

Lady F. Bless me, how you talk! Why, what if honour be a burden, mademoiselle, must it not be borne?

Madem. Chacun a sa façon. Quand quelque chose m'incommode moi, je m'en defais vite.

Lady F. Get you gone, you little naughty Frenchwoman, you! I vow and swear I must turn you out of doors, if you talk thus.

Madem. Turn me out of doors! turn yourself out of doors, and go see what de gentleman have to say to you. Tenez! Voila *(giving her her things hastily)* votre esharp, votre coife, votre masque, voilà tout. Hey! mercure, coquin! call one chair for matam, and one oder *(calling within)* for me. Va-t-en vite. *(Turning to her lady, and helping her on hastily with her things.)* Allous, matam! depêchez vous, donc. Mon dieu! quelles scruples!

Lady F. Well, for once, mademoiselle, I'll follow your advice, out of the intemperate desire I have to know who this ill-bred fellow is. But have too much delicatesse to make a practice on't.

Madem. Belle chose, vraiment, que la delicatesse, lorsqu'il s'agit de divertir—a ça. Vous voila équipée, partons. Hé bien! qu'avez vous, donc?

Lady F. J'ai peur.

Madem. Je n'en ai point moi.

Lady F. I dare not go.

Madem. Dèmeurez donc.

Lady F. Je suis poltrone.

Madem. Tant pis pour vous.

Lady F. Curiosity's a wicked devil.

Madem. C'est une charmante sainte.

Lady F. It ruined our first parents.

Madem. Elle a bien diverti leurs enfans.

Lady F. L'honneur est contre.

Madem. Le plaisir est pour.

Lady F. Must I then go?

Madem. Must you go? Must you eat, must you drink, must you sleep, must you live? De nature bid you do one, de nature bid you do toder. Vous me ferez enrager.

Lady F. But when reason corrects nature, mademoiselle—

Madem. Elle est, donc, bien insolente, c'est sa sœur aiuée.

Lady F. Do you, then, prefer your nature to your reason, mademoiselle?

Madem. Oui da.

Lady F. Pourquoi?

Madem. Because my nature make me merry, my reason make me mad.

Lady F. Ah! la mechante Françoise!

Madem. Ah! la belle Angloise!

[*Exit, forcing Lady F. off.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*St. James's Park.*

Enter LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE.

Lady F. Well, I vow, mademoiselle, I am strangely impatient to know who this confident fellow is.

Enter HEARTFREE.

Look! there's Heartfree. But, sure, it can't be him; he's a professed woman-hater. Yet who knows what my wicked eyes may have done?

Madem. Il nous approche, matam.

Lady F. Yes, 'tis he; now will he be most intolerably cavalier, though he should be in love with me.

Heart. Madam, I'm your humble servant. I perceive you have more humility and good-nature than I thought you had.

Lady F. What you attribute to humility and good-nature, sir, may, perhaps, be only due to curiosity. I had a mind to know who 'twas had ill manners enough to write that letter. *(Throwing him the letter.)*

Heart. Well, and now I hope you are satisfied?

Lady F. I am so, sir; good b'ye.

Heart. Nay, hold there! though you have done your business, I haven't done mine: by your ladyship's leave, we must have one moment's prattle together. Have you a mind to be the prettiest woman about town or not? How she stares upon me! What, this passess for an impertinent question with you now, because you think you are so already?

Lady F. Pray, sir, let me ask you a question in my turn; by what right do you pretend to examine me?

Heart. By the same right that the strong govern the weak, because I have you in my power; for you cannot get so quickly to your coach, but I shall have time enough to make you hear everything I have to say to you.

Lady F. These are strange liberties you take, Mr. Heartfree.

Heart. They are so, madam, but there's no help for it; for, know that I have a design upon you.

Lady F. Upon me, sir?

Heart. Yes, and one that will turn to your glory and my comfort, if you will be but a little wiser than you use to be.

Lady F. Very well, sir.

Heart. Let me see: your vanity, madam, I take to be about some eight degrees higher than any woman's in the town, let t'other be who she will; and my indifference is naturally about the same pitch. Now, could you find the way to turn this indifference into fire and flame, methinks, your vanity ought to be satisfied: and this, perhaps, you might bring about upon pretty reasonable terms.

Lady F. And pray, at what rate would this indifference be brought off, if one should have so depraved an appetite to desire it?

Heart. Why, madam, to drive a quaker's bargain, and make but one word with you, if I do part with it, you must lay down your affectation.

Lady F. My affectation, sir!

Heart. Why, I ask you nothing but what you may very well spare.

Lady F. You grow rude, sir. Come, mademoiselle, it is high time to be gone.

Madem. Allons, allons, allons!

Heart. (*Stopping them.*) Nay, you may as well stand still: for hear me you shall, walk which way you please.

Lady F. What mean you, sir?

Heart. I mean to tell you, that you are the most ungrateful woman upon earth.

Lady F. Ungrateful! To whom?

Heart. To nature.

Lady F. Why, what has nature done for me?

Heart. What you have undone by art. It made you handsome; it gave you beauty to a miracle, a shape without a fault, wit enough to make them relish, and so turned you loose to your own discretion, which has made such work with you, that you are become the pity of our sex, and the jest of your own. There is not a feature in your face, but you have found the way to teach it some affected convulsion; your feet, your hands, your very fingers' ends, are directed never to move without some ridiculous air or other; and your language is a suitable trumpet to draw people's eyes upon the raree-shew.

Mad.m. (*Aside.*) Est ce qu'on fait l'amour en Angleterre comme ça?

Lady F. (*Aside.*) Now could I cry for madness, but that I know he'd laugh at me for it.

Heart. Now do you hate me for telling you the truth, but that's because you don't believe 'tis so; for were you once convinced of that, you'd reform for your own sake.

Lady F. Every circumstance of nice breeding must needs appear ridiculous, to one who has so natural an antipathy to good manners.

Heart. But suppose I could find the means to convince you that the whole world is of my opinion?

Lady F. Sir, though you, and all the world you talk of, should be so impertinently officious as to think to persuade me I don't know how to behave myself, I should still have charity enough for my own understanding to believe myself in the right, and all you in the wrong.

Madem. Le voila mort.

[*Exit with Lady F.*

Heart. (*Gazing at her.*) There her single clapper has published the sense of the whole sex. Well, this once I have endeavoured to wash the blackmoor white, but, henceforward, I'll sooner undertake to teach sincerity to a courtier, generosity to a usurer, honesty to a lawyer, than discretion to a woman, I see has once set her heart upon playing the fool.

Enter CONSTANT.

Morrow, Constant.

Con. Good-morrow, Jack. What are you doing here this morning?

Heart. Doing! guess, if you can. Why, I have been endeavouring to persuade my Lady Fanciful that she's the most foolish woman about town.

Con. A pretty endeavour, truly!

Heart. I have told her, in as plain English as I could speak, both what the town says of her, and what I think of her. In short, I have used her as an absolute king would do Magna Charta.

Con. And how does she take it?

Heart. As children do pills; bite them, but can't swallow them.

Con. But, pr'ythee, what has put it into your head, of all mankind, to turn reformer?

Heart. Why, one thing was, the morning hung upon my hands; I did not know what to do with myself; and another was, that as little as I care for women, I could not see with patience one, that heaven has taken such wondrous pains about, be so very industrious to make herself the Jack-pudding of the creation.

Con. Well, now I could almost wish to see my cruel mistress make the self-same use of what heaven has done for her; that so I might be cured of the same disease that makes me so very uneasy; for love, love is the devil, Heartfree,

Heart. And why do you let the devil govern you?

Con. Because I have more flesh and blood than grace and self-denial. My dear, dear mistress—'Sdeath! that so gentle a woman should be a saint, when religion's out of fashion!

Heart. Nay, she's much in the wrong, truly; but who knows how far time and good example may prevail?

Con. Oh! they have played their parts in vain already; 'tis now two years since the fellow her husband invited me to his wedding; and there was the first time I saw that charming woman, whom I have loved ever since: but she is cold, my friend, still cold as the northern star.

Heart. So are all women by nature, which maketh them so willing to be warmed.

Con. Oh! don't profane the sex: pr'ythee, think them all angels for her sake; for she's virtuous even to a fault.

Heart. A lover's head is a good accountable thing, truly! he adores his mistress for being virtuous, and yet, is very angry with her, because she won't be kind.

Con. Well, the only relief I expect in my misery is to see thee some day or other as deeply engaged as myself, which will force me to be merry in the midst of all my misfortunes.

Heart. That day will never come, be assured, Ned. But, pr'ythee, let me tell you how I avoid falling in love; that which serves me for prevention may chance to serve you for a cure.

Con. Well, use the ladies moderately, then, and I'll hear you.

Heart. That using them moderately undoes us all: but I'll use them justly, and that you ought to be satisfied with. I always consider a woman, not as the tailor, the shoe-maker, the tire-woman, the sempstress, and (which is more than all that), the poet makes her; but I consider her as pure nature has contrived her, and that more strictly than I should have done our old grandmother Eve, had I seen her naked in the garden; for I consider her turned inside out. Her heart well examined, I find there pride, vanity, covetousness, indiscretion; but, above all things, malice; plots eternally forging to destroy one another's reputations, and as honestly to charge the levity of men's tongues with the scandal; hourly debates how to make poor gentlemen in love with them, with no other intent but to use them like dogs when they have done; a constant desire of doing more mischief, and an everlasting war waged against truth and good-nature.

Con. Very well, sir, an admirable composition, truly.

Heart. Then for her outside, I consider it merely as an outside: she has a thin, tiffany covering; jus

over such stuff as you and I are made of. As for her motion, her mien, her airs, and all those tricks, I know they affect you mightily. If you should see your mistress at a coronation, dragging her peacock's train, with all her state and insolence about her, 'twould strike you with all the awful thoughts that heaven itself could pretend to form you: whereas, I turn the whole matter into a jest, and suppose her strutting, in the self-same stately manner, with nothing on but her stays, and her scanty quilted under-petticoat.

Con. Hold thy profane tongue; for I'll hear no more.

Heart. What, you'll love on, then?

Con Yes.

Heart. Yet have no hopes at all.

Con. None.

Heart. Nay, the resolution may be discreet enough: perhaps, you have found out some new philosophy; that love, like virtue, is its own reward: so you and your mistress will be as well content at a distance, as others, that have less learning, are in coming together.

Con. No; but if she should prove kind at last, my dear Heartfree——

(Embracing him.)

Heart. Nay, pr'ythee, don't take me for your mistress; for lovers are very troublesome.

Con. Well, who knows what time may do?

Heart. And just now he was sure that time could do nothing.

Con. Yet not one kind glance in two years is somewhat strange.

Heart. Not strange at all; she don't like you, that's all the business.

Con. Pr'ythee, don't distract me.

Heart. Nay, you are a good, handsome, young fellow, she might use you better. Come, will you go see her? perhaps, she may have changed her mind; there's some hopes, as long as she's a woman.

Con. Oh! tis in vain to visit her: sometimes, to get a sight of her, I visit that beast her husband; but she certainly finds some pretence to quit the room as soon as I enter.

Heart. It's much she don't tell him you have made love to her, too; for that's another good-natured thing usual amongst woman, in which they have several ends. Sometimes 'tis to recommend their virtue, that they may be kind with the greater security. Sometimes 'tis to make their husbands fight, in hopes they may be killed, when their affairs require it should be so: but, most commonly, 'tis to engage two men in a quarrel, that they may have the credit of being fought for; and if the lover's killed in the business, they cry, "Poor fellow, he had ill-luck;" and so they go to cards.

Con. Thy injuries to women are not to be forgiven. Look to't, if ever you fall into their hands—

Heart. They can't use me worse than they do you, that speak well of them. Oho! here comes the knight!

Enter SIR JOHN BRUTE.

Your humble servant, Sir John.

Sir J. Servant, sir.

Heart. How does all your family?

Sir J. Plague o' my family!

Con. How does your lady? I haven't seen her abroad a good while.

Sir J. Do! I don't know how she does, not I: she was well enough yesterday; I haven't been at home to-night.

Con. What, were you out of town?

Sir J. Out of town! No; I was drinking.

Con. You are a true Englishman; don't know your own happiness. If I were married to such a woman, I would not be from her a night, for all the wine in France.

Sir J. Not from her! Oons! what a time should a man have of that!

Heart. Why, there's no division, I hope?

Sir J. No; but there's a conjunction, and that's worse: a pox of the parson! Why the plague don't you two marry? I fancy I look like the devil to you.

Heart. Why, you don't think you have horns, do you?

Sir J. No; I believe my wife's religion will keep her honest.

Heart. And what will make her keep her religion?

Sir J. Persecution; and, therefore, she shall have it.

Heart. Have a care, knight, women are tender things.

Sir J. And yet, methinks, 'tis a hard matter to break their hearts.

Con. Fie, fie! you have one of the best wives in the world, and yet you seem the most uneasy husband.

Sir J. Best wives! the woman's well enough; she has no vice that I know of; but, she's a wife: and d—n a wife! if I were married to a hogshead of claret, matrimony would make me hate it.

Heart. Why did you marry, then? you were old enough to know your own mind.

Sir J. Why did I marry? What you would have me intrigue, I suppose, and so have hedged myself into forty quarrels with her relations; besides buying my pardon; but more than all that, you must know I was afraid of being d—d in those days: for I kept sneaking, cowardly company, fellows that went to church, said grace to their meat, and had not the least tincture of quality about them.

Heart. But I think you have got into a better gang now.

Sir J. Zoons! sir, my Lord Rake and I are hand and glove: I believe we may get our bones broken together to-night. Have you a mind to share a frolic?

Con. Not I, truly; my talent lies in softer exercises.

Sir J. What, a down bed and a strumpet? A pox of venery, I say. Will you come and drink with me this afternoon?

Con. I can't drink to-day: but we'll come and sit an hour with you if you will.

Sir J. Pooh! pox! sit an hour! Why can't you drink?

Con. Because I'm to see my mistress.

Sir J. Who's that?

Con. Why, do you use to tell?

Sir J. Yes.

Con. So won't I.

Sir J. Why?

Con. Because it is a secret.

Sir J. Would my wife knew it! 'twould be no secret long.

Con. Why [illegible] she can't keep a secret?

Sir J. No more than she could keep Lent.

Heart. Pr'ythee, tell it her, to try, Constant.

Sir J. No, pr'ythee, don't, that I mayn't be plagued with it.

Con. I'll hold you a guinea you don't make her tell it you.

Sir J. I'll hold you a guinea I do.

Con. Which way?

Sir J. Why, I'll beg her not to tell it me.

Heart. Nay, if anything does it, that will.

Con. But do you think, sir—

Sir J. Oons! sir, I think a woman and a secret are the two impertinentest themes in the universe; therefore, pray, let's hear no more of my wife nor your mistress. D—n them both, with all my heart, and everything else that daggles a petticoat, except four generous whores who are drunk with my Lord Rake and I ten times in a fortnight.

[*Exit.*

Con. Here's a dainty fellow for you! and the veriest coward, too. But his usage of his wife makes me ready to stab the villain.

Heart. Lovers are short-sighted: all their senses run into that of feeling. This proceeding of his is the only thing on earth can make you fortunate. If anything can prevail with her to accept a gallant, 'tis his usage of her. Pr'ythee, take heart; I have great hopes for you: and, since I can bring you quite off her, I'll endeavour to bring you quite on, for a whining lover is the d—dest companion upon earth.

Con. My dear friend, flatter me a little more with these hopes; for whilst they prevail, I have Elysium within me, and could melt with joy.

Heart. Pray, no melting yet. This afternoon, perhaps, we shall make some advance. In the meanwhile, let's go dine at Locket's, and let hope get you a stomach.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Lady Fanciful's House.*

Enter LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE.

Lady F. Did you ever see anything so importune, mademoiselle?

Madem. Indeed, matam, to say de trute, he want leetel good breeding.

Lady F. Good breeding! He wants to be caned, mademoiselle. An insolent fellow! And yet, let me expose my weakness, 'tis the only man on earth I could resolve to dispense my favours on, were he but a fine gentleman. Well, did men but know how deep an impression a fine gentleman makes in a lady's heart, they would reduce all their studies to that of good breeding alone.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Will your ladyship please to dine yet?

Lady F. Yes, let them serve. [*Exit Servant.*] Sure, this Heartfree has bewitched me, mademoiselle. I vow, tis a thousand pities he is not more polished: don't you think so?

Madem. Matam, I think it so great pity, that if I was in your ladyship's place, I take him home in my house, I lock him up in my closet, and I never let him go till I teach him everyting dat fine lady expect from fine gentleman.

Lady F. Why, truly, I believe I should soon subdue his brutality; for, without doubt, he has a strange penchant to grow fond of me, in spite of his aversion to the sex, else he would never have taken so much pains about me. Lord! how proud would some poor creatures be of such a conquest! but I, alas! I don't know how to receive as a favour, what I take to be so infinitely my due. But what shall I do to new mould him, mademoiselle? for till then, he's my utter aversion?

Madem. Matam, you must laugh at him in all de places dat you meet him, and turn into de ridicule all he say, and all he do.

Lady F. Why, truly, satire has ever been of wondrous use to reform ill-manners. Besides, 'tis my particular talent to ridicule folks. I can be severe, strangely severe, when I will, mademoiselle. Give me the pen and ink, I find myself whimsical; I'll write to him—or, I'll let it alone, and be severe upon him that way. (*Sitting down to write and rising up again.*) Yet, active severity is better than passive. (*Sitting down.*) 'Tis as good to let it alone, too; for every lash I give him, perhaps, he'll take for a favour. (*Rising.*) Yet, 'tis a thousand pities so much satire should be lost. (*Sitting.*) But if it should have a wrong effect upon him, 'twould distract me. (*Rising.*) Well, I must write, though, after all. (*Sitting.*) Or, I'll let it alone, which is the same thing.

(*Rising.*)

Madem. La voila determiné.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sir John Brute's House.*

SIR JOHN BRUTE, LADY BRUTE, *and* BELINDA *discovered, rising from the table.*

Sir J. Here, take away the things: I expect company. But, first, bring me a pipe; I'll smoke. (*To a Servant.*)

Lady B. Lord! Sir John, I wonder you won't leave that nasty custom.

Sir J. Pr'ythee, don't be impertinent.

Bel. (*To Lady B.*) I wonder who those are he expects this afternoon.

Lady B. I'd give the world to know. Perhaps, 'tis Constant; he comes here sometimes: if it does prove him, I'm resolved I'll share the visit.

Bel. We'll send for our work, and sit here.

Lady B. He'll choke us with his tobacco.

Bel. Nothing will choke us, when we are doing what we have a mind to. Lovewell!

Enter LOVEWELL.

Love. Madam.

Lady B. Here, bring my cousin's work and mine hither.

[*Exit Lovewell, and re-enter with their work.*

Sir J. Why, pox! can't you work somewhere else?

Lady B. We shall be careful not to disturb you, sir.

Bel. Your pipe would make you too thoughtful, uncle, if you were left alone; our little prattle will cure your spleen.

Sir J. Will it so, Mrs. Pert? Now I believe it will so increase it, (*sitting and smoking,*) I shall take my own house for a paper-mill.

Lady B. (*Aside to Bel.*) Don't let's mind him; let him say what he will.

Sir J. A woman's tongue a cure for the spleen?

Oons! if a man had got the head-ache, they'd be for applying the same remedy.

(*Aside.*)

Lady B. You have done a good deal, Belinda, since yesterday.

Bel. Yes, I have worked very hard; how do you like it?

Lady B. Oh! 'tis the prettiest fringe in the world. Well, cousin, you have the happiest fancy, pr'ythee, advise me about altering my crimson petticoat.

Sir J. D—n your petticoat! here's such a prating, a man can't digest his own thoughts for you.

Lady B. Don't answer him. (*Aside.*) Well, what do you advise me?

Bel. Why, really, I would not alter it at all. Methinks, 'tis very pretty as it is.

Lady B. Ay, that's true; but you know one grows weary of the prettiest things in the world, when one has had them long.

Sir J. Yes, I have taught her that.

Bel. Shall we provoke him a little?

(*Apart to Lady B.*)

Lady B. With all my heart. Belinda, don't you long to be married?

Bel. Why, there are some things in it which I could like well enough.

Lady B. What do you think you should dislike?

Bel. My husband: a hundred to one else.

Lady B. Oh! you wicked wretch! sure, you don't speak as you think?

Bel. Yes, I do: specially if he smoked tobacco.

(*Sir J. looks earnestly at them.*)

Lady B. Why, that, many times, takes off worse smells.

Bel. Then he must smell very ill, indeed.

Lady B. So some men will, to keep their wives from coming near them.

Bel. Then those wives should cuckold them at a distance.

(*Sir J. runs in a fury, throws his pipe at them, and drives them out. As they run off, enter* CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE; *Lady Brute runs against Constant.*)

Sir J. Oons! get you gone up-stairs, you confederating strumpets you, or I'll cuckold you, with a vengeance!

Lady B. Oh, lord! he'll beat us, he'll beat us! Dear Mr. Constant, save us!

[*Exit with Belinda.*

Sir J. I'll cuckold you, with a pox!

Con. Heaven, Sir John, what's the matter?

Sir J. Sure, if women had been ready created, the devil, instead of being kicked down into hell, had been married.

Heart. Why, what new plagues have you found now?

Sir J. Why, these two gentlewomen did but hear me say I expected you here this afternoon; upon which they presently resolved to take up the room on purpose to plague me and my friends.

Con. Was that all? Why, we should have been glad of their company.

Sir J. Then I should have been weary of yours; for I can't relish both together. They found fault with my smoking-tobacco, too, and said men stunk; but I had a good mind to say something.

Con. Oh, nothing against the ladies, I hope?

Sir J. The ladies! Come, will you sit down? Give us some wine, fellow. You won't smoke?

Con. No, nor drink neither, at this time; I must ask your pardon.

Sir J. What, this mistress of yours runs in your head? I'll warrant it's some such squeamish minx as my wife, that's grown so dainty of late, finds fault even with a dirty shirt.

Heart. That a woman may do, and not be very dainty neither.

Sir J. Come, you shall take one glass, though I send for a box of lozenges, to sweeten your mouth after it.

Con. Nay, if one glass will satisfy you, I'll drink it, without putting you to that expense.

Sir J. Why, that's honest. So, here's to you, gentlemen. A wife's the devil. To your both being married. (*They drink.*)

Heart. Oh, your most humble servant, sir.

Sir J. Well, how do you like my wine?

Con. 'Tis very good, indeed.

Heart. 'Tis admirable.

Sir J. Then take t'other glass.

Con. Now, pray, excuse us now: we'll come another time, and then we won't spare it.

Sir J. This one glass, and no more. Come, it shall be your mistress's health; and that's a great compliment from me, I assure you.

Con. And 'tis a very obliging one to me; so give us the glasses.

Sir J. So, let her live—(*Coughs in the glass.*)

Heart. And be kind.

Con. What's the matter? Does it go the wrong way?

Sir J. If I had love enough to be jealous, I should take this for an evil omen; for I never drunk my wife's health in my life, but I puked in my glass.

Con. Oh, she's too virtuous to make any reasonable man jealous.

Sir J. Pox of her virtue. If I could catch her adulterating, I might be divorced from her by law.

Heart. And so pay her a yearly pension, to be a distinguished cuckold.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's my Lord Rake, Colonel Bully, and some other gentlemen at the Blue Posts, desire your company.

Sir J. Gadso! we are to consult about playing the devil to-night.

Heart. Well, we won't hinder business.

Sir J. Methinks I don't know how to leave you two; but, for once, I must make bold. Or, look you! may be, the conference mayn't last long. So, if you'll wait here half-an-hour, or an hour; if I don't come then, why, then, I won't come at all.

Heart. (*Apart to Con.*) A good, modest proposition, truly!

Con. (*Apart to Heart.*) But let's accept on't, however. Who knows what may happen?

Heart. Well, sir, to shew you how fond we are of your company, we'll expect your return as long as we can.

Sir J. Nay, may be, I mayn't stay at all; but business, you know, must be done; so, your servant. Or, hark you! if you have a mind to take a frisk with us, I have an interest with my lord; I can easily introduce you.

Con. We are much beholden to you; but, for my part, I'm engaged another way.

Sir J. What, to your mistress, I'll warrant. Pr'ythee, leave her to her own thoughts, and make one with us to-night.

Con. Sir, 'tis business that is to employ me.

Heart. And me; and business must be done, you know.

Sir J. Ay, women's business, though the world were consumed for't.

[*Exit.*

Con. Farewell, beast! and now, my dear friend, would my mistress be but as complaisant as some men's wives, who think it a piece of good-breeding to receive the visits of their husbands' friends in his absence——

Heart. Why, for your sake, I could forgive her. But what shall we invent to see her?

Con. Oh, never hope it: invention will prove as vain as wishes.

Enter LADY BRUTE *and* BELINDA.

Heart. What do you think now, friend?

(*Apart to Con.*)

Con. I think I shall swoon.

(*Apart to Heart.*)

Heart. I'll speak first, then, while you fetch breath. (*Apart to Con.*)

Lady B. We think ourselves obliged, gentlemen, to come and return you thanks for your knight-errantry. We were just upon being devoured by the fiery dragon.

Bel. Did not his fumes almost knock you down, gentlemen?

Heart. Truly, ladies, we did undergo some hardships; and should have done more, if some greater heroes than ourselves hard by had not diverted him.

Con. Though I am glad of the service you are pleased to say we have done you, yet I'm sorry we could do it in no other way, than by making ourselves privy to what you would, perhaps, have kept a secret.

Lady B. For Sir John's part, I suppose he designed it no secret, since he made so much noise. And for myself, truly, I am not much concerned, since 'tis only fallen into this gentleman's hand and yours, who, I have many reasons to believe, will neither interpret nor report anything to my disadvantage.

Con. Your good opinion, madam, was what I cared I never could have merited.

Lady B. Your fears were vain, then, sir, for I'm just to everybody,

Heart. Pr'ythee, Constant, what is it you do to get the ladies' good opinions? for I'm a novice at it.

Bel. Sir, will you give me leave to instruct you?

Heart. Yes, that I will, with all my soul, madam.

Bel. Why, then, you must never be a sloven; never be out of humour; never smoke tobacco; nor drink, but when you are dry.

Heart. That's hard.

Con. Nay, if you take his bottle from him, you break his heart, madam.

Bel. Why, is it possible the gentleman can love drinking?

Heart. Only by way of antidote.

Bel. Against what, pray?

Heart. Against love, madam.

Lady B. Are you afraid of being in love, sir?

Heart. I should, if there were any danger of it.

Lady B. Pray, why so?

Heart. Because I always had an aversion to being used like a dog.

Bel. Why, truly, men in love are seldom used better.

Lady B. But were you never in love, sir?

Heart. No, I thank heaven, madam.

Bel. Pray, where got you your learning, then?

Heart. From other people's experience.

Bel. That's being a spunger, sir, which is scarce honest; if you'd buy some experience with your own money, as 'twould be fairer gain, so 'twould stick longer by you.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Madam, here's my Lady Fanciful, to wait upon your ladyship. [*Exit.*

Lady B. Shield me, kind heaven! What an inundation of impertinence is here coming upon us.

Enter LADY FANCIFUL, *who runs first to Lady Brute, then to Belinda, kissing them.*

Lady F. My dear Lady Brute, and sweet Belinda, methinks, 'tis an age since I saw you.

Lady B. Yes, 'tis but three days; sure, you have passed your time very ill, it seems so long to you?

Lady F. Why, really, to confess the truth to you, I am so everlastingly fatigued with the addresses of unfortunate gentlemen, that were it not for the extravagancy of the example, I should e'en tear out these wicked eyes with my own fingers, to make both myself and mankind easy. What think you on't, Mr. Heartfree, for I take you to be my faithful adviser?

Heart. Why, truly, madam, I think every project that is for the good of mankind ought to be encouraged.

Lady F. Then I have your consent, sir?

Heart. To do whatever you please, madam.

Lady F. You had a much more limited complaisance this morning, sir. Would you believe it, ladies? this gentleman has been so exceedingly generous, to tell me of above fifty faults, in less time than it was well possible for me to commit two of them

Con. Why, truly, madam, my friend there is apt to be something familiar with the ladies.

Lady F. He is, indeed, sir; but he's wondrous charitable with it; he has had the goodness to design a reformation, e'en down to my fingers' ends. 'Twas thus, I think, sir, (*opening her fingers in an awkward manner,*) you'd have them stand? My eyes, too, he did not like. How was it you would have directed them? thus, I think. (*Staring at him.*) Then, there was something amiss in my gait, too; I don't know well how 'twas, but, as I take, he would have me walk like him. Pray, sir, do me the favour to take a turn or two about the room, that the company may see you. He's sullen, ladies, and won't. But, to make short, and give you as true an idea as I can of the matter, I think 'twas much about this figure in general, he would have moulded me to—but I was an obstinate woman, and could not resolve to make myself mistress of his heart, by growing as awkward as his fancy.

(*She walks awkwardly about, staring and looking ungainly; then changes on a sudden to the extremity of her usual affectation.*)

Heart. Just thus women do, when they think we are in love with them, or when they are so with us.

(*Constant and Lady B. talk together apart.*)

Lady F. 'Twould, however, be less vanity for me to conclude the former, than you the latter, sir.

Heart. Madam, all I shall presume to conclude is, that if I were in love, you'd find the means to make me soon weary on't.

Lady F. Not by over fondness, upon my word, sir. But, pr'ythee, let's stop here; for you are so much governed by instinct, I know you'll grow brutish at last.

Bel. (*Aside.*) Now am I sure she's fond of him. I'll try to make her jealous. Well, for my part, I should be glad to find somebody would be so free with me, that I might know my faults, and mend them.

Lady F. Then, pray, let me recommend this gentlemen to you. I have known him some time, and will be surety for him, that upon a very limited encouragement on your side, you shall find an extended impudence on his

Heart. I thank you, madam, for your recommendation; but, hating idleness, I'm unwilling to enter into a place where, I believe, there would be nothing to do. I was fond of serving your ladyship, because I knew you'd find me constant employment.

Lady F. I told you he'd be rude, Belinda.

Bel. Oh! a little bluntness is a sign of honesty, which makes me always ready to pardon it. So, sir, if you have no other objection to my service, but the fear of being idle in it, you may venture to list yourself: I shall find you work, I warrant you.

Heart. Upon those terms I engage, madam; and this, with your leave, I take for earnest. (*Offers to kiss her hand.*)

Bel. Hold there, sir! I'm none of your earnest-givers. But, if I'm well served, give good wages, and pay punctually. (*Heartfree and Belinda seem to continue talking familiarly together.*)

Lady F. (*Aside.*) I don't like this jesting between them. Methinks, the fool begins to look as if he were in earnest: but then, he must be a fool, indeed. Lard! what a difference there is between me and her! (*Looking at Belinda scornfully.*) How I should despise such a thing, if I were a man! What a nose she has! what a chin! what a neck! Then her eyes—and the worst kissing lips in the universe! No, no, he can never like her, that's positive; yet I can't suffer them together any longer. Mr. Heartfree, do you know that you and I must have no quarrel, for all this? I can't forbear being a little severe, now and then; but women, you know, may be allowed anything.

Heart. Up to a certain age, madam.

Lady F. Which I'm not yet past, I hope.

Heart. (*Aside.*) Nor ever will, I dare swear.

Lady F. (*To Lady B.*) Come, madam, will your ladyship be witness to our reconciliation?

Lady B. You are agreed, then, at last?

Heart. (*Slightingly.*) We forgive.

Lady F. (*Aside.*) That was a cold, ill-natured reply.

Lady B. Then there are no challenges sent between you?

Heart. Not from me, I promise. (*Aside to Constant.*) But that's more than I'll do for her; for I know she can as well be hanged as forbear writing to me.

Con. That I believe. But I think we had best be going, lest she should suspect something and be malicious.

Heart. With all my heart.

Con. Ladies, we are your humble servants. I see Sir John is quite engaged, 'twould be in vain to expect him. Come, Heartfree.

[*Exit.*

Heart. Ladies, your servant. (*To Bel.*) I hope, madam, you won't forget our bargain; I'm to say what I please to you.

[*Exit.*

Bel. Liberty of speech entire, sir.

Lady F. (*Aside.*) Very pretty, truly! But how the blockhead went out languishing at her; and not a look towards me! Well, people may talk, but miracles are not ceased. For 'tis more than natural, such a rude fellow as he is, and such a little impertinent as she should be capable of making a woman of my sphere uneasy. But I can bear her sight no longer, methinks she's grown ten times uglier than Cornet. I must home and study revenge. (*To Lady B.*) Madam, your humble servant; I must take my leave.

Lady B. What, going already, madam?

Lady F. I must beg you'll excuse me this once; for, really, I have eighteen visits to return this afternoon; so, you see, I'm importuned by the women, as well as the men. (*Going.*) Nay, you sha'n't go one step out of the room.

Lady B. Indeed, I'll wait upon you down.

Lady F. No, sweet Lady Brute, you know I swoon at ceremony.

Lady B. Pray, give me leave.

Lady F. You know I won't.

Lady B. Indeed I must.

Lady F. Indeed you sha'n't.

Lady B. Indeed I will.

Lady F. Indeed you sha'n't.

Lady B. Indeed I will.

Lady F. Indeed you sha'n't. Indeed, indeed, indeed you sha'n't.

[*Exit running; they follow.*

Re-enter LADY BRUTE.

Lady B. This impertinent woman has put me out of humour for a fortnight. What an agreeable moment has her foolish visit interrupted! Lord! what a pleasure there is in doing what we should no do!

Enter CONSTANT.

Ah! here again!

Con. Though the renewing my visit may seem a little irregular, I hope, I shall obtain your pardon for it, madam, when you know I only left the room, lest the lady who was here should have been as malicious in her remarks, as she is foolish in her conduct.

Lady B. He who has discretion enough to be tender of a woman's reputation, carries a virtue about him that may atone for a great many faults.

Con. If it has a title to atone for any, its pretensions must needs be strongest, where the crime is love. But I hope it cannot be reckoned an offence to love, where it is a duty to adore.

Lady B. 'Tis an offence, a great one, where it would rob a woman of all she ought to be adored for—her virtue.

Con. Virtue! that phantom of honour, which men in every age have so condemned, they have thrown it amongst the women to scramble for.

Lady B. If it be a thing of so very little value, why do you so earnestly recommend it to your wives and daughters?

Con. We recommend it to our wives, madam,

because we would keep them to ourselves; and to our daughters because we would dispose of them to others.

Lady B. 'Tis, then, of some importance, it seems, since you can't dispose of them without it.

Con. I beg you will believe I did but rally, madam. I know you judge too well of right and wrong to be deceived by arguments like those. And I hope you will have so favourable an opinion of my understanding, too, to believe the thing called virtue has worth enough with me to pass for an eternal obligation wherever 'tis sacrificed.

Lady B. It is, I think, so great a one, as nothing can repay.

Con. Yes, the making the man you love your everlasting debtor.

Lady B. When debtors once have borrowed all we have to lend, they are very apt to grow shy of their creditors' company.

Con. That, madam, is only when they are forced to borrow of usurers, and not of a generous friend. Let us choose our creditors, and we are seldom so ungrateful as to shun them.

Lady B. What think you of Sir John, sir? I was his free choice.

Con. I think he's married, madam.

Lady B. Does marriage, then, exclude men from your rule of constancy?

Con. It does. Constancy's a brave, free, haughty, generous agent, that cannot buckle to the chains of wedlock. (*Following her.*) But, madam—

Lady B. But, sir, 'tis my turn to be discreet now, and not suffer too long a visit.

Con. (*Catching her hand.*) By heaven, you shall not stir, till you give me hopes that I shall see you again at some more convenient time and place.

Lady B. I give you just hopes enough (*breaking from him*) to get loose from you; and that's all I can afford you at this time.

[*Exit, running.*

Con. Now, by all that's great and good, she's a charming woman! In what an ecstacy of joy she has left me! for she gave me hope. Did she not say she gave me hope? Hope! Ay, what hope? Enough to make me let her go! Why, that's enough in conscience. Or, no matter how 'twas spoke, hope was the word, it came from her, and it was said to me.

Enter HEARTFREE.

Ah! Heartfree, thou hast done me noble service in prattling to the young gentlewoman without there. Come to my arms, thou venerable bawd, and let me squeeze thee (*embracing him eagerly*) as a new pair of stays does a fat country girl, when she's carried to court, to stand for a maid of honour.

Heart. Why, what the devil's all this rapture for?

Con. Rapture! There's ground for rapture man! There's hopes, my Heartfree—hopes, my friend.

Heart. Hopes! of what!

Con. Why, hopes that my lady and I together, (for 'tis more than one body's work,) should make Sir John a cuckold.

Heart. Pr'ythee, what did she say to thee?

Con. Say! What did she not say! She said that—says she—she said—Zoons! I don't know what she said; but she looked as if she said everything I'd have her: and so, if thou'lt go to the tavern, I'll treat thee with anything that gold can buy; I'll give all my silver among the drawers, make a bonfire before the doors; swear that the Pope's turned protestant, and that all the politicians in England are of one mind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Tavern.*

LORD RAKE, SIR JOHN BRUTE, &c. *discovered at a table, drinking.*

All. Huzza!

Lord R. Come, boys, charge again: so—confusion to all order. Here's liberty of conscience.

All. Huzza!

Lord R. Come, sing the song I made this morning, to this purpose.

Sir J. 'Tis wicked, I hope.

Lord R. Don't I tell you that I made it?

Sir J. My lord, I beg your pardon for doubting your taste. Come, begin.

SONG.—COLONEL BULLY.

We're gayly yet, we're gayly yet,
And we're not very fow, but we're gayly yet;
Then sit ye awhile, and tipple a bit,
For we's not very fow, but we're gayly yet,
And we're gayly yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad,
There were three lasses, and them they had.
Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung,
And we's a git geer enough, we're but young.
And we're gayly yet, &c.

Then up went Ailey, Ailey, up went Ailey now;
Then up with Ailey, quo' Crumma, we's get a roaring fow.
And one was kiss'd in the barn, another was kiss'd on the green,
And t'other behind the pease-stack, till the mow flew up to her een.
Then up went Ailey, Ailey, &c.

Now, fie! John Thompson, run,
Gin ever you run in your life,
De'il get ye! but, hie, my dear Jack,
There's a mon got to bed with your wife.
Then up went Ailey, &c.

Then away John Thompson run,
And, egad! he run with speed,
But before he had run his length
The false loon had done the deed.
Then up went, Ailey &c.

Lord R. Well, how do you like it, gentlemen?

All. Oh! admirable!

Sir J. I would not give a fig for a song that is not full of slit and impudence.

Lord R. Then my muse is to your taste. But drink away; the night steals upon us; we shall want time to be lewd in. Hey! sally out, sirrah, and see what's doing in the camp; we'll beat up the quarters presently.

Watt. I'll bring your lordship an exact account.

[*Exit*

Lord R. Courage, knight! victory attends you!

Sir J. And laurels shall crown me. Drink away, and be d—d!

Lord R. Again, boys! t'other glass, and no morality.

Sir J. (*Drunk.*) Ay, no morality—and d—n the watch! And let the constable be married.

All. Huzza!

Enter Watter.

Lord R. How are the streets inhabited, sirrah?

Watt. My lord, it's Sunday night, they are full of drunken citizens.

[*Exit*

Lord R. Along, then, boys, we shall have a feast.

Col. Along, noble knight!

Sir J. Ay, along, Bully! and he that says Sir John Brute is not as drunk, and as religious as the drunkenest citizen of them all, is a liar, and the son of a whore.

Col. Why, that was bravely spoken, and like a free-born Englishman.

Sir J. What's that to you, sir, whether I am an Englishman or a Frenchman?

C.l. Zoons! you are not angry, sir?

Sir J. Zoons! I am angry, sir; for, if I am a free-born Englishman, what have you to do, even to talk of my privileges?

Lord R. Why, pr'ythee, knight, don't quarrel here; leave private animosities to be decided by daylight; let the night be employed against the public enemy.

Sir J. My lord, I respect you, because you are a man of quality. But I'll make the fellow know I'm within a hair's breadth as absolute by my privileges, as the king of France is by his prerogative. He, by his prerogative, takes money where it is not his due; I, by my privilege, refuse paying it where I owe it. Liberty and poverty, and old England! Huzza!

All. Huzza!

[*Exit Sir John, reeling, rest following.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Covent Garden.*

Enter LORD RAKE *and* COLONEL BULLY, *with their swords drawn.*

Lord R. Is the dog dead?

Col. No, d—n him! I heard him wheeze.

Lord R. How the witch his wife howled!

Col. Ay, she'll alarm the watch presently.

Lord R. Appear, knight, then; come, you have a good cause to fight for; there's a man murdered.

Enter SIR JOHN BRUTE.

Sir J. Is there? then let his ghost be satisfied; for I'll sacrifice a constable to it presently, and burn his body upon his wooden chair.

Enter a Tailor, with a bundle under his arm.

Col. How now? What have we got here? a thief?

Tai. No, an't please you, I'm no thief?

Lord R. That we'll see presently. Here, let the general examine him.

Sir J. Ay, ay; let me examine him, and I'll lay a hundred pounds I find him guilty, in spite of his teeth; for he looks like a sneaking rascal. Come, sirrah, without equivocation, or mental reservation tell me of what opinion you are, and what calling; for by them I shall guess at your morals.

Tai. An't please you, I'm a dissenting journeyman woman's tailor.

Sir J. Then, sirrah, you love lying by your religion, and theft by your trade: and so, that your punishments may be suitable to your crimes, I'll have you first gagged, and then hanged.

Tai. Pray, good worthy gentlemen don't abuse me: indeed, I am an honest man, and a good workman, though I say it, that should not say it.

Sir J. No words, sirrah, but attend your fate.

Lord R. Let me see what's in that bundle.

Tai. An't please you, it's my lady's morning dress and hat.

Sir J. What lady, you reptile, you?

Tai. My Lady Brute, an't please your honour.

Sir J. My Lady Brute! my wife! the robe of my wife! With reverence let me approach it. The dear angel is always taking care of me in danger, and has sent me this suit of armour, to protect me in this day of battle: on they go.

All. Oh, brave knight!

Lord R. Live, Don Quixote the second!

Sir J. Sancho, my 'squire, help me on with my armour.

Tai. Oh! dear gentlemen! I shall be quite undone, if you take the sack.

Sir J. Retire, sirrah! and, since you carry off your skin, go home, and be happy. [*Exit Tailor. They dress Sir J.*] So, how do you like my shapes now?

Lord R. To a miracle! he looks like a queen of the Amazons. But, to your arms, gentlemen! the enemy's upon their march; here's the watch.

Sir J. Oons! if it were Alexander the Great, at the head of his army, I would drive him into a horsepond.

All. Huzza! Oh, brave knight!

Enter Watchmen.

Sir J. See! here he comes, with all his Greeks about him: follow me, boys.

1 *Watch.* Heyday! Who have we got here? stand!

Sir J. Mayhap not.

1 *Watch.* What are you all doing here in the streets at this time of night? And who are you, madam, that seem to be at the head of this noble crew?

Sir J. Sirrah, I am Bendnca, queen of the Welshmen; and, with a leek as long as my pedigree, I will destroy your Roman legions in an instant. Britons, strike home!

(*Snatches a Watchman's staff, strikes at the Watch, drives them off, and returns in custody.*)

1 *Watch.* So! we have got the queen, however. We'll make her pay well for her ransom. Come, madam, will your majesty please to walk before the constable?

Sir J, The constable's a rascal, and you are a son of a whore!

1 *Watch.* A most noble reply, truly! If this be her royal style, I'll warrant her maids of honour prattle prettily: but we'll teach you some of our court dialect before we part with you, princess. Away with her to the round-house.

Sir J. Hands off, you ruffians! My honour's dearer to me than my life; I hope you won't be so uncivil.

1 *Watch.* Away with her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

Enter HEARTFREE.

Heart, What the plague ails me? Love! No, I thank you for that; my heart's rock still. Ye

'tis Belinda that disturbs me, that's positive. Well, what of all that? Must I love her for being troublesome? At that rate, I might love all the women I meet, egad! But, hold! though I don't love her for disturbing me, yet she may disturb me, because I love her. Ay, that may be, faith. I have dreamt of her, that's certain. Well, so I have of my mother; therefore, what's that to the purpose? Ay, but Belinda runs in my mind waking—and so does many a d—d thing, that I don't care a farthing for. Methinks, though, I would fain be talking to her, and yet I have no business. Well, am I the first man that has had a mind to do an impertinent thing?

Enter CONSTANT.

Con. How now, Heartfree! What makes you up and dressed so soon? I thought none but lovers quarrelled with their beds; I expected to have found you snoring, as I used to do.

Heart. Why, faith! friend, 'tis the care I have of your affairs that makes me so thoughtful; I have been studying all night how to bring your matter about with Belinda.

Con. With Belinda?

Heart. With my lady, I mean: and, faith! I have mighty hopes on't. Sure, you must be very well satisfied with her behaviour to you yesterday?

Con. So well, that nothing but a lover's fears can make me doubt of success. But what can this sudden change proceed from?

Heart. Why you saw her husband beat her, did you not?

Con. That's true: a husband is scarce to be borne upon any terms, much less when he fights with his wife. Methinks she should e'en have cuckolded him upon the spot, to shew that after the battle she was master of the field?

Heart. A council of war of women would infallibly have advised her to it. But, I confess, so agreeable a woman as Belinda deserves better usage.

Con. Belinda again!

Heart. My lady, I mean. What a plague makes me blunder so to day? (*Aside.*) A plague of this treacherous tongue.

Con. Pr'ythee, look upon me seriously, Heartfree. Now answer me seriously; is it my lady, or Belinda, employs your careful thoughts thus?

Heart. My lady, or Belinda!

Con. In love, by this light! in love!

Heart. In love!

Con. Nay, never deny it; for thou'lt do it so awkwardly, 'twill but make the jest sit heavier about thee. My dear friend, I give you much joy.

Heart. Why, pr'ythee you won't persuade me to it, will you?

Con. That she's mistress of your tongue, that's plain; and I know you are so honest a fellow, your tongue and heart always go together. But how—but how the devil—psha! Ha, ha, ha!

Heart. Heyday! Why, sure, you don't believe it in earnest?

Con. Yes, I do, because I see you deny it in jest.

Heart. Nay, but, look you! Ned—a—deny in jest—a—gadzooks! you know, I say—a—when a man denies a thing in jest—a—

Con. Ha, ha, ha!

Heart. Nay, then we shall have it: what, because a man stumbles at a word? Did you never make a blunder?

Con. Yes, for I am in love; I own it.

Heart. Then so am I:—now laugh till thy soul's glutted with mirth. But, dear Constant, don't tell the town on't.

Con. Nay, then, 'twere almost a pity to laugh at thee, after so honest a confession.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, there's a porter without, with a letter; he desires to give it into your own hands.

Con. Call him in.

Enter Porter.

What, Joe, is it thee?

Port. An't please you, sir, I was ordered to deliver this into your hands, by two well-shaped ladies, at the New Exchange. I was at your honour's lodgings, and your servants sent me hither.

Con. 'Tis well: are you to carry any answer?

Port. No, my noble master. They gave me my orders, and whip, they are gone.

Con. Very well: there.

(*Gives him money.*)

Port. Heaven bless your honour!

[*Exit.*

Con. Now let's see what honest, trusty Joe has brought us. (*Reads.*) "If you and your playfellow can spare time from your business and devotions, don't fail to be at Spring Garden, about eight in the evening. You'll find nothing there but women, so you need bring no other arms than what you usually carry about you." So, playfellow, here's something to stay your stomach, till your mistress's dish is ready for you.

Heart. Some of our old battered acquaintance. I won't go, not I.

Con. Nay, that you can't avoid: there's honour in the case; 'tis a challenge, and I want a second.

Heart. I doubt I shall be but a very useless one to you; for I'm so disheartened by this wound Belinda has given me, I do not think I shall have courage enough to draw my sword.

Con. Oh! if that be all, come along; I'll warrant you'll find sword enough for such enemies as we have to deal withal.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Justice's house.*

Enter Constable and Watchmen with SIR JOHN BRUTE.

Con. Come, forsooth, come along, if you please I once, in compassion, thought to have seen you safe home this morning; but you have been so rampant and abusive all night, I shall see what the justice of peace will say to you.

Sir J. And you shall see what I'll say to the justice of peace, sirrah.

(*Watchman knocks at the door.*)

Enter Servant.

Con. Is Mr. Justice at home?

Serv. Yes.

Con. Pray, acquaint his worship we have got an unruly woman here, and desire to know what he'll please to have done with her.

Serv. I'll acquaint my master.

[*Exit.*

Sir J. Hark you; constable, what cuckoldy justice is this?

Con. One that knows how to deal with such romps as you are, I'll warrant you.

Enter Justice.

Just. Well, Mr. Constable, what is the matter here?

Con. An't please your worship, t..s here comical sort of a gentlewoman has committed great outrages to-night. She has been frolicking with my Lord Rake and his gang; they attacked the watch, and I hear there has been a man killed. I believe 'tis they have done it.

Sir J. Sir, there may have been murder, for aught I know; and 'tis a great mercy there has not been a rape, too; that fellow would have ravished me.

1 *Watch.* Ravish, ravish! Oh, lud! oh, lud! oh lud! Do I look like a ravisher?

Just. Why, truly, she does seem a little masculine about the mouth.

2 *Watch.* Yes, and about the hands too, an't please your worship. I did but offer, in mere civility, to help her up the steps into our apartment, and with her gripen fists——

(*Sir J. knocks him down.*)

Sir J. I felled him to the ground, like an ox.

Just. Out upon this boisterous woman! out upon her!

Sir J. Mr. Justice, he would have been uncivil; it was in defence of my honour, and I demand satisfaction.

2 *Watch.* I hope your worship will satisfy her honour in Bridewell; that fist of hers will make an admirable hemp-beater.

Sir J. Sir, I hope you will protect me against that libidinous rascal. I am a woman of quality, and virtue, too, for all I am in an undress this morning.

Just. Why, she really has the air of a sort of a woman a little somethingish out of the common. Madam, if you expect I should be favourable to you, I desire I may know who you are.

Sir J. Sir, I am anybody, at your service.

Just. I desire to know your name.

Sir J. Sir, my name's Mary.

Just. Ay, but your surname, madam.

Sir J. Sir, my surname's the very same with my husband's.

Just. A strange woman this! Who is your husband, pray?

Sir J. Sir John—

Just. Sir John who?

Sir J. Sir John Brute.

Just. Is it possible, madam, you can be my Lady Brute?

Sir J. That happy woman, sir, am I; only a little in my merriment to-night.

Just. I am concerned for Sir John.

Sir J. Truly, so am I.

Just. I have heard he is an honest gentleman.

Sir J. As ever drank.

Just. Good lack! Indeed, lady, I'm sorry he has such a wife.

Sir J. I am sorry he has any wife at all.

Just. And so, perhaps, may he. I doubt you have not given him a very good taste of matrimony.

Sir J. Taste, sir! Sir, I had scorned to stint him to a taste; I have given him a full meal of it.

Just. Indeed, I believe so. But, pray, fair lady, may he have given you any occasion for this extraordinary conduct? does he not use you well?

Sir J. A little upon the rough sometimes.

Just. Ay, any man may be out of humour now and then.

Sir J. Sir, I love peace and quiet; and when a woman don't find that at home, she's apt, sometimes, to comfort herself with a few innocent diversions abroad.

Just. A strange woman this! Does he spend a reasonable portion of his time at home, to the comfort of his wife and children?

Sir J. He never gave his wife cause to repine at his being abroad in his life.

Just. Pray, madam, how may he be in the grand matrimonial point. Is he true to your bed?

Sir J. Sir!

Just. Is he true to your bed?

Sir J. Chaste! Cons! this fellow asks so many impertinent questions! Egad! I believe it is the justice's wife in the justice's clothes.

(*Aside.*)

Just. 'Tis a great pity she should have been thus disposed of. Pray, madam (and then I have done), what may be your ladyship's common method of life? if I may presume so far.

Sir J. Why, sir, much that of a woman of quality.

Just. Pray, how may you generally pass your time, madam? Your morning, for example.

Sir J. Sir, like a woman of quality, I wake about two o'clock in the afternoon; I stretch, and make a sign for my chocolate; when I have drunk three cups, I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings; then, hanging upon their shoulders, I am trailed to my great chair, where I sit and yawn for my breakfast; if it don't come presently, I lie down upon my couch to say my prayers, while my maids read me the playbills.

Just. Very well, madam!

Sir J. When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter; and, half-an-hour after, I send to the cook, to know if the dinner is almost ready.

Just. So, madam!

Sir J. By that time my head is half-dressed, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition that the meat's all cold upon the table; to amend which, I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen, to be all dressed over again.

Just. Poor man!

Sir J. When I have dined, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their ease to do so too, I call for my coach, to go visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I never shall find one at home while I shall live.

Just. So! there's the morning and afternoon pretty well disposed of. Pray, how, madam, do you pass your evenings?

Sir J. Like a woman of spirit, sir; a great spirit. Give me a box and dice—seven's the main! Cons! sir, I set you a hundred pounds! Why, do you think women are married now-a-days, to sit at home and mend napkins? Oh! the lord help your head!

Just. Mercy on us! Mr. Constable, what will this age come to?

Con. What will it come to, indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks!

Sir J. Mr. Justice!

Just. Madam!

Sir J. Sir, I have a little urgent business calls

upon me; and, therefore, I desire the favour of you to bring matters to a conclusion.

Just. Madam, if I were sure that business were not to commit more disorders, I would release you.

Sir J. None—by my virtue.

Just. Then, Mr. Constable, you may discharge her.

Sir J. Sir, your very humble servant. Will you please to accept of a bottle?

Just. I think you kindly, madam: but I never drink in a morning. Good b'ye, madam! good b'ye!

Sir J. Mr. Justice, will you be so kind and obliging as to grant me one favour?

Just. Ay: what is it?

Sir J. That your worship may be so very obliging as to let me have the honour of a chaste saint. Won't you?

Just. Good b'ye, madam.

Sir J. Good b'ye, good sir! [*Exit Justice.*] So now, Mr. Constable, shall you and I go pick up a whore together?

Con. No, thank you, madam: my wife's enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

Sir J. (*Aside.*) He, he, he! The fool is married, then. Well, you won't go?

Con. Not I, truly!

Sir J. Then I'll go by myself; and you and your wife may go to the devil. [*Exit.*

Con. (*Gazing after him.*) Why, God-a-mercy, lady. [*Exit*

SCENE IV.—*Spring Garden.*

CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE *cross the stage. As they go off, enter* LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE, *masked, and dogging them.*

Con. So! I think we are about the time appointed: let us walk up this way.

[*Exit with Heartfree.*

Lady F. Good! thus far have I dogged them without being discovered. 'Tis infallibly some intrigue that brings them to Spring Garden. How my poor heart is torn and racked with fear and jealousy! Let it be anything but that flirt Belinda, and I'll try to bear it. But, if it proves her, all that's woman in me shall be employed to destroy her.

[*Exit after Constant and Heartfree.*

Re-enter CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE. LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE *still follow at a distance.*

Con. I see no females yet, that have anything to say to us. I'm afraid we are bantered.

Heart. I wish we were, for I'm in no humour to make either them or myself merry.

Enter LADY BRUTE *and* BELINDA, *masked, and poorly dressed.*

Con. How now! Who are these? Not our game I hope.

Heart. If they are, we are e'en well enough served, to come a hunting here when we had so much better game in chase elsewhere.

Lady F. (*To Mademoiselle.*) So, those are their ladies, without doubt. But I'm afraid that doily stuff is not worn for want of better clothes. They are the very shape and size of Belinda and her aunt.

Madem. So dey be, inteed, matam.

Lady F. We'll slip into this close harbour, where we may hear all they say.

[*Exit with Madem.*

Lady B. What, are you afraid of us, gentlemen?

Heart. Why, truly, I think we may, if appearances don't lie.

Bel. Do you always find women what they appear to be, sir?

Heart. No, forsooth! but I seldom find them better than they appear to be.

Bel. Then the outside's best, you think.

Heart. 'Tis the honestest.

Con. Have a care, Heartfree! you are relapsing again.

Lady B. Why, does the gentleman use to rail at women?

Con. He has done formerly.

Bel. I suppose he had very good call for't. They did not use you so well as you thought you deserved, sir?

Lady B. They made themselves merry at your expense, sir?

Bel. Laughed when you sighed?

Lady B. Slept while you were waking?

Bel. Had your porter beat?

Lady B. And threw your billet-doux in the fire?

Heart. Heyday! I shall do more than rail, presently.

Bel. Why, you won't beat us, will you?

Heart. I don't know but I may.

Con. What the devil's coming here? Sir John, and drunk, i'faith!

Enter SIR JOHN BRUTE.

Sir J. What, a pox! here's Constant, Heartfree, and two whores, egad! Oh, you covetuous rogues. What, have you never a spare punk for your friend? But I'll share with you.

(*Seizes both the women.*)

Heart. Why, what the plague have you been doing, knight?

Sir J. Why, I have been beating the watch, and scandalizing the women of quality.

Heart. A very good account, truly!

Sir J. And what do you think I'll do next?

Con. Nay, that no man can guess.

Sir J. Why, if you'll let me sup with you, I'll treat both your strumpets.

Lady B. (*Aside.*) Oh, lord! we are undone.

Heart. No, we can't sup together, because we have some affairs elsewhere. But if you'll accept of these two ladies, we'll be so complaisant to you to resign our right in them.

Bel. (*Aside.*) Lord, what shall we do?

Sir J. Let me see; their clothes are such d—d clothes, they won't pawn for the reckoning.

Heart. Sir John, your servant. Raptures attend you.

Con. Adieu, ladies; make much of the gentleman.

Lady B. Why, sure, you won't leave us in the hands of a drunken fellow, to abuse us?

Sir J. Who do you call a drunken fellow, you slut you! I'm a man of quality: the king has made me a knight.

Heart. Ay, ay, you are in good hands; adieu, adieu! (*Runs off.*)

Lady B. The devil's hands! let me go, or I'll—for heaven's sake protect us!

(*Breaks from Sir J., runs to Constant, twitching off her mask, and clapping it on again.*)

Sir J. I'll devil you, you jade, you! I'll demolish your ugly face.

Re-enter HEARTFREE, *Belinda runs to him, and shews her face.*

Heart. Hold, thou mighty man! Lookye, sir, we did but jest with you. These are ladies of our acquaintance, that we had a mind to frighten a little; but now you must leave us.

Sir J. Oons! I won't leave you, not I.

Heart. Nay, but you must, though; and, therefore, make no words on't.

Sir J. Then you are a couple of d—d uncivil fellows; and I hope your punks will give you sauce to your mutton. [*Exit.*

Lady B. Oh, I shall never come to myself again, I'm so frightened!

Con. 'Tis a narrow escape, indeed.

Bel. Women must have frolics, you see, whatever they cost them.

Heart. This might have proved a dear one, though.

Lady B. You are the more obliged to us for the risk we run upon your accounts.

Con. And I hope you'll acknowledge something due to our knight errantry, ladies. This is the second time we have delivered you.

Lady B. 'Tis true; and since we see fate has destined you for our guardians, 'twill make us the more willing to trust ourselves in your hands. But you must not have the worse opinion of us for our innocent frolic.

Heart. Ladies, you may command our opinion in everything that is to your advantage.

Bel. Then, sir, I command you to be of opinion that women are sometimes better than they appear to be.

(*Lady B. and Constant talk apart.*)

Heart. Madam, you have made a convert in me in everything. I'm grown a fool. I could be fond of a woman.

Bel. I thank you, sir, in the name of the whole sex.

Heart. Which sex nothing but yourself could ever have atoned for.

Bel. Now has my vanity a devilish itch to know in what my merit consists.

Heart. In your humility, madam, that keeps you ignorant it consists at all.

Bel. One other compliment, with that serious face, and I hate you for ever after.

Heart. Some women love to be abused; is that it you would be at?

Bel. No, not that neither; but I'd have men talk plainly what's fit for women to hear, without putting them to a real or an affected blush.

Heart. Why, then, in as plain terms as I can find to express myself, I could love you even to matrimony itself—almost, egad!

Bel. Just as Sir John did her ladyship there.

Heart. Dear creature! do but try me.

Bel. That's the surest way, indeed, to know; but not the safest. (*To Lady B.*) Madam, are you not for taking a turn in the great walk? It's almost dark; nobody will know us.

Lady B. Really, I find myself something idle, Belinda: besides, I dote upon this little, odd, private corner. But don't let my lazy fancy confine you.

Con. (*Aside.*) So, she would be left alone with me! that's well.

Bel. Well, we'll take one turn, and come to you again. (*To Heartfree.*) Come, sir, shall we go pry into the secrets of the garden? Who knows what discoveries we may make?

Heart. Madam, I am at your service.

Con. (*Aside to Heartfree.*) Don't make too much haste back; for, d'ye hear?—I may be busy.

Heart. Enough! [*Exit Bel. with Heartfree.*

Lady B. Sure, you think me scandalously free, Mr. Constant; I'm afraid I shall lose your good opinion of me.

Con. My good opinion, madam, is like your cruelty—never to be removed.

Lady B. Indeed, I doubt you much. Why, suppose you had a wife, and she should entertain a gallant?

Con. If I gave her just cause, how should I justly condemn her?

Lady B. Ah! but you differ widely about just causes.

Con. But blows can bear no dispute.

Lady B. Nor ill manners much, truly.

Con. Then no woman on earth has so just a cause as you have. But, for heaven's sake! (for now I must be serious,) if pity, or if gratitude can move you; (*taking her hand*) if constancy and truth have power to tempt you; if love, if adoration, can affect you, give me at least some hopes, that time may do, what you, perhaps, mean never to perform: 'twill ease my sufferings, though not quench my flame.

Lady B. Your sufferings eased, your flame would soon abate; and that I would preserve, not quench it, sir.

Con. Would you preserve it, nourish it with favours; for that's the food it naturally requires.

Lady B. Yet on that natural food 'twould surfeit soon, should I resolve to grant all you would ask.

Con. And in refusing all, you starve it. Forgive me, therefore (since my hunger rages), if I at last grow wild; and, in my phrenzy, force at least from you. (*Kissing her hand.*) Or if you'd have my flame soar higher still, then grant me this, and this, and thousands more. (*Kissing first her hand, and then her neck. Aside.*) For now's the time she melts into compassion.

Lady B. Oh, heavens! let me go.

Con. Ay, go, ay! where shall we go, my charming angel—into this private arbour? Nay, let's lose no time—moments are precious——

Lady B. And lovers wild. Pray, let us stop here; at least, for this time.

Con. 'Tis impossible! he that has power over you, can have none over himself.

(*As he is forcing her into the arbour, Lady Fanciful and Mademoiselle rush out upon them.*)

Lady B. Ah, I'm lost!

Lady F. & Madem. Fe, fe, fe! [*Exeunt.*

Con. Death and furies! who are those?

Lady B. Oh, heavens! I'm out of my wits. If they know me, I'm ruined.

Con. Don't be frightened; ten thousand to one they are strangers to you.

Lady B. Whatever they are, I won't stay here a moment longer.

Con. Whither will you go?

Lady B. Home, as if the devil were in me! Lord! where's this Belinda now?

Enter BELINDA *and* HEARTFREE.

Oh, 'tis well you are come; I'm so frightened! Let's begone, for heaven's sake?

Bel. Lord! what's the matter?

Lady B. The devil's the matter! Here's a couple of women have done the most impertinent thing. Away, away, away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Lady Fanciful's House.*

Enter LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE.

Lady F. Well, mademoiselle, did you dodge the filthy things?

Madem. O qu'oui, madame.

Lady F. And where are they?

Madem. Au logis.

Lady F. What, men and all?

Madem. Tous ensemble.

Lady F. Oh, confidence! What, carry their fellows to their own house?

Madem. C'est que le mari n'y est pas.

Lady F. No, so I believe, truly. But he shall be there, and quickly, too, if I can find him out. Well, 'tis a prodigious thing to see, when men and women get together, how they fortify one another in their impudence. But if that drunken fool, her husband, be to be found in e'er a tavern in town, I'll send him amongst them: I'll spoil their sport.

Madem. En verité, madame, ce serit domage.

Lady F. 'Tis in vain to oppose it, mademoiselle; therefore, never go about it: for I am the steadiest creature in the world—when I am determined to do mischief. So, come along.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—*Sir John Brute's House.*

Enter CONSTANT, HEARTFREE, LADY BRUTE, BELINDA, *and* LOVEWELL.

Lady B. But you are sure you don't mistake, Lovewell?

Lov. Madam, I saw them all go into the tavern together; and my master so drunk, he could scarce stand.

Lady B. Then, gentlemen, I believe we may venture to let you stay, and play at cards with us an hour or two; for they'll scarce part till morning.

Bel. I think it's a pity they should ever part—

Con. The company that's here, madam.

Lady B. Then, sir, the company that's here must remember to part itself in time.

Con. Madam, we don't intend to forfeit your future favours, by an indiscreet usage of this. The moment you give us the signal, we sha'n't fail to make our retreat.

Lady B. Upon those conditions, then, let us sit down to cards.

Enter LOVEWELL.

Lov. Oh, lord! madam, here's my master just staggering in upon you: he has been quarrelsome yonder, and they have kicked him out of the company.

[*Exit.*

Lady B. Into the closet, gentlemen, for heaven's sake!

(*Constant and Heartfree run into the closet.*)

Enter SIR JOHN BRUTE, *covered with dirt and blood.*

Lady B. Ah! ah! he's all over blood!

Sir J. What the plague does the woman squall for? Did you never see a man in a pickle before?

Lady B. Lord! where have you been?

Sir J. I have been at—cuffs.

Lady B. I fear that is not all. I hope you are not wounded?

Sir J. Sound as a roach, wife.

Lady B. I'm mighty glad to hear it.

Sir J. You know—I think you lie.

Lady B. 'Tis a hard fate, I should not be believed.

Sir J. 'Tis a d—d atheistical age, wife.

Lady B. I am sure I have given you a thousand tender proofs how great my care is of you. But, spite of all your cruel thoughts, I still persist; and, at this moment, if I can persuade you to lie down, and sleep a little.

Sir J. Why, do you think I am drunk, you slut you?

Lady B. Heaven forbid I should! But I'm afraid you are feverish. Pray, let me feel your pulse.

Sir J. Stand off, and be d—d.

Lady B. Why, I see your distemper in your eyes: you are all on fire. Pray, go to bed; let me entreat you.

Sir J. Come, kiss me, then.

Lady B. (*Kissing him.*) There! now go.—(*Aside.*) He stinks like poison.

Sir J. I see it goes d——y against your stomach; and, therefore,—kiss me again.

Lady B. Nay, now you fool me.

Sir J. Do it, I say.

Lady B. (*Aside.*) Ah! lord have mercy upon me! Well—there! Now will you go?

Sir J. Now, wife, you shall see my gratitude: you gave me two kisses; I'll give you—two hundred.

(*Kisses and tumbles her.*)

Lady B. Oh, lord! pray, Sir John, be quiet! Heavens! what a pickle I am in.

Sir J. So, now, you being as dirty and as nasty as myself, we may go pig together. But, first, I must have a cup of your cold tea, wife.

(*Going to the closet.*)

Lady B. (*Aside.*) Oh! I am ruined! There's none there, my dear.

Sir J. I'll warrant you I'll find some, my dear.

Lady B. You can't open the door; the lock's spoiled: I have been turning and turning the key this half-hour, to no purpose. I'll send for the smith to-morrow.

Sir J. There's ne'er a smith in Europe can open a door with more expedition than I can do. As for example:—(*He bursts open the closet.*) How now! What the devil have we got here? Constant, Heartfree,—and two w— again, egad! This is the worst cold tea that ever I met with in my life! "I have been turning and turning—"

Enter CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE *from the closet.*

Lady B. (*Aside.*) Oh, lord! what will become of us!

Sir J. Gentlemen, I am your very humble servant. I give you many thanks. I see you take care of my family: I shall do all I can to return the obligation.

Con. Sir, how oddly soever this business may appear to you, you'd have no cause to be uneasy, if you knew the truth of all things. Your lady is the most virtuous woman in the world, and nothing has passed but an innocent frolic.

Heart. Nothing else, upon my honour, sir.

Sir J. You are both very civil gentlemen; and my wife, there, is a very civil gentlewoman; therefore, I don't doubt but many civil things have passed between you. Your very humble servant.

Lady B. (*Aside to Constant.*) Pray, begone; he's so drunk, he can't hurt us to-night, and to-morrow morning you shall hear from us.

Con. I'll obey you, madam. Sir, when you are cool, you'll understand reason better: so, then, I shall take the pains to inform you; if not, I wear a sword, sir, and so good b'ye. Come along, Heartfree.

[*Exeunt.*

Sir J. Wear a sword, sir! And what, then, sir? He comes to my house, eats my meat, lies with my wife, dishonours my family, gets a bastard to inherit my estate; and when I ask a civil account of all this,—"Sir," says he, "I wear a sword." Wear a sword, sir?—"Yes, sir," says he, "I wear a sword." It may be a good answer at cross purposes; but 'tis a d—d one to a man in my whimsical circumstance. "Sir," says he, "I wear a sword." (*To Lady B.*) And what do you wear now? Eh! tell me. (*Sitting down.*) What, you are modest, and can't! why, then, I'll tell you, you slut you:—you wear an impudent, lewd face; a d—d designing heart; and a tail—and a tail full of—

(*Falls fast asleep.*)

Lady B. So, thanks to kind heaven, he's fast for some hours!

Bel. 'Tis well he is so, that we may have time to lay our story handsomely; for we must lie like the devil to bring ourselves off.

Lady B. What shall we say, Belinda?

Bel. (*Musing.*) I'll tell you; it must all light upon Heartfree and me.

Lady B. I'm beholden to you, cousin; but that would be carrying the jest a little too far. But it's late: let's out of an excess of charity, take a small care of that nasty drunken thing there. Do but look at him, Belinda.

Bel. Ah! it's a savoury dish.

Lady B. As savoury as it is, I'm cloyed with it. Pr'ythee, call the butler to take away.

Bel. Call the butler! Call the scavenger. (*To a Servant within.*) Who's there? Call Razor; let him take away his master; scour him clean, with a little soap and sand, and so put him to bed.

Lady B. Come, Belinda, I'll e'en lie with you to-night, and, in the morning, we'll send for our gentlemen, to set this matter even.

Bel. With all my heart.

Lady B. Good night, my dear.

(*Making a low courtesy to Sir John.*)

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter RAZOR.

Razor. My lady, there, is a wag; my master, there, is a cuckold. Marriage is a slippery thing! Women have depraved appetites—my lady's a wag. I have heard all; I have seen all, I understand all; and I'll tell all; for my little Frenchwoman over sees dearly. This story will gain her heart, or nothing will. (*To Sir J.*) Come, sir, your head's too full of fumes at present to make room for your jealousy: but I reckon we shall have rare work with you when your pate's empty. Come to your kennel, you cuckoldy, drunken sot, you. (*Takes him on his back.*)

My master's asleep in his chair, and a snoring,
My lady's abroad, and—Oh, rare matrimony!

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Lady Fanciful's House.*

Enter LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE.

Lady F. But why did you not tell me before, mademoiselle, that Razor and you were fond?

Madem. De modesty hinder me, madam.

Lady F. Why, truly, modesty does often hinder us from doing things we have an extravagant mind to. But does he love you well enough yet to do anything you bid him? Do you think, to oblige you, he would speak scandal?

Madem. Madam, to oblige your ladyship, he shall speak anything.

Lady F. Why, then, mademoiselle, I'll tell you what you shall do: you shall engage him to tell his master all that passed at Spring Garden. I have a mind he shall know what a wife and a niece he has got.

Madem. Il le fera, madame.

Enter CORNET, *who speaks apart to Mademoiselle.*

Corn. Mademoiselle, yonder's Mr. Razor desires to speak with you.

Madem. Tell him I come presently. [*Exit Cornet.*] Razor be dere, madame.

Lady F. That's fortunate. Well, I'll leave you together; and, if you find him stubborn, mademoiselle—harkye!—don't refuse him a few reasonable little liberties, to put him in humour.

Madem. Laissez moi faire.

[*Exit Lady F.*

RAZOR *peeps in; and, seeing Lady Fanciful gone, turns to Mademoiselle, and kisses her.*

Madem. How now, confidence!

Razor. How now, modesty!

Madem. Who makes you so familiar, sirrah?

Razor. My impudence, hussy.

Madem. Stand off, rogue face!

Razor. Ah, mademoiselle, great news at our house.

Madem. Why, vat be de matter?

Razor. The matter! why, uptails all's the matter.

Madem. Tu te mocque de moi.

Razor. Now do you long to know the particulars—the time when—the place where—the manner how—but I won't tell you a word more.

Madem. Nay, den you kill me, Razor.

Razor. Come, kiss me, then. (*Putting his hands behind.*)

Madem. Nay, pridee, tell me.

Razor. Good b'ye. (*Going.*)

Madem. Hold, hold! I will kiss dee. (*Kissing him.*)

Razor. So, that's civil! Why, now, my pretty Poll, my goldfinch, my little water-wagtail, you must know that—Come, kiss me again.

Madem. I won't kiss de no more.

Razor. Good b'ye.

Madem. Doucement! dere! es tu content? (*Kissing him.*)

Razor. So, now I'll tell thee all. Why, the news is, cuckoldom in folio is newly printed, and matrimony in quarto is just going into the press. Will you buy any books, mademoiselle?

Madem. Tu parle comme un libraire; de devil, no understand dee!

Razor. Why, then, that I may make myself intelligible to a waiting woman, I'll speak like a valet-de-chambre: my lady has cuckolded my master.

Madem. Bon.

Razor. Which we take very ill from her hands. I can tell her that. We can't yet prove matter of fact upon her.

Madem. N'importe.

Razor. But we can prove, that matter of fact had like to have been upon her.

Madem. Ouy-da.

Razor. For we have such terrible circumstances—

Madem. Sans doute.

Razor. That any man of parts may draw tickling conclusions from them.

Madem. Fort bien.

Razor. We found a couple of tight, well-built gentlemen stuffed into her ladyship's closet.

Madem. Le diable!

Razor. And I, in my particular person, have discovered a most d—e plot, how to persuade my poor master, that all this hide and seek, this will-in-the-wisp, has no other feeling than a Christian marriage for sweet Mrs. Belinda.

Madem. Un mariage? Ah, les droles!

Razor. Don't you interrupt me, hussy!—'Tis agreed, I say; and my innocent lady, to wriggle herself out at the back door of the business, turns marriage hawd to her niece, and resolves to deliver up her fair body to be tumbled and mumbled by that young liquorish whipster, Heartfree. Now are you satisfied?

Madem. No.

Razor. Right woman! always gaping for more.

Madem. Dis be all den, dat you know?

Razor. All! ay, and a great deal too, I think.

Madem. Den be fool, dou know noteing. Ecoute, mon pauvre Razor! Dou see des two eyes? Des two eyes have see de devil.

Razor. The woman's mad!

Madem. In Spring Garden, dat rogue Constant meet dy lady.

Razor. Bon.

Madem. I'll tell de no more.

Razor. Nay, pr'ythee, my swan!

Madem. Come, kiss me, den. (*Clapping her hands behind her, as he did before.*)

Razor. I won't kiss you, not I.

Madem. Adieu!

(*Going.*)

Razor. Hold! (*Gives her a hearty kiss.*) Now proceed.

Madem. A çà—I hide myself in one cunning place, where I hear all and see all. First, dy drunken master come mal-à-propos, but de not no know his own dear wife, so he leave her to her sport: den de game begin. De lover say soft ting; de lady look upon the ground. (*As she speaks, Razor still acts the man, and she the woman.*) He takes her by de hand: she turn her head an oder way. Den he squeeze very hard; den she pull—very softly. Den he take her in his arms; den she give him little pat. Den he tremble; den she sigh. Den he pull her into the arbour; den she pinch him.—

Razor. Ay, but not so hard, you baggage, you.

Madem. Den he grow bold; she grow weak. He tro her down, il tombe dessu, le diable assist, il emport tout—(*Razor struggles with her, as if he would throw her down.*)—Stand off, sirrah!

Razor. You have set me afire, you jade, you!

Madem. Den go to de river and quench dyself.

Razor. What an unnatural harlot this is!

Madem. Razor!

(*Looking languishingly on him.*)

Razor. Mademoiselle!

Madem. Dou no love me?

Razor. Not love thee! More than a Frenchman does soup.

Madem. Den you will refuse nothing dat I bid dee?

Razor. Don't bid me hang myself, then.

Madem. No; only tell dy master all I have tell dee of dy lady.

Razor. Why, you little malicious strumpet, you! should you like to be served so?

Madem. Dou dispute, den?—Adieu!

Razor. Hold!—But why wilt thou make me such a rogue, my dear?

Madem. Voilà un vrai Anglois! il est amoureux, et cependant il veut raisonner. Va t'en au diable!

Razor. Hold, once more! in hopes thou'lt give me up thy body, I'll make a present of my honesty.

Madem. Bon écoute donc; if dou fall me, I never see dee more. If dou obey me, je m'abandonne à toi à toi.

[*She kisses him and exit.*

Razor. (*Licking his lips.*) Not be a rogue!—*Amor vincit omnia.*

[*Exit.*

Enter LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE.

Lady F. Marry, say ye? Will the two things marry?

Madem. Où le va faire, madame.

Lady F. Look you, mademoiselle—in short, I can't bear it—no, I find I can't. Therefore, run and call Razor back immediately; for something must be done to stop this impertinent wedding. If I can but defer it four and twenty hours, I'll make such work about town, with that little pert slut's reputation, he shall as soon marry a witch.

Madem. (*Aside.*) La voilà bien intentionée.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Constant's Lodgings.*

Enter CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE.

Con. But what dost think will become of this business?

Heart. 'Tis easier to think what will not become on't.

Con. What's that?

Heart. A challenge. I know the knight too well

for that; his dear body will always prevail upon his noble soul to be quiet.

Con. But though he dare not challenge me, perhaps he may venture to challenge his wife.

Heart. Not if you whisper him in the ear, you won't have him do't; and there's no other way left that I see. For, as drunk as he was, he'll remember you and I were where we should not be; and I don't think him quite blockhead enough yet, to be persuaded we were got into his wife's closet only to peep into her prayer-book.

Enter a Servant, with a letter.

Serv. Sir, here's a letter: a porter brought it.

Con. Oh, ho! here's instructions for us. *(Reads.)* "The accident that has happened has touched our invention to the quick. We would fain come off without your help, but find that's impossible. In a word, the whole business must be thrown upon a matrimonial intrigue between your friend and mine; but if the parties are not fond enough to go quite through with the matter, 'tis sufficient for our turn, they own the design. We'll find pretences enough to break the match. Adieu."—Well, women for invention! How long would my block head have been producing this, eh! Heartfree? What, musing, man? Pr'ythee, be cheerful. What sayest thou, friend, to this matrimonial remedy?

Heart. Why, I say, it's worse than the disease.

Con. Here's a fellow for you! There's beauty and money on her side, and love up to the ears on his; and yet——

Heart. And yet, I think, I may reasonably be allowed to boggle at marrying the niece, in the very moment that you are deluding the aunt.

Con. Why, truly, there may be something in that. But have not you a good opinion enough of your own parts, to believe you could keep a wife to yourself?

Heart. I should have, if I had a good opinion enough of hers, to believe she could do as much by me. But, pr'ythee, advise me in this good and evil, this life and death, this blessing and curse, that is set before me. Shall I marry, or die a maid?

Con. Why, 'faith, Heartfree, matrimony is like an army going to engage: love's the forlorn hope, which is soon cut off; the marriage knot is the main body, which may stand buff a long time; and repentance is the rear guard, which rarely gives ground as long as the main body has a being.

Heart. Conclusion, then; you advise me to rake on as you do.

Con. That's not concluded yet: for, though marriage be a lottery, in which there are wondrous many blanks, yet there is one inestimable lot in which the only heaven on earth is written. Would your kind fate but guide your hand to that, though I were wrapped in all that luxury itself could clothe me with, I should envy you.

Heart. And justly, too; for to be capable of loving one, doubtless is better than to possess a thousand; but how far that capacity's in me, alas! I know not.

Con. But you would know?

Heart. I would so.

Con. Matrimony will inform you. Come, one flight of resolution carries you to the land of experience; where, in a very moderate time, you'll know the capacity of your soul and your body both, or I'm mistaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Sir John Brute's.*

Enter LADY BRUTE *and* BELINDA.

Bel. Well, madam, what answer have you from them?

Lady B. That they'll be here this moment. I fancy 'twill end in a wedding: I'm sure he's a fool if it don't. Ten thousand pounds, and such a lass as you are, is no contemptible offer to a younger brother.

Enter CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE.

Good morrow, gentlemen; how have you slept after your adventure?

Heart. Some careful thoughts, ladies, on your accounts, have kept us waking.

Bel. And some careful thoughts on your own, I believe, have hindered you from sleeping. Pray, how does this matrimonial project relish with you?

Heart. Why, 'faith, e'en as storming towns does with soldiers, where the hope of delicious plunder banishes the fear of being knocked on the head.

Bel. Is it, then, possible, after all, that you dare think of downright lawful wedlock?

Heart. Madam, you have made me so fool-hardy, I dare do anything.

Bel. Then, sir, I challenge you, and matrimony's the spot where I expect you.

Heart. 'Tis enough; I'll not fail. *(Aside.)* So, now I am in for Hobbe's voyage; a great leap in the dark.

Lady B. Well, gentlemen, this matter being concluded, then, have you got your lessons ready? for Sir John is grown such an atheist of late, he'll believe nothing upon easy terms.

Con. We'll find means to extend his faith, madam. But, pray, how do you find him this morning?

Lady B. Most lamentably morose; chewing the cud after last night's discovery; of which, however, he has but a confused notion, even now. But I'm afraid the valet de chambre has told him all: for they are very busy together at this moment. When I told him of Belinda's marriage, I had no other answer but a grunt; from which you may draw what conclusion you think fit.—But to your notes, gentlemen; he's here.

Enter SIR JOHN BRUTE *and* RAZOR.

Con. Good morrow, sir.

Heart. Good morrow, Sir John; I'm very sorry my indiscretion should cause so much disorder in your family.

Sir J. Disorders generally come from indiscretion, sir; 'tis no strange thing at all.

Lady B. I hope, my dear, you are satisfied there was no wrong intended you.

Sir J. None, my dove.

Bel. If not, I hope my consent to marry Mr. Heartfree will convince you; for, as little as I know of amours, sir, I assure you, one intrigue is enough to bring four people together, without further mischief.

Sir J. And I know, too, that intrigues tend to procreation of more kinds than one. One intrigue will beget another, as soon as beget a son or a daughter.

Con. I am very sorry, sir, to see you still seem unsatisfied with a lady, whose more than common

virtue, I am sure, were she my wife, should meet a better usage.

Sir J. Sir, if her conduct has put a trick upon her virtue, her virtue's the bubble, but her husband's the loser.

Con. Sir, you have received a sufficient answer already, to justify both her conduct and mine. You'll pardon me for meddling in your family affairs; but I perceive I am the man you are jealous of, and therefore it concerns me.

Sir J. Would it did not concern me, and then I should not care who it concerned.

Con. Well, sir, if truth and reason won't content you, I know but one way more, which, if you think fit, you may take.

Sir J. Lord, sir, you are very hasty: if I had been found at prayers in your wife's closet, I should have allowed you twice as much time to come to yourself in.

Con. Nay, sir, if time be all you want, we have no quarrel.

Heart. I told you how the sword would work upon him.

(Sir John muses.)

Con. Let him muse, however, I'll lay fifty pounds our foreman brings us in, not guilty.

Sir J. (*Aside.*) 'Tis very well—'tis very well. In spite of that young jade's matrimonial intrigue, I am a downright stinking cuckold. Here they are. Boo—(*Putting his hand to his forehead.*) Methinks, I could butt with a bull. What the plague did I marry for? I know she did not like me; but that's past. And now what shall I do with her? If I put my horns into my pocket, she'll grow insolent—if I don't, that goat there, that stallion, is ready to whip me through the guts. The debate, then, is reduced to this; shall I die a hero, or live a rascal? Why, wiser men than I have long since concluded, that a living dog is better than a dead lion. (*To Constant and Heartfree.*) Gentlemen, now my wine and passion are governable, I must own, I have never observed any thing in my wife's course of life, to back me in my jealousy of her: but jealousy's a mark of love; so she need not trouble her head about it, as long as I make no more word's on t.

Enter LADY FANCIFUL, *disguised, and addresses Belinda, apart.*

Con. I'm glad to see your reason rule at last. Give me your hand: I hope you'll look upon me as you used to do.

Sir J. Your humble servant. (*Aside.*) A wheedling son of a whore?

Heart. And that I may be sure you are friends with me, too, pray give me your consent to wed your niece.

Sir J. Sir, you have it with all my heart; d—n me if you haven't. (*Aside.*) 'Tis time to get rid of her; a young pert imp; she'll make an incomparable bawd in a little time.

Enter a Servant, who gives Heartfree a letter.

Bel. Heartfree your husband, say you? 'Tis impossible!

Lady F. Would to kind heaven it were! but 'tis too true; and in the world their lives not such a wretch. I'm young; and either I have been flattered by my friends, as well as my glass, or nature has been kind and generous to me. I had a fortune too was greater far than he could ever hope for; but with my heart I am robbed of all the rest. I am slighted and I'm beggared both at once; I have scarcely a bare subsistence from the villain, yet dare complain to none; for he has sworn, if ever 'tis known I am his wife, he'll murder me.

(*Weeping.*)

Bel. The traitor!

Lady F. I accidentally was told he courted you; charity soon prevailed upon me to prevent your misery; and, as you see. I'm still so generous even to him, as not to suffer he should do anything, for which the law might take away his life.

(*Weeping.*)

Bel. Poor creature! How I pity her!

(*They continue talking aside.*)

Heart. (*Aside.*) Death and the devil!—Let me read it again. (*Reads.*) "Though I have a particular reason not to let you know who I am till I see you, yet you'll easily believe 'tis a faithful friend that gives you this advice. (Good!) I have a child by Belinda—(Better and better)—which is now out at nurse—(Heaven be praised!)—and I think the foundation laid for another—(Ha! old true-penny!)—no rack could have tortured this story from me; but friendship has done it. I heard of your design to marry her, and could not see you abused. Make use of my advice, but keep my secret till I ask you for it again."

[*Exit Lady Fanciful.*

Con. (*To Belinda*) Come, madam, shall we send for the parson? I doubt here's no business for the lawyers; younger brothers have nothing to settle but their hearts, and that I believe my friend here has already done very faithfully.

Bel. (*Scornfully.*) Are you sure, sir, there are no old mortgages upon it?

Heart. (*Coldly.*) If you think there are, madam, it mayn't be amiss to defer the marriage till you are sure they are paid off.

Bel. We'll defer it as long as you please, sir.

Heart. The more time we take to consider on't, madam, the less apt we shall be to commit oversight: therefore, if you please, we will put it off for just nine months.

Bel. Guilty consciences make men cowards.

Heart. And they make women desperate.

Bel. I don't wonder you want time to resolve.

Heart. I don't wonder you are so quickly determined.

Bel. What does the fellow mean?

Heart. What does the lady mean?

Sir J. Zoons! what do you both mean?

(*Heartfree and Belinda walk about.*)

Razor. (*Aside.*) Here is so much sport going to be spoiled, it makes me ready to weep again. A pox o' this impertinent Fanciful, and her plots, and her Frenchwoman too; I hear them tittering without still. Ecod, I'll e'en go lug them both by the ears, and discover the plot, to secure my pardon.

[*Exit.*

Con. Pr'ythee, explain, Heartfree.

Heart. A fair deliverance; thank my stars and my friend!

Bel. 'Tis well if went no further; a base fellow!

Lady B. What can be the meaning of all this?

Bel. What's his meaning. I don't know; but mine is, that if I had married him, I had had no husband.

Heart. And what's her meaning, I don't know, but mine is, that if I had married her, I had had wife enough.

Sir J. Your people of wit have got such cramp ways of expressing themselves, they seldom comprehend one another. Pox take you both, will you

speak in the language of common sense, that you may be understood?

Enter RAZOR, *pulling in* LADY FANCIFUL *and* MADEMOISELLE.

Razor. If they won't, here comes an interpreter.

Lady B. Heavens! What have we here?

Razor. A villain—but a repenting villain.

Lady B. What means this?

Razor. Nothing without my pardon.

Lady B. What pardon do you want?

Razor. Imprimis, your ladyship's, for a d—e lie made upon your spotless virtue, and set to the tune of Spring Garden. (*To Sir John.*) Next at my generous master's feet I bend, for interrupting his more noble thoughts with phantoms of disgraceful cuckoldom. (*To Constant.*) Thirdly, I to this gentleman apply, for making him the hero of my romance. (*To Heartfree.*) Fourthly, your pardon, noble sir, I ask, for clandestinely marrying you, without either bidding of banns, bishop's license, friends' consent, or your own knowledge. (*To Belinda.*) And lastly, to my good young lady's clemency I come, for pretending the corn was sowed in the ground, before ever the plough had been in the field.

Sir J. (*Aside.*) So that, after all, 'tis a moot point whether I am a cuckold or not.

Bel. Well, sir, upon condition you confess all, I'll pardon you myself, and try to obtain as much from the rest of the company. But I must know then who 'tis has put you upon all this mischief.

Razor. Satan and his equipage; women tempted, me, vice weakened me—and so the devil overcame me: as fell Adam, so fell I.

Bel. Then pray, Mr. Adam, will you make us acquainted with your Eve?

Razor. (*To Mademoiselle.*) Unmask, for the honour of France.

All. Mademoiselle!

Madem. Me ask ten tousand pardon of all de good company.

Sir J. Why, this mystery thickens instead of clearing up. (*To Razor.*) You son of a whore you, put us out of our pain.

Razor. One moment brings sunshine. (*Shewing Mademoiselle.*) 'Tis true, this is the woman that tempted me, but this is the serpent that tempted the woman; and if my prayers might be heard, her punishment for so doing should be like the serpent's of old—(*Pulls off Lady Fanciful's mask.*) she should lie upon her face all the days of her life.

All. Lady Fanciful!

Bel. Impertinent!

Lady B. Ridiculous!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Bel. I hope your ladyship will give me leave to wish you joy, since you have owned your marriage yourself. (*To Heartfree.*) I vow 'twas strangely wicked in you to think of another wife, when you have one already so charming as her ladyship.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady F. (*Aside.*) Confusion seize them, as it seizes me. Your mirth's as nauseous as yourself. Belinda, you think you triumph over a rival now; helas! ma pauvre fille. Where'er I'm a rival there's no cause for mirth. No, my poor wretch, 'tis from another principle I have acted. I knew, that thing there would make so perverse a husband, and you so impertinent a wife, that, lest your mutual plagues should make you run both mad, I charitably would have broken the match. He, he, he! [*Exit, laughing affectedly.*

Madem. He, he, he!

[*Exit, following her.*

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. (*Aside.*) Why, now, this woman will be married to somebody, too.

Bel. Poor creature, what a passion she is in! but I forgive her.

Heart. Since you have so much goodness for her, I hope you'll pardon my offence, too, madam?

Bel. There will be no great difficulty in that, since I am guilty of an equal fault.

Heart. Then let's to church;
And if it be our chance to disagree—

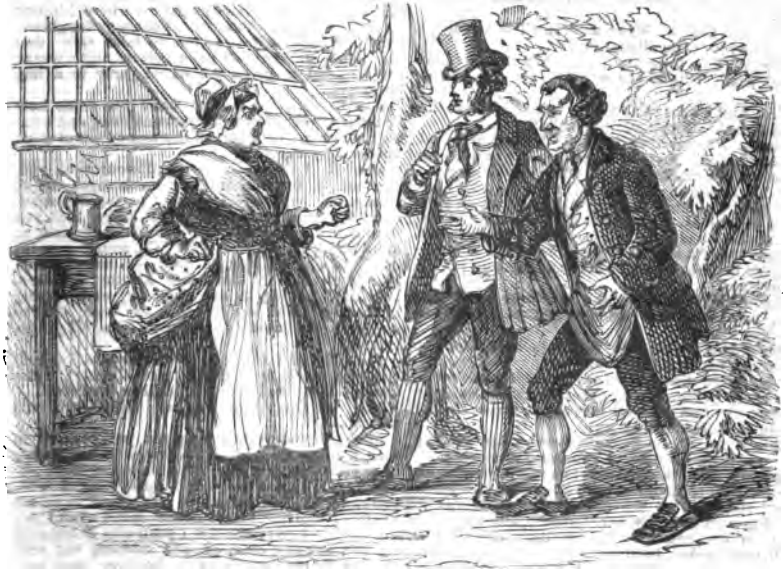
Bel. Take heed! the surly husband's fate you see.

Sir J. Surly I may be, stubborn I am not.
For I have both forgiven and forgot;
If so, be these our judges, Mrs. Pert,
If they approve,
'Tis more their goodness, than our desert.

[*Exeunt.*

THE WATERMAN; OR, THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

A BALLAD OPERA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY CHARLES DIBDIN.



Mrs. B.—"IS IT NOT A MOST MARVELLOUS THING," &c.—*Act* i, *scene* 1.

Persons Represented.

BUNDLE.	ROBIN.	MRS. BUNDLE.
TUG.	GARDENERS.	WILHELMINA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden, where several Gardeners are at work; some digging, &c.; others, together with several Women, tying up bundles of asparagus.* BUNDLE *and* TUG *seated under a tree, at breakfast upon cold roast beef; a tankard of beer upon the table.*

Labour, lads, ere youth be gone,
For see apace the day steals on.
Labour is the poor man's wealth;
Labour 'tis that gives him health;
Labour makes us, while we sing,
Happier than the greatest king.
Then labour, lads, ere youth be gone,
For see apace the day steals on.

Bundle. This, now, is my delight; to sit at breakfast while the men work. Come, honest Tom; let us make an end of our tankard before my wife gets up: her raking so in London (where, between you

and I, she stays a devilish deal longer than while she sells the sparrow-grass), keeps her abed woundy late of a morning.

Tug. Why, Master Bundle, I have oftentimes thought to myself, that it was a wondersome kind of thing how it came to pass, that you two agree so badly; when out of all the four-and-twenty hours, you are hardly ever above two of them together.

Bundle. Ah! Thomas, Thomas! 'tis very hard that a man like me can't be allowed to get drunk once a-day, without being called to an account for it; but between you and I, she is the arrantest——

Mrs. B. (*Within.*) What are you all about there? Where's your lazy, idle master?

Bundle. You hear she has begun to ring her usual peal. This is the way, the moment she is up!

Tug. And I believe she seldom leaves off till she goes to bed. Does she, Mr. Bundle?

Bundle. No, nor then neither. Everything must be her way, or there's no getting any peace. As soon as the marketing's over in town, away she and her favourite Robin trudge to the two shilling gallery of one of the play-houses, where they have picked up such a pack of d—d nonsense, about sentiments and stuff, that I am not only obliged to put up with her scolding me all the time I do see her, but I am scolded in a language I don't understand.

Tug. Why, I should like that best now; for, then, you know, one has no right to take it for scolding at all.

Bundle. Oh! when once she raises her voice, you never can take it for anything else.

Tug. Why, then, mayhap, it is all concerning this same play-house business that she's so stout against me, and does all she can to serve Master Robin with Miss Wilelminy.

Bundle. Ay, there was another of her freaks: she was then as fond of romances as she is now of plays: and though my father, who was as plain a man as myself, swore he would not leave us a farthing, if we did not call the girl Margery, nothing would satisfy her, forsooth, but we must give her the name of Wilelmina. 'Tis such a d—d, confounded, hard name, that I was a matter of three years before I could pronounce it right.

Tug. Well, stand to your oars; for here she comes!

Enter MRS. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. Is it not a most marvellous thing, Mr. Bundle, that I must be such an eternal slave to my family, in this here manner, while you and your cologuing companions are besotting and squandering away your time with your guzzling, and everything goes to rack and manger? I that am such a quiet, well-bred, easy, tame creature; that never scolds, nor riots, nor dins your faults in your ears; but am always as gentle and as patient as a lamb,

Bundle. You are a very good wife to be sure, my dear, only a little inclined to talking. If you now had no tongue, or I had no ears, we should be the happiest couple in the world.

Mrs. B. What a provocating creature!—Tongue!—But this comes of marrying such a scum of a fellow? one that you may throw away all the tenderness in the world for, before it makes any impression upon him. But it serves me right; for 'tis very well known what great offers I refused upon your account.

Bundle. I don't know how it should be otherwise than well known, my love; for I generally hear of it about six times a-day. But, my dear, don't you think it will be necessary to give orders about loading the cart against you go to London?

Mrs. B. Sir, I shall not go to London to-night at all. Robin, Miss Wilelmina, and I, are invited to go with a party to see the rowing-match this afternoon, and afterwards, there is to be a hop at Mr. Wicks's, the tallow-chandler's, where I intend to settle the purliminaries about my daughter's wedding; and I desire you to take care, that the pines are not all gone before next week; for, I intend to invite the whole party to a hop here.

Tug. But, Madam Bundle, ben't you some how or other afraid, that, what with one thing and what with another, you'll hop all the money out of your husband's pocket?

Mrs. B. I don't direct my discourse to you, sir; but 'tis my husband that encourages you to behave in such a brutish and outrageous manner. He has promised you, I know, that you should have my daughter; but I'll make him to know who's at home, I will! I'll assure you, indeed! Such a fellow as you!—a nasty, idling, scurvy rapscallion, that leads a filthy, drunken, lazy life; sotting in one alehouse, and sotting in another And shall such a low brute dare to expire to the honour of marrying Miss Wilelmina Bundle?

Tug. I'll tell you what, Ma'am Bundle, I should not care much for marrying your daughter, if she was not of a little better temper than yourself.

Mrs. B. Oh! the villain! Why, you vile wicked——

Bundle. My dear, how can you put yourself in such a passion? you, you know, who are such a tame creature; one that never scolds nor riots.

Mrs. B. I'll riot you all to some tune, I will; therefore, Mr. Bundle, unless you would have me sue for a separate maintenance—mind what I say—next time I go to London, I shall take Robin with me to Doctors'-Commons, and nothing but your consent to his marrying your daughter, shall ever make me look upon you again.

AIR.—MRS. BUNDLE.

My counsel take,
Or else I'll make
The house too hot to hold you;
Be rul'd I pray,
I'd something say:
Did I ever rout or scold you?
But spite to wreak,
On one so meek,
Who never raves or flies out;
On me, who am
Like any lamb—
Oh! I could tear your eyes out.

[*Exit*

Tug. Well, and what say you to all this?

Bundle. Why, I'll tell you what, honest Thomas; for me to contradict her, would be much the same thing as for you to row against wind and tide.

Tug. Why, then, that would be bad enough, Master Bundle.

Bundle. But I'll try what I can do with my daughter for you; and all I can say to put you in heart is, that if I find her as headstrong and as perverse as her mother, I shall advise you to have nothing to do with her, and so save you from hanging yourself in a month.

Tug. But, Master Bundle, if I marries miss, I expect to be a little happier than you are.

Bundle. Ah! Tom, Tom! the wisest of us may be deceived.

Tug. I don't know but you are in the right of it. A waterman would be a confounded fool, that would put up a sail with the wind and tide both in his teeth—But here comes Miss Wileminy. If she marries me, I'll see if I can't get her to change her name.

Enter MISS WILELMINA.

AIR.

Two youths for my love are contending in vain;
For do all they can,
Their sufferings I rally, and laugh at their pain.
Which, which is the man
That deserves me the most? Let me ask of my heart,
Is it Robin who smirks, or who dresses so smart?
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?
Which, which is the man?

Indeed, to be prudent, and do what I ought,
I do what I can;
Yet surely papa and mamma are in fault;
To a different man
They each have advis'd me to yield up my heart:
Mamma praises Robin, who dresses so smart;
Papa honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan;
Which, which is the man?

Be kind, then, my heart, and but point out the youth,
I'll do what I can
His love to return, and return it with truth:
Which, which is the man?
Be kind to my wishes, and point out, my heart,
Is it Robin who smirks, and who dresses so smart?
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?
Which, which is the man?

Tug. Take my advice, miss, and let it be honest Tom.

Wilel. Oh, you brute! did you hear me?

Tug. Why, miss, suppose if I did, you aren't afraid of speaking your mind, be ye?

Wilel. My mind! Why you have not the assurance to pretend that I said anything in favour of you?

Tug. Why, no, I can't say directly that you said as how you'd have me; but I'm sure you can't help saying yourself, that it sounded a little that way.

Wilel. And do you imagine that I could prefer you to Robin, sweet Robin! as the song says, that's all over a nosegay, and the very pink of good breeding.

Tug. For my part I makes no comparisments, as a body may say; but I'd be sorry, miss, if there was not others as agreeable and well-behaved as he, however.

Wilel. What, yourself, I suppose? Do you know, you odious creature! that he can spout Romeo by heart, and that he's for ever talking similies to me?

Tug. I know he's for ever talking nonsense to you.

Wilel. Oh! hold your filthy tongue! Do you but hear him compare my cheeks to carnations, my hands to lillies, my beautiful blue veins to violets, my lips to cherries, my teeth to snow-drows, and my eyes to the sparkling dew that hangs upon the rose-trees in the morning,—what would you say, then?

Tug. Ah! but you know, miss, that's all in his way.

Wilel. Then he writes verses! Oh, dear me! the author of the opera-book in the parlour window, is a fool to him for writing. Oh! he is a very Ovid's Metamorphose!

Tug. Why, for the matter of that, miss, there are other folks that can write as well as he. What would you say now, if I had wrote something about concerning my falling in love with you?

Wilel. I should then begin to have some hopes of you.

Tug. Should you?—Why, then, I have.

Wilel. Oh, dear! let's see it.

Tug. It's a song, miss: I'll sing it to you, if you please.

AIR.—TUG.

And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriars Bridge us'd for to ply?
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart and delighting each eye:
He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,
And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and painted withal;
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering,
For loving or liking he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen;
As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall:
And would this young lady but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow,
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's married, and never in want of a fare?

Well, miss, how do you like it?

Wilel. Like it! why it's the very moral of yourself! If you had not passed half your time between Wapping and the Tower-stairs, you could never have written such a song.

Tug. Didn't I tell you as how it was the thing? Well, now, I hope you will consent?

Wilel. Consent to what?

Tug. Why, to marry me. To be sartain, you won't find me like your Mr. Robin, inconsiderate puppy, that will say more in half an hour than he'll stand to in half a year. I am a little too

much of an Englishman, I thank you, miss, for that: my heart lies in the right place; and, as we say, 'tis not always the best-looking boat goes the safest.

Wilel. And so, Mr. Thomas, you really think, by all this fine talking, to make me dying for love of you?

Tug. Why, miss, for the matter of that, I don't see why I should not.

Wilel. Well, then, I'll tell you what, if you ever expect to have anything to say to me, you must kneel at my feet, kiss my hand, swear that I am an angel; that the very sun, moon, and stars, are not half so bright as my eyes; that I am Cupid, Venus, and the three Graces put together.

Tug. Why, to be sure, all this may be very fine; but why should I speak to you in a lingo I don't understand?

Wilel. This, as my dear Robin says, is the only language of true lovers; and if you don't understand it already, you'll learn it for my sake.

Tug. I'll tell you what, miss; if you don't marry me till I make such a fool of myself, 'tis my mind you'll never marry me at all. I love you, to be sartain; there's nobody can say to the contrary of that; but you'll never catch me at your Cupids and Wenisses: I am plain and downright. I'd do all that is in my power to make you happy, if you'd have me; and if you won't, I have nothing to do but to cast away care, and go on board a man-of-war; for I could never bear to stay here, if you was married to another.

Wilel. What, then, you'd leave England, and all for the love of me?

Tug. That's what I would, miss.

Wilel. Well, that would be charming! Oh, how I should doat upon it, if I were to hear them cry through Battersea streets—"The Sailor's Lamentation for the Loss of his Mistress!"

Tug. I'll stick to my word, I assure you; if you won't have me, I'll go on board a man-of-war.

AIR.—TUG.

Then farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell;
Never more at Chelsea ferry
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go;
Where, exros'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friend'y ball shall lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, the story hearing,
With a sigh, may cry—"Poor Tom."

[*Exit*

Wilel. Well, 'tis a most charming thing to plague these creatures. Die for me! if I had not given myself some airs to him, he never could have thought of such a thing; but that's the way, if one does not use them like dogs, there's no getting anything from them. But here comes Robin: I must plague him in another way.

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Miss Wilelmina, may I have the unspeakable happiness to tell you how much words fall short of the great honour you would prefer upon me, if you would grant me the request of favouring me with your hand this evening at the hop.

Wilel. Why, Mr. Robin, what particular inclination can you have to dance with me?

Robin. What inclination, miss? Ask the plants why they love a shower? Ask the sunflower why it loves the sun? Ask the snowdrop why it is white? Ask the violet why it is blue? Ask the trees why they blossom? the cabbages why they grow? 'Tis all because they can't help it; no more can I help my love for you.

Wilel. Lard! Mr. Robin, how gallant you are.

Robin. Oh, my Wilelmina, thou art straighter than the straightest tree! sweeter than the sweetest flower! Thy hand is as white as a lily! thy breath is as sweet as honeysuckles! and when you speak, grace is in all your steps, heaven in your eye, in every gesture—oh, dear!

Wilel. Lard! Mr. Robin, you have said that so often—

Robin. Well, you never heard me say this in your life. Now, mind: my heart is for all the world just like a hot bed, where the seed of affection, sown by your matchless charms, and warmed by that sun, your eyes, became a beautiful flower, which is just now full blown; and all I desire, miss, is, that you'll condescend to gather it, and stick it in your bosom.

Wilel. And what pretensions have you to think I shall ever consent to such a thing?

Robin. Pretension, miss? Because my love is as boundless as the sea, and my heart is as full of Cupid's arrows as a sweet-briar is full of thorns.

Wilel. But I am afraid if I were foolish enough to believe you, you would soon forget me.

Robin. Forget you, miss? 'tis impossible! Sooner shall asparagus forget to grow, seed frrget to rise, leaves to fall: sooner shall tress grow with their roots in the air, and their branches buried in the earth, than I forget my Wilelmina.

Wilel. Well, I do declare there's no resisting you.

Robin. Resisting me, miss! no, I don't know how you should; my heart is stocked with love, as a flower-garden is stocked with flowers. The Cupids that have fled from your eyes, and taken shelter there are as much out of number as the leaves on a tree, or the colours in a bed of tulips. You are to me what the summer is to the garden; and if you don't revive me with the sunshine of your favour, I shall be over-run with the weeds of disappointment, and choked up with the brambles of despair.

Wilel. That would be a pity, indeed.

Robin. So 'twould, indeed, miss.

Wilel. Do you really love me, then?

Robin. Love you?

AIR.—ROBIN.

Did the blossoms ne'er be blighted,
Birds by scare-crows ne'er be frighted,
From the firm earth the oak remove;
Teach the holly-oak to grow,
Trees bear cherries,
Hedges berries;
But, pr'ythee, teach me not to love.

Grass shall grow than cedars higher,
Pinks shall bloom upon the briar,

Lilies be as black as jet,
Roses smell no longer sweet,
Melons ripen without heat,
Plums and cherries,
Taste like berries,
When Wilelmina I forget.

[*Exit.*

Enter BUNDLE.

Wilel. Oh, papa, are you there?

Bundle. Hush, hush! speak softly. You have not seen your mother, have you?

Wilel. No.

Bundle. Because I wanted to talk with you, Wilelmina, my dear.

Wilel. What, upon the old subject, I suppose.

Bundle. Yes; but I would not have her hear us.

Wilel. Oh! she is safe enough, scolding the men in the garden.

Bundle. Oh! that will take her some time.—Well, have you seen, Thomas?

Wilel. Yes, I have seen him, and a most deplorable figure he cuts. I believe by this time he has entered himself on board a man-of-war; that so as the history-book says, he may put an end to his existence and my cruelty together.

Bundle. Why, did he say he would?

Wilel. Don't I tell you I was cruel to him; and how could he do any less?

Bundle. Why, the girl's distracted! But this comes of gadding about with your mother. If you had listened to my advice, I would no more have suffered you to put on such ridiculous conceited airs—Why, you and your mother are the laughing-stock of the whole place: I never pop my head into the Black Raven to get my penny-worth in a morning, but all the folks are full of it.

Wilel. Why, papa, we are only a little genteeler than the rest of the people of Battersea, that's all.

Bundle. Genteeler! Do you call it genteel, then to take a pleasure at being pointed at? But I'll not bear it; therefore, hear what I have to say, or—

Wilel. Why do you tell me all this? Why don't you speak to my mamma? 'Tis no wonder she does what she pleases with me, when you know you don't care to contradict her yourself.

Bundle. Not dare to contradict her!

Wilel. No, papa; you know she will have her own way! and since she has desired me to have Robin, what can I do but be dutiful?

Bundle. What, then, you owe no duty to me, I suppose?

Wilel. Indeed, I do; and if I could see that you owed a little to yourself, I would oblige you willingly.

Bundle. But, as it is, you won't marry Thomas?

Wilel. I can't, indeed.

Bundle. And for no other reason, but because your mamma insists upon your marrying Robin?

Wilel. No other.

Bundle. Very well; I'll settle the matter: she shall do as I please; and if she were to come across me now—

Enter MRS. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. What then, Mr. Bundle?

Bundle. My dear?

Mrs. B. What could have conduced you to raise your voice to such a pitch? I hope you had not the assurance to be tampering, and plotting, and undermining my daughter's infections; and above all, I hope you was not hatching up any vile scheme to impose my authority.

Wilel. Poor papa, how he looks!

(*Aside.*)

Bundle. Why, my dear, I did intend to say something to you on that subject, but as my tongue does not go quite so fast as a water-will, I am afraid it would be but to little purpose.

Mrs. B. Scurvy creature!

Wilel. If you don't speak, papa, I shall be obliged to marry Robin.

Bundle. I can't help it.

Wilel. 'Tis all your own fault, now; don't blame me: I must marry Robin; you have perfectly given me your consent.

Bundle. So thou couldst but unmarry me, I'd consent to your marrying whoever you pleased.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. B. Well, my dear, what has he been saying to you? nothing, I hope, to discourage you in your infections to Robin.

Wilel. Indeed he has; and I can't think of being undutiful.

Mrs. B. Undutiful, indeed! I say undutiful! Which will reflect most upon you, do you think? to obey a mean, poor-spirited drone of a father, who has nothing but low, mechanical ideas, or a mother who is acquainted with Shakspere, goes to all the sentimental comedies, can play at cards, dance kittellions and allemandes, and knows every particle of purliteness and high breeding?

Wilel. Very true, madam; but then, Mr. Thomas is such a sweet young man.

Mrs. B. He!

Wilel. So good-natured!

Mrs. B. The Vandil!

Wilel. So honest!

Mrs. B. Low creature!

Wilel. Such an immensity of love!

Mrs. B. The Hottentot! I'll tell you what, Wilelmina, your father has put all this into your head. I'll go and give it to him heartily while my blood's up, for daring to be beforehand with me; and then, I have but one word to say to you, either comply and marry Robin, or else I'll disinherit you from any share in the blood of my family the Grograms; and you may creep through life with the dirty, pitiful, mean, paltry, low, ill-bred notions which you have gathered from his family, the Bundles.

[*Exit.*

AIR.—WILELMINA.

Too yielding a carriage
Has oft before marriage
To ruin and misery pointed the way:
You're shown'd if complying,
But you're lover once flying,
How eager he'll follow, and beg you to stay.

A coquette ne'er proclaim me,
Ye maids, then, nor blame me,
If I wish to be happy whene'er I'm a wife;
Each lover's denial
Was only a trial
Which is he that's most likely to love me for life.

[*Exit*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

BUNDLE *discovered.*

Bundle. What shall I do with this perverse girl? I have but poor comfort for my friend Thomas. However, all things considered, I don't know whether I should not have done him a more unfriendly office by marrying him than by keeping him single. For my own part, were I to chose whether I would keep my wife or have the plague, on my conscience, I should run the risk of the last. But, mercy on us! here she comes: 'tis a strange thing that I never mention the word plague but she's at my elbow.

Enter MRS. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. Mr. Bundle—I shall be very cool, sir.

Bundle. I hope so, my dear.

Mrs. B. What the devil is the reason that you have been making all this here piece of work?

Bundle. My dear!

Mrs. B. I say, sir, how comes it to pass, that in spite of all my conjunctions to the contrary, you will behave so monstrously shameful as to oblige me to put myself in these here passions.

Bundle. Why, my dear, are you ever in a passion?

Mrs. B. Don't provoke me: you think, I suppose, because you have got your daughter on your side, to carry all before you; but, Mr. Bundle, though you have been coaxing and wheedling her to marry that low, dirty——I won't bemean myself by repeating his filthy name; though, I say, she has been undutiful and wicked enough to suffer such a low, unpolite clown as you, to persuade her to marry a fellow as vulgar and as mean as yourself; yet, if I have any authority, you shall no more carry it off in the manner you think—

Bundle. My dear—

Mrs. B. I won't hear a word.

Bundle. Have a moment's patience, now, and I'll convince you.

Mrs. B. I won't have patience, nor I won't be convinced: 'tis a shame, and a scandalous thing; and whoever tells me to be patient, or wants to convince me, it shall be the worse for them.

Bundle. Go on, my dear

Mrs. B. Oh, how I am used! I could hang myself for vexation. *(Crying.)*

Bundle. My dear, if you had but about half as much reason as you have passion, how very easily could all these matters be settled; for you are wrong from the beginning to the end in this affair. In the first place, I don't think it would be very undutiful in a girl to do what her father desires her, was it as you say; in the next, I desired her to give her consent to marry Thomas, 'tis true, but she refused me.

Mrs. B. Why, this is worse than t'other; first use me ill, and then result me: for the girl told me, with her own mouth, that she promised you to marry Thomas.

Bundle. And she told me, with her own mouth, she had promised you to marry Robin.

Mrs. B. What am I to think of this?

Bundle. Even what you please, my dear; you know I never dictate to you.

Enter WILELMINA.

Mrs. B. Here she comes herself; we shall know the truth of all this. Come here, child, speak ingenuously now: did not you tell me that you would not marry Robin?

Wilel. I did, madam.

Mrs. B. There, Mr. Bundle! And pray what reason did you give me for it?

Wilel. Because papa had persuaded me to marry Thomas.

Mrs. B. And have you the confidence to look me in the face after this?

Bundle. Pray, hear me one word.

Mrs. B. I won't hear a syllable.

Bundle. Nay, let me speak in my turn. Wilelmina, come here, child, speak ingenuously: did not you tell me you would not marry Thomas?

Wilel. I did sir.

Bundle. There, Mrs. Bundle! And pray, what reason did you give me for it?

Wilel. Because my mamma had persuaded me to marry Robin.

Bundle. And have you the confidence to look me in the face after this?

Mrs. B. Why, you little, dirty trollop, have you been making a jest of us both?

Bundle. Indeed, my dear, there is something——

Wilel. Hear me, my dear papa and mamma: when first you proposed Robin to me, and you Thomas, I determined to have neither, till one or the other had given me some proof beside telling me so, that he would make me a faithful and affectionate husband; the first that does shall have me; and though I would not wish to have either of you think me undutiful, on that alone shall depend my giving my consent to be a wife.

AIR.—WILELMINA.

In vain, dear friends, each art you try,
To neither lover's suit inclin'd;
On outward charms I'll ne'er rely,
But prize the graces of the mind.
The empty coxcomb which you chose,
Just like the flower of a day,
Shook by each wind that folly blows,
Seems born to flutter and decay.

Your choice an honest aspect wears;
To give him pain I oft have grieved,
But it proceedeth from my fears;
Than me much wiser are deceiv'd.
I thank you both, then, for your love;
Wait for my choice a little while;
And he who most shall worthy prove,
My hand I'll offer with a smile.

[*Exit*

Bundle. Well, my dear, what do you say to all this?

Mrs. B. Say! why, that I am perfectly in a quandary; the confidence of the baggage goes beyond all—one would think she had never been edicated by me.

Bundle. Oh, I am afraid it's her having been edicated by you, as you call it, that has taught it her.

Mrs. B. What do you stand muttering there about? 'Tis you she may thank for all these mean

notions: if she would but suffer me to teach her a little of the bone-tone, she would despise the idea of consulting her heart about marrying; such low, mechanical stuff has been out of fashion a long time since among people that know how to demean themselves.

Bundle. Well, but I suppose, you intend to let her do what she pleases.

Mrs. B. No, sir; do you think I am so tame as to be ruled by my daughter? I believe you can witness for me that I seldom let anybody rule but myself.

Bundle. You never let anybody rule but yourself, my dear; and you really do it so well, it is a pity to hinder you.

Mrs. B. None of your sneers, sir: but I see into the bottom of all this: 'tis a scheme between you and your daughter to make a fool of me; but I'll after her, and cure her of her ridiculous notions of love, and a pack of stuff; and she shall marry the man I have chosen for her, or—in short, I have determined what to do, and let me hear you, or her, say a single word against it, if you dare.

[*Exit.*

Enter TUG.

Tug. Master Bundle, how fares it? I wanted to speak to you, but I never likes to interrupt people when they are in agreeable company.

Bundle. What, you saw my wife with me? she is the most agreeable, it must be confessed.

Tug. Why, she did not seem to be cantankerous with you now.

Bundle. No; her anger was levelled at her daughter; but 'tis all the same, I feel the good effects of it, let her be cantankerous, as you call it, with who she will.

Tug. But, Master Bundle, how comes it to pass that she should be angry with Miss Wilelmina? she has not refused to marry Robin, has she?

Bundle. But she has, though; and refused to marry you, too.

Tug. Ay, ay? why, I never heard she had any other sweetheart.

Bundle. I don't know what the girl has got in her head, not I: a parcel of absurd stuff! she has a mind to make fools of us all, I believe; but there was something well enough, too, in what she said, if she's sincere; but the Lord help those that trust too much to them, say I.

Tug. Why, what does she say?

Bundle. Why, that she does not know which she shall have yet; but that she'll marry the first that does anything to deserve her.

Sug. Does she? why, then, 'tis my opinion she'll marry me.

Bundle. Why so?

Tug. I know why well enough; but could not a body speak to her now?

Bundle. I am going in, and I'll send her to you; but I would not have you depend too much upon her.

Tug. I'll run the risk, Master Bundle.

Bundle. Only see the difference between us: you are all agog to be married, and I would give the world to be rid of my shackles.

Tug. Why, I believe if a man were to take up the trade of unmarrying folks, he would get more money by it than you or I do by ours.

Bundle. More money!

[*Exit.*

Tug. Yes; but I hope I shan't have such a crank and humoursome piece of stuff to deal with as you have: I don't know, not I, but, for my share, I can't see why married people mayn't be as happy as well as others: 'tis my mind, miss, here, is trying which is the most loving of us two: and if so, I would not give my little Robin threepence for his chance; for I know as well as can be that he has no more notion of making a woman happy than nothing at all: but here she comes.

Enter WILELMINA.

Wilel. Heyday! why, I thought you were gone on board a man-of-war before now.

Tug. Why, no, miss, I ain't yet gone; I am in hopes there will be no occasion; if there should, I am always one of my word.

Wilel. Oh, you unkind creature, to disappoint me so. I was in hopes by this time to have received a long letter from you, upbraiding me with my cruelty, and telling me that you were gone abroad with a broken heart at being disappointed of me.

Tug. Why, miss, as to breaking my heart, to be sure, I should go well nigh to do that if I could not persuade you to have me; but I have been thinking that it would be better to try if I can't stay at home and do something to obtain your consent; for, to be sure, the pleasure of having you is not what everybody deserves.

Wilel. Oh, till I hear you have been venturing your life for me, I shall never relent.

Tug. Well now, miss, I, for my part, think you will.

Wilel. Indeed, you have a great deal of confidence to think any such thing.

Tug. I hope you won't be angry if I do my best to make you—

Wilel. And what do you call doing your best?

Tug. Why, 'tis not my way to brag, and so I won't say anything about it now; but I have a favour to beg of you, if you please.

Wilel. What is it, pray?

Tug. Why, you know that the young watermen are to row for a coat and badge this afternoon; and so I have made bold to bespeak a room at the Swan for you and your friends to go and see the sight.

Wilel. That's very gallant, indeed, Mr. Thomas! but you talk of trying to deserve me; why did you not make one among the watermen; and so win the coat and badge yourself?

Tug. Well, never you mind anything about that: will you accept of my proffer of the room?

Wilel. Why, I think I will.

Tug. And do you think, now, if ever I was to do any thing with an intent to please you, that you could bring yourself to look upon me with kindness.

Wilel. Why, I don't know but I might.

Tug. Why, then, I assure you, if ever you should be agreeable to marry me, you should be as happy as ever love and an honest heart can make you.

AIR.—TOM TUG.

Indeed, miss, such sweethearts as I am,
I fancy you'll meet with but few;
To love you more true I defy them,
I always am thinking of you.

There are maidens would have me in plenty,
Nell, Cicely, Priscilla, and Sue;
But, instead of all these, were there twenty,
I never should think but of you.

False hearts all your money may squander,
And only have pleasure in view;
Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,
Unless to get money for you.
The tide, when 'tis ebbing or flowing,
Is not to the moon half so true;
Nor my oars to their time when I'm rowing,
As my heart, my fond heart, is to you.

[*Exit.*

Wilel. There's great honesty about this poor fellow—Here comes t'other: I see I must choose soon, or there will be no peace for me.

Enter ROBIN.

So, Mr. Robin, what news have you?

Robin. News, my angel! news that will make your heart dance with joy, and clear away the clouds and mists that hang on thy beautiful face; just for all the world as the sun clears away the showers in the month of April.

Wilel. Indeed! I should be glad to hear it.

Robin. You can't think how you will be overjoyed.

Wilel. Shall I? Why don't you tell it me, then?

Robin. Well, then, miss, I'll keep you no longer in suspense: your mother is determined that we shall be married to-morrow morning.

Wilel. What, whether I will or no?

Robin. Whether you will or no! How can you help it? Don't I love you better than the ivy loves oak? better than cucumbers love heat, or birds love cherries? I love you better—

Wilel. Hold, hold, Mr. Robin; 'tis necessary, in this case, I should love you a little.

Robin. And don't you? Hear this, you blooming jonquils, and lose your sweetness! turn white, you roses; and you lilies red! each flower lose its fragrance and its hue, and nature change, for Wilelmina's false!

Wilel. Indeed, Mr. Robin, you have such winning ways! that pretty speech has half persuaded me to consent.

Robin. Has it?

Wilel. It has, upon my word.

Robin. Jonquils, smell sweet again! roses and lilies, keep again your colour! and every flower look brighter than before, for Wilelmina's true!

Wilel. How dearly do you love me, Mr. Robin?

Robin. Why, miss, the passion which is planted in my heart has taken root, as like as can be to a great elm, which there is no grubbing up; but it spreads farther and farther, and you can't for the life of you destroy it till you saw down the trunk and all.

Wilel. That's as much as to say that you'll love me as long as you live.

Robin. The very thing. Lord, how sensible you are, miss!

Wilel. Really, Mr. Robin, you are so gay and agreeable—

Robin. An't I, miss? So everybody says: only think, then, how you will be envied! Well, then, I'll step to your mamma, and tell her what has passed; and then I shall have nothing to do but to go down to-morrow for the ring and licence.

AIR.—ROBIN.

Cherries and plums are never found
But on the plum and cherry tree;
Parsnips are long, turnips are round,
So Wilelmina's made for me.
The scythe to mow the grass is made,
Shreds to keep close the straggling tree;
The knife to prune, to dig the spade;
So Wilelmina's made for me.

Enter MRS. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. Well, Robin, have you reformed her what I ordered you? What, I suppose you have been a fool now: there never was such a tiresome fellow in the world! I tell you what, Wilelmina, if I find you have been imposing upon this poor bashful creature, you will put me in a passion; and you know when I am once in a passion I am not easily pacified.

Wilel. Let me understand you, madam.

Mrs. B. Why, I sent this blockhead to let you know that I am dissolved to see you married to-morrow morning, and I know you have been giving yourself some confounded airs or other, and so he has been afraid to tell you.

Wilel. I wonder, madam, you should be uneasy on that account: he told me, and in very plain terms.

Mrs. B. Well, and I hope you had not the conference to say anything against it?

Wilel. So far from it, madam, I now plainly see the great absurdity of attempting to oppose your will.

Mrs. B. And have you consented to have him, then?

Robin. She has, madam.

Mrs. B. Then thou art my child again. Mr. Wick's family will be in raptures at this. Run, Robin, and tell them we shall call at their house in our way to the rowing-match.

Wilel. And will you forgive my former disobedience, madam?

Mrs. B Oh! it was all your father, my dear; but I'll now take the pains to instruct you how to behave yourself.

Wilel. I am obliged to you, madam; but I don't think I shall ever be so accomplished as you are.

Mrs. B. Why, I don't think you will ever get my genteel air; but as for other matters they are easily understood.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room at the Swan.*

MRS. BUNDLE, ROBIN, *and Company discovered.*

Mrs. B. Do, Robin, step and see after Wilelmina what can have become of the girl?

Enter WILELMINA.

Robin. She's here, madam.

Mrs. B. Come, my dear, you'll lose the sight;

they tells me that the rowers have set out from the Old Swan some time.

Wilel. They are very near, surely; for see what a number of boats are come in sight!

Mrs. B. Oh! I can see them very plain. How many is there?

Wilel. One, two, three, four; I think I can count five.

Mrs. B. That smart young man will certainly win it; how clean and neat he looks!

Wilel. Here he comes; his boat perfectly flies.

Mrs. B. Oh! he'll win it.

Wilel. He has won it already, madam; he's past the stairs.

Robin. See, he jumps on shore!

Wil. And see, he's coming this way! Surely, 'tis not—

Enter BUNDLE, TUG *following.*

Bundle. Here's your Thomas for you! he's coming! I told you he'd be the first to do anything to deserve you. Here he is.

Wilel. And was it you that won the coat and badge?

Tug. 'Twas, indeed, miss.

Wilel. And what made you—

AIR.—TUG.

I row'd for the prize.
To receive from those eyes
A kind look, from those lips a sweet smile:
But lest I should lose,
And you, for that fault, your poor Tom should refuse,
My heart it went pit-a-pat all the while.
When we came to the pull,
How I handled my scull!
'Twould have done your heart good to have seen us;
There was never a boat's length between us,
But the Swan once in view,
My boat how it flew!
And verily believe, twas all thinking of you.

Wilel. Thus, then, I reward you. (*Gives him her hand.*)

Robin. What is all this?

Tug. Why, all this is, that I am a happy fellow, and you are knocked out of your chance.

Wilel. Is not he a sweet fellow, mamma? How neat and clean he looks!

Mrs. B. Wilelmina, don't put me in a passion.

Wilel. I have no intention, madam, to do any such thing.

Mrs. B. Why, you impudent slut! have not you deceived me? deposed upon me? promised me to marry this young man, and now—

Wilel. Indeed, madam, you must excuse me; but, in so serious a matter, I thought it of much more consequence to consider myself than you. Besides, I was so situated that I must have disobliged either you or my papa; for whenever I gave you a promise I gave one to him; and had your choice appeared to me the most likely to make me happy; I should not have hesitated a moment in refusing his.

Robin. My hopes are all blighted, then, I find.

Mrs. B. I said all along that it was a contrived thing between you; but, Mr. Bundle, you shall smart for it.

Bundle. My dear, you know I am a man of an easy temper and few words; but I am pretty firm in keeping a resolution. I have suffered you to expose me at home pretty well; but if you are resolved to carry your folly to such a height as to expose me abroad, I am resolved it shall not be for nothing: therefore, either promise, before this company, to bid adieu to scolding for the future, or before this company I will do what you threatened me this morning—be separated from you.

Mrs. B. Why, I am thunderstruck!

Bundle. I expected little less; but am resolved, depend upon it: however, to let you see that you are very welcome to be mistress of your own house, manage your concerns as you like; do what you please, so you let me be quiet: in short, do nothing to give me uneasiness, and I make an agreement, from this moment, for you to govern while I smoke.

Wilel. Dear mamma, it is impossible for anything to be fairer.

Bundle. Come, come, she must have a little time to think of it; but she'll agree to the terms, I'm sure of it: and now let us think of nothing but pleasure: and as this is the happiest day I ever saw in my life, I say, let us make it the merriest.

QUARTETTO.—TUG, BUNDLE, MRS. BUNDLE, *and* WILELMINA.

Tug. *Ne'er let your heart, my girl, sink down,*
That I am true, believe me;
Or, next time that I row to town,
May wind and tide deceive me!
By this here breeze
My heart's at ease,
Now dances at high water;
My labour's o'er,
I've gain'd the shore,
And, free from fear,
Am landed here,
With my dear gard'ner's daughter.

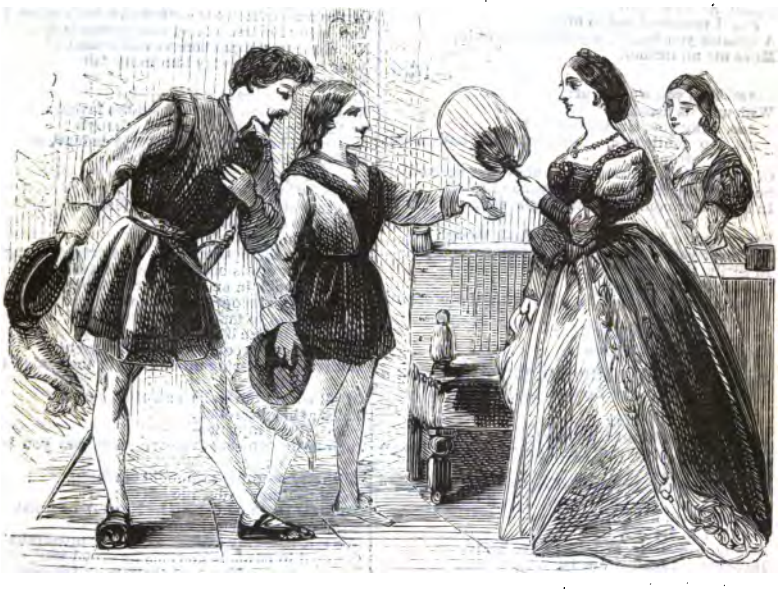
Mrs. B. *I see, my dear, 'tis all in vain,*
Since thus you think expedient;
If of the past you'll not complain,
Henceforth I'll prove obedient.
Folks us'd to cry,
A Tartar I
Had prov'd, and you had caught her;
But now shall raise
Each voice in praise,
Through all her life,
Of the gard'ner's wife,
As well as of his daughter.

Bundle. *My child, you've fairly won my heart,*
You took no counsel from us;
But, prizing love, and scorning art,
Preferr'd your honest Thomas.
'Twas wisely done,
Shake hands, my son,
Love's lesson you have taught her;
And now, my dear,
Be but sincere,
I do not fear
There'll e'er appear
So good a wife and daughter.

Wilel. *And now, good friends, pray take my part,*
I kept them to their tether;
For I had sworn my hand and heart
Should always go together.
From fops and beaux
A maiden chose
An honest heart that sought her;
See her appear
On trial here;
This very night,
If she was right,
Applaud the gard'ner's daughter. [*Exeunt.*

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

A TRAGI-COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY PHILIP MASSINGER.



Ber.—"YOU ARE COURTEOUS."—*Act 1, scene 2.*

Persons Represented.

ROBERTTO.	SIGNOR SYLLI.	DRUSIO	SOLDIER.
FERDINAND.	ANTONIO.	LIVIO.	GAOLER.
BERTOLDO.	GASPARO.	FATHER PAULO.	SERVANTS.
GONZAGA.	PIERIO.	AMBASSADOR.	AURELIA.
ASTUTIO.	RODERIGO.	PAGE.	CAMIOLA.
ADORNI.	IACOMO.	SCOUT.	CLARINDA.
FULGENTIO.			

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A State Room in the Palace—the throne.*

Enter ASTUTIO, *and* ADORNI.

Ado. Good day to your lordship.
Ast. Thanks, Adorni.
Ado. May I presume to ask if the ambassador
Employ'd by Ferdinand, the Duke of Urbin,
Hath audience this morning?
Ast. 'Tis uncertain;
For, though a counsellor of state, I am not
Of the cabinet council; but there's one, if he please,
That may resolve you.

Enter FULGENTIO.

Ado. I will move him.—Sir!
Ful. If you've a suit, show water, I am blind else.
Ado. A suit; yet of a nature not to prove
The quarry that you hawk for: if your words
Are not like Indian wares, and every scruple
To be weigh'd and rated, one poor syllable
Vouchsafed in answer of a fair demand,

Cannot deserve a fee.

Ful. It seems you are ignorant,—
I neither speak nor hold my peace for nothing;
And yet, for once, I care not if I answer
One single question, gratis.

Ado. I much thank you.
Hath the ambassador audience, sir, to-day?

Ful. (*Crossing.*) Yes.

Ado. At what hour?

Ful. I promised not so much.
A syllable you begg'd, my charity gave it;
Move me no further.

[*Exit.*

Ast. This you wonder at:
With me, 'tis usual.

Ado. Pray you, sir, what is he?

Ast. No gentleman, yet a lord. He hath some drops
Of the king's blood running in his veins, derived
Some few degrees off. His revenue lies
In a narrow compass, the king's ear; and yields him
Every hour a fruitful harvest. And, though
He never yet ever officers, makes more bishops
In Sicily, than the pope himself.

Ado. More strange!

Ast. The presence fills. He with the cross of Malta
Is the king's natural brother.

Ado. I understand you.

Enter ANTONIO, GASPARO, BERTOLDO, *and a Servant.*

Ber. With this ring
Presented to Camiola, prepare,
That with a visit from me. (*Exit Servant.*) I shall have
Your company, gallants, (*Crosses between Gasparo and Antonio.*) I perceive, if that
The king will hear of war.

Ant. You are, sir,
A knight of Malta, and, as I have heard,
Have served against the Turk.

Ber. 'Tis true.

Ant. Pray you, show us
The difference between the city valour,
And service in the field.

Ber. 'Tis somewhat more
Than roaring in a tavern or a brothel,
Or to steal a constable from a sleeping watch,
Then burn their halberds; or, safe guarded by
Your tenant's sons, to carry away a May-pole
From a neighbour village. I remember
When you came first to the court, and talk'd of nothing
But your rents and your entradas, ever chiming
The golden bells in your pockets; you believed
The taking of the wall as a tribute due to
Your gaudy clothes; but, when you had been
Cudgell'd well twice or thrice, you concluded,
The sovereign means to teach irregular heirs
Civility, with conformity of manners,
Were two or three sound beatings.

Ant. I confess
They did much good upon me.

Gas. And on me:
The principles that they read were sound.

Ber. You'll find
The like instructions in the camp.

[*Flourish.*

Ast. The king?

A Flourish.—Enter ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, AMBASSADOR, *and six Attendants.*

Rob. (*Ascends the throne.*) We sit prepared to hear.

Amb. Your majesty
Hath been long since familiar, I doubt not,
With the desperate fortunes of my lord; and pity
Of the much that your confederate hath suffer'd,
You being his last refuge, may persuade you
Not alone to compassionate, but to lend
Your royal aids to stay him in his fall
To certain ruin.
True—I must grant it
An error in him, being denied the favours
Of the fair Princess of Sienna (though
He sought her in a noble way), to endeavour
To force affection by surprisal of
Her principal seat, Sienna.

Rob. Which now proves
The seat of his captivity, not triumph:
Heaven is still just.

Amb. And yet that justice is
To be with mercy temper'd. The great Gonzaga,
The honour of his order (I must praise
Virtue, though in an enemy), rallying up
Her scatter'd troops, before we could get time
To victual or to man the conquer'd city,
Sat down before it; admits no parley,
Lends no ear to composition, but exacts
With the rendering up the town, the goods and lives
Of all within the walls, and of all sexes,
To be at his discretion.

Rob. Since injustice
In your duke meets this correction, can you press us
With any seeming argument of reason,
In foolish pity to decline his dangers,
To draw them on ourself? Not so: he must
Excuse us if we steer not on a rock
We see, and may avoid. Let other monarchs
Contend to be made glorious by proud war,
And, with the blood of their poor subjects, purchase
Increase of empire; we, that would be known
The father of our people, in our study
And vigilance for their safety, must not change
Their ploughshares into swords, or, for our sport
Expose their lives to ruin.

Amb. Will you, then,
In this extremity, forsake your friend?

Rob. No; but preserve ourself.

Ber. Cannot the beams
Of honour thaw your icy fears?

Rob. Who's that?

Ber. A kind of brother, sir, howe'er your subject;
Your father's son, and one who blushes that
You are not heir to his brave spirit and vigour
As to his kingdom.

Rob. How's this?

Ber. Sir, to be
His living chronicle, and to speak his praise.
Cannot deserve your anger.

Rob. Where's your warrant
For this presumption?

Ber. Here, sir, in my heart:
Let sycophants, that feed upon your favours,
Style coldness in you caution, and prefer
Your ease before your honour; and conclude

To eat and sleep supinely is the end
Of human blessings: I must tell you, sir,
Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;
And when we move not forward, we go backward:
Nor is this peace (the nurse of drones and cowards)
Our health, but a disease.
Gas. Well urged, my lord.
Rob. Hair-brain'd fool! what reason
Canst thou infer, to make this good?
Ber. A thousand,
Not to be contradicted. But consider
Where your command lies; 'tis not, sir, in France,
Spain, Germany, Portugal, but in Sicily;
An island, sir; and all that we possess,
With beasts we have in common: nature did
Design us to be warriors, and to break through
Our ring, the sea, by which we are environ'd;
That we by force may fetch in what is wanting,
Or precious to us. Add to this, we are
A populous nation, and increase so fast,
That, if we by our providence are not sent
Abroad in colonies, or fall by the sword,
Not Sicily, though now it were more fruitful
Than when 'twas styled the granary of great Rome,
Can yield our numerous fry bread: we must starve
Or eat up one another.
Ado. The king hears
With much attention.
Ast. And seems moved with what
Bertoldo hath deliver'd.
Ber. May you live long, sir,
The king of peace, so you deny not us
The glory of the war; let not our nerves
Shrink up with sloth, nor, for want of employment,
Make younger brothers thieves. If examples
May move you more than arguments, look on England,
The empress of the European isles,—
When did she flourish so, as when she was
The mistress of the ocean, her navies
Putting a girdle round about the world?
When the Ibarian quaked, her worthies named?
And the fair flower-de-luce grew pale, set by
The red rose and the white?
Rouse, sir, from the sleep
Of idleness, and redeem our mortgaged honours.
Your birth, and justly, claims my father's kingdom;
But his heroic mind descends to me.
Ant. War, war, my sovereign!
Rob. (*Rising and advancing.*) Think not
Our counsel's built upon so weak a base,
As to be overturn'd, or shaken, with
Tempestuous winds of words. As I, my lord,
Before resolved you, I will not engage
My person in this quarrel; neither press
My subjects to maintain it; yet, to show
My rule is gentle, and that I have feeling
O' your master's sufferings, since these gallants, weary
Of the happiness of peace, desire to taste
The bitter sweets of war, we do consent
That, as adventurers and volunteers,
No way compell'd by us, they may make trial
Of their boasted valours.
Ber. We desire no more.
Rob. 'Tis well; and, but my grant is this, expect not
Assistance from me. Govern, as you please,
The province you make choice of; for, I vow
By all things sacred, if that thou miscarry
In this rash undertaking, I will hear it
No otherwise than as a sad disaster,
Fallen on a stranger; nor will I esteem
That man my subject, who, in thy extremes,
In purse or person aids thee. Take your fortune:
You know me; I have said it. So, my lord,
You have my absolute answer. (*Crosses.*)
Amb. My prince pays,
In me, his duty.
Rob. Follow me, Fulgentio,
And you, Astutio.
[*Flourish. — Exeunt Roberto, Fulgentio, Astutio, and Attendants.*
Gas. What a frown he threw,
At his departure, on you!
Ber. Let him keep
His smiles for his state flatterer, I care not.
Ant. Shall we be aboard to-night?
Amb. Your speed, my lord,
Doubles the benefit.
Ber. I have a business
Requires despatch; some two hours hence, I'll meet you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Camiola's House.*

Enter SIGNIOR SYLLI, *walking fantastically, followed by* CAMIOLA *and* CLARINDA.

Cam. Nay, signior, this is too much ceremony
In my own house.
Syl. What's gracious abroad,
Must be in private practised.
Cla. For your mirth's sake,
Let him alone; he has been all this morning
In practice with a peruked gentleman-usher,
To teach him his true amble, and his postures,
(*Sylli walking by, and practising.*)
When he walks before a lady.
Syl. You may, madam,
Perhaps, believe that I in this use art,
To make you doat upon me, by exposing
My more than most rare features to your view:
But I, as I have ever done, deal simply.
Look not with too much contemplation on me;
If you do, you are lost.
Cam. Is't possible?
What philters or love-powders do you use,
To force affection? I see nothing in
Your person but I dare look on, yet keep
My own poor heart still.
Syl. You are warn'd—be arm'd;
And do not lose the hope of such a husband,
In being too soon enamour'd.
Cam. Never fear it;
Though your best taking part, your wealth, were trebled,
I would not woo you. But since in your pity
You please to give me caution, tell me what
Temptations I must fly from.
Syl. The first is,
That you never hear me sing, for I'm a Syren:
If you observe, when I warble the dogs howl,
As ravish'd with my ditties; and you will
Run mad to hear me.
Cam. I will stop my ears,
And keep my little wits.
Syl. Next, when I dance,
And come aloft thus, (*Capers.*) cast not a sheep's eye

Upon the quivering of my calf.
Cam. Proceed, sir.
Syl. Nor should your little ladyship be taken with
My pretty spider-fingers, nor my eyes,
That twinkle on both sides.
Cam. Was there ever such
A piece of motley heard of!
(A knocking within.)
Who's that? [*Exit Clarinda.*] You may spare
The catalogue of my dangers.
Syl. No, good madam;
I have not told you half.
Cam. Enough, good signor—

Re-enter CLARINDA,

Cam. Who is't?
Cla. The brother of the king.
Syl. Nay, start not.
The brother of the king! is he no more?
Were it the king himself, I'd give him leave
To speak his mind to you, for I'm not jealous
And to assure your ladyship of so much,
(Crosses.)
I'll usher him in, and, that done—hide myself.
(Aside, and exit.)
Cam. Camiola, if ever, now be constant:
This is, indeed, a suitor, whose sweet presence,
Courtship, and loving language, would have stagger'd
The chaste Penelope; and, to increase
The wonder, did not modesty forbid it,
I should ask that from him he sues to me for
And yet my reason, like a tyrant, tells me
I must nor give nor take it.

Re-enter SYLLI *with* BERTOLDO.

Syl. I must tell you,
You lose your labour. Yet you shall have my countenance
To parley with her, and I'll take special care
That none shall interrupt you.
Ber. You are courteous.
Syl. Come, wench, wilt thou hear wisdom?
Cla. Yes, from you sir.
[*Exeunt Sylli and Clarinda.*
Ber. If forcing this sweet favour from your hand,
(Kisses her hand.)
Fair maiden, argue me of too much boldness,
When you are pleased to understand I take
A parting kiss, if not excuse, at least
'Twill qualify the offence.
Cam. A parting kiss, sir!
What nation, envious of the happiness
Which Sicily enjoys in your sweet presence,
Can buy you from her? or what climate yield
Pleasures transcending those which you enjoy here,
Being both belov'd and honour'd; the north-star
And guider of all hearts; and, to sum up
Your full account of happiness in a word,
The brother of the king?
Ber. What are titles to me,
Or popular suffrage, or my nearness to
The king in blood, or fruitful Sicily.
Though it confess'd no sovereign but myself,
When you, that are the essence of my being,
The anchor of my hopes, the real substance
Of my felicity, in your disdain,
Turn all to fading and deceiving shadows?
Cam. You tax me without cause.
Ber. You must confess it.
But answer love with love, and seal the contract
In the uniting of our souls, how gladly
Would I put off my armour, in my heat
Of conquest, and, like Antony, pursue
My Cleopatra! Will you yet look on me
With an eye of favour?
Cam. Truth bear witness for me,
That, in the judgment of my soul, you are
A man so absolute, and circular,
In all those wish'd-for rarities that may take
A virgin captive, that, though at this instant
All scepter'd monarchs of our western world
Were rivals with you, and Camiola worthy
Of such a competition, you alone
Should wear the garland.
Ber. If so, what diverts
Your favour from me?
Cam. No fault in yourself,
Or in your person, mind, or fortune.
Ber. What then?
Cam. The consciousness of my own wants:
But suppose
That what's in you excessive were diminish'd
And my defects supplied; the stronger bar,
Religion, stops our entrance: you are, sir;
A knight of Malta, by your order bound
To a single life; you cannot marry me:
And, I assure myself, you are too noble
To seek me in a base path.
Ber. A dispensation, lady,
Will easily absolve me.
Cam. O, take heed, sir!
When what is vow'd to heaven is dispensed with
To serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow,
And not a blessing.
Ber. Is there no hope left me?
Cam. Nor to myself, but is a neighbour to
Impossibility. True love should walk
On equal feet: in us it does not, sir;
But rest assured, excepting this, I shall be
Devoted to your service.
Ber. And this is your
Determinate sentence?
Cam. Not to be revoked.
Ber. Farewell, then, fairest cruel! all thoughts in me
Of women perish. Let the glorious light
Of noble war extinguish love's dim taper,
That only lends me light to see my folly:
Honour, be thou my ever living mistress,
And fond affection, as thy bond-slave, serve thee!
[*Exit.*
Cam. How soon my sun is set, he being absent,
Never to rise again! What a fierce battle
Is fought between my passions!

Re-enter SYLLI *and* CLARINDA.

Syl. I perceive
He has his answer: now must I step in
To comfort her. *(Comes forward.)* You have found, I hope, sweet lady.
Some difference between a youth of my pitch
And this bugbear, Bertoldo. Despair not; I
May be in time entreated.
Cam. Be so now, to leave me.— *(Crosses.)*
Lights for my chamber! O, my heart!
[*Exeunt Clarinda, Camiola, and Sylli.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, *and* ASTUTIO.

Rob. Embark'd to-night, do you say?
Ful. I saw him aboard, sir.

Rob. And without taking of his leave?
Ast. 'Twas strange!
Rob. Are we grown so contemptible?
Ful. 'Tis far
From me, sir, to add fuel to your anger,
That, in your ill opinion of him, burns
Too hot already; else I should affirm
It was a gross neglect.
Rob. A wilful scorn
Of duty and allegiance; you give it
Too fair a name: but we shall think on't. Can you
Guess what the numbers were, that follow'd him
In his desperate action?
Ful. More than you think, sir.
All ill-affected spirits in Palermo,
Or to your government or person, with
The turbulent swordsmen, such whose poverty forced them
To wish a change, are gone along with him;
Creatures devoted to his undertakings,
In right or wrong: and, to express their zeal
And readiness to serve him, ere they went,
Profanely took the sacrament on their knees,
To live and die with him.
Rob. O, most impious!
Their loyalty to us forgot?
Ful. I fear so.
Ast. Unthankful as they are!
Ful. Yet this deserves not
One troubled thought in you, sir; with your pardon,
I hold that their remove from hence makes more
For your security than danger.
Rob. True;
And, as I'll fashion it, they shall feel it too.
Astutio, you shall presently be despatch'd
With letters, writ and sign'd with our own hand,
To the Duchess of Sienna, in excuse
Of our part in these forces set against her.
You must, beside, from us take some instructions,
To be imparted, as you judge them useful,
To the general Gonzaga. Instantly
Prepare you for your journey. [*Crosses.*
Ast. With the wings
Of loyalty and duty. [*Exit.*
Ful. I am bold
To put your majesty in mind——
Rob. Of my promise,
And aids, to further you in your amorous project
To the fair and rich Camiola? there's my ring:
Whatever you shall say that I entreat,
Or can command by power, I will make good.
Ful. Ever your majesty's creature.
Rob. Venus prove
Propitious to you! [*Exit.*
Ful. All sorts to my wishes:
Bartoldo was my hinderance; he removed,
I now will court her in the conqueror's style!
"Come, see, and overcome." Boy!

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, your pleasure?
Ful. Haste to Camiola;
Tell her, I vouchsafe
To honour her with a visit.
Page. 'Tis a favour
Will make her proud.
Ful. I know it.
Page. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*
Ful. Entreaties fit not me; a man in grace
May challenge awe and privilege, by his place.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Camiola's House.*

Enter CLARINDA, ADORNI, *and* SYLLI.

Ado. So melancholy, say you!
Cla. Fever given
To such retirement.
Ado. Can you guess the cause?
Cla. If it hath not its birth and being from
The brave Bertoldo's absence, I confess
'Tis past my apprehension.
Syl. You are wide,
The whole field wide. I, in my understanding,
Pity your ignorance.
Ado. Resolve us.
Syl. Know,
Here walks the cause. She dares not look upon me;
My beauties are so terrible and enchanting,
She cannot endure my sight.
Ado. There I believe you.
Syl. But the time will come, be comforted, when I will
Put off the vizor of unkindness to her,
And show an amorous and yielding face:
And, until then, though Hercules himself
Desire to see her, he had better eat
His club, than pass her threshold; for I will be
Her Cerberus, to guard her.
Ado. A good dog!
Cla. Worth twenty porters.

Enter Page, speaking as he enters.

Page. Keep you open house here?
No groom to attend a gentleman! Oh, I spy one.
Syl. He means not me, I am sure.
Page. You, sirrah sheep's-head,
With a face cut on a cat-stick, do you hear?
You, yeoman fewterer, conduct me to
The lady of the mansion, or my poniard
Shall disembogue thy soul.
Syl. Oh, terrible! *disembogue!*
I talk'd of Hercules, and here is one
Bound up in *decimo sexto.*
Page. Answer, wretch!
[*Half drawing his sword.*
Syl. Pray you, little gentleman, be not so furious:
The lady keeps her chamber.
Page. And we present,
Sent on an embassy to her! but here is
Her gentlewoman. (*Crossing to Clarinda.*) Sirrah, hold my cloak,
[*Throwing it to Sylli.*
While I take a leap at her lips: do it, and neatly;
Or, having first tripp'd up thy heels, I'll make
Thy back my foot-stool. [*Kisses Clarinda.*
Syl. Tamerlane in little!
Am I turn'd Turk! What an office am I put to!
Cla. My lady, gentle youth, is indisposed.
Page. Though she were dead and buried, only tell her,
The great man in the court, the brave Fulgentio,
Descends to visit her, and it will raise her
Out of the grave for joy.
Syl. Here comes another!
The devil, I fear, in his holyday clothes.
Page. So soon!
My part is at an end, then. Cover my shoulders;
When I grow great thou shalt serve me.
[*Turns to Sylli, who puts on his cloak.*

Enter FULGENTIO.

Ful. (*To Sylli.*) Are you, sirrah,
An implement of the house?

Syl. Sure, he will make
A jointstool of me!
Ful. (*To Adorni.*) Or, if you belong
(*Crosses to Clarinda.*)
To the lady of the place, command her hither.
Ado. I do not wear her livery, yet acknowledge
A duty to her; and as little bound
To serve your peremptory will, as she is
To obey your summons. 'Twill become you, sir,
To wait her leisure; then, her pleasure known,
You may present your duty.
Ful. Duty! Slave,
I'll teach you manners.
Ado. I'm past learning; make not
A tumult in the house.
Ful. Shall I be braved thus? [*They draw.*
Cla. Help! murder!

Enter CAMIOLA.

Cam. What insolence is this? Adorni, hold—
Hold, I command you.
Ful. Saucy groom!
Cam. Not so, sir;
However, in his life, he had dependence
Upon my father, he's a gentleman
As well born as yourself!
And I must tell you, sir, and in plain language,
Howe'er your glittering outside promise gentry,
The rudeness of your carriage and behaviour
Speaks you a coarser thing.
Syl. She means a clown, sir;
I am her interpreter, for want of a better.
Cam. What are you? and what would you with me?
Ful. Proud one,
When you know what I am, and what I came for,
You, in your reason, must repent the coarseness
Of my entertainment.
Cam. Why, fine man! what are you?
Ful. A kinsman of the king's.
Cam. I cry you mercy,
For his sake, not your own. But, grant you are so,
'Tis not impossible but a king may have
A fool to his kinsman,—no way meaning you, sir.
Ful. You have heard of Fulgentio?
Cam. Long since, sir;
A suit-broker in court. He has the worst
Report among good men I ever heard of,
For bribery and extortion: in their prayers
Widows and orphans curse him for a canker
And caterpillar in the state. I hope,
Sir, you are not the man.
Ful. 'Tis well and courtly!
I like a sharp wit well.
Syl. I cannot endure it!
Nor any of the Syllis.
Ful. More; I know, too,
This harsh induction must serve as a foil
To the well-tuned observance and respect
You will hereafter pay me, being made
Familiar with my credit with the king,
And that (contain your joy) I deign to love you.
Cam. Love me! I am not wrapt with it.
Ful. Hear't again;
I love you honestly; now you admire me.
Cam. I do, indeed;
But, pray you, sir, deal plainly, what might be the motives
Inducing you on your soft neck to wear
The stubborn yoke of marriage; and, of all
The beauties in Palermo, to choose me,
Poor me?
Ful. I will tell you. Of a little thing
You are a pretty peat, indifferent fair, too;
And, like a new-rigg'd ship, both tight and yare.
Cam. You are pleasant, sir;
Yet I presume that there was one thing in me,
Unmentioned yet, that took you more than all
Those parts you have remember'd.
Ful. What?
Cam. My wealth, sir.
Ful. Right, beauty, youth, and fortune meeting in you,
I will vouchsafe to marry you.
Cam. And, in return, excuse me, sir, if I
Deliver reasons why, upon no terms,
I'll marry you.
Syl. I am glad
To hear this: I begun to have an ague.
Ful. Come, your wise reasons.
Cam. First, for your shape, trimm'd up in a lady's dress,
You might pass for a woman; for the fairness
Of your complexion, the colour, in a man,
Is weak and faint: give me the lovely brown,
A thick curl'd hair of the same dye, a leg without
An artificial calf;—I suspect yours;
But let that pass.
Syl. (*Aside.*) She means me all this while,
For I have every one of those good parts;
O Sylli! fortunate Sylli!
Cam. You are moved, sir,
Save me, or else he'll beat me.
Ful. No, your own folly shall;
Look here and tremble.
(*Shows the king's ring.*)
Cam. At the sight of a fair ring! the king's, I take it?
If he hath sent it, as a favour to me——
Ful. By this he does command you to be mine;
By his gift you are so:—you may yet redeem all.
Cam. The king, heaven bless him!
Is good and gracious, and will not compel
His subjects against their wills: you are cozen'd;
I am still myself, and will be.
Ful. A proud haggard,
And not to be reclaim'd! which of your grooms,
Your coachman, fool, or footman, is the lover
Preferr'd before me?
Cam. Were I a man, thou dost not speak this.
Ful. Heaven
So prosper me, as I resolve to do it
To all men, and in every place: scorn'd by
A tit of ten-pence!
[*Exeunt Fulgentio and Page.*
Syl. Now I begin to be valiant:
Nay, I will draw my sword. O for a brother!
Do a friend's part; pray you, carry him the length of't.
I give him three years and a day to match my Toledo,
And then we'll fight like dragons.
Ado. Pray, have patience.
Cam. I may live to have vengeance: my Bertoldo
Would not have heard this.
Ado. Madam,——
Cam. Pray you, spare
Your language. (*To Sylli.*) Prithee fool, and make me merry.
[*Exit with Clarinda.*
Syl. That is my office ever. [*Exit.*
Ado. I must do,
Not talk; this glorious gallant shall hear from me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Siennese.—A Camp before the Walls of Sienna.—A Flourish, as to an Assault;* GONZAGA, PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO, *banners and soldiers discovered.*

Gon. (*Advancing.*) Is the breach made assaultable?
Pie. Yes, and the moat
Fill'd up; the cannoneer hath done his parts;
We may enter six abreast.
Rod. There's not a man
Dares show himself upon the wall.
Jac. Defeat not
The soldiers' hoped-for spoil.
Pie. If you, sir,
Delay the assault, and the city be given up
To your discretion, you in honour cannot
Use the extremity of war,—but, in
Compassion to them, you to us prove cruel.
Jac. And an enemy to yourself.
Rod. A hindrance to
The brave revenge you have vow'd.
Gon. Temper your heat,
And lose not, by too sudden rashness, that
Which, be but patient, will be offer'd to you.
Discretion is the tutor of the war,
Valour the pupil; though a flattering calm
Bids us urge on, a sudden tempest in our rear
May foully fall upon us, and distract us
To our confusion.—

Enter Scout hastily.

Gon. Our scout! what brings
Thy ghastly looks and sudden speed?
(*Crosses to Scout.*)
Scout. The assurance
Of a new enemy.
Gon. This I foresaw and fear'd.
What are they, know'st thou?
Scout. They are, by their colours,
Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the brightness
Of their rich armours doubly gilded with
Reflection of the sun.
Gon. From Sicily?——
(*Crosses.*)
The king in league! no war proclaim'd! 'tis foul:
But this must be prevented, not disputed.
Ha! how is this? Bear up.
Rod. However startled, lead, we'll follow.
Gon. 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their charge,
But meet them man to man, and horse to horse.
Pierio, in our absence hold our place;
And with our foot men and those sickly troops
Prevent a sally: I in mine own person,
With part of the cavalry, will bid
These hunters welcome to a bloody breakfast.
(*Alarum within. They all retire up, and the scene closes.*)

SCENE IV.—*The Citadel of Sienna.*

Enter DRUSIO, FERDINAND, *and* LIVIO.

Fer. No aids from Sicily! hath hope forsook us?
And that vain comfort to affliction, pity,
By our vow'd friend denied us? we cannot live,—
There is not
Three days' provision for every soldier,
At an ounce of bread a day, left in the city.
Liv. To die the beggar's death, with hunger made
Anatomies while we live, cannot but crack
Our heart-strings with vexation.
Fer. Would they would break,
Break altogether!

Enter a Soldier.

Fer. What news with thee?
Sol. From the turret of the fort,
By the rising clouds of dust, through which, like lightning,
The splendour of bright arms sometimes brake through,
I did descry some forces making towards us;
And, from the camp, as emulous of their glory,
The general, (for I know him by his horse),
And bravely seconded, encounter'd them.
By this the main battalias are join'd;
And, if you please to be spectators of
The horrid issue, I will bring you where,
As in a theatre, you may see their fates
In purple gore presented.
Fer. Lead the way, friend.
(*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Plain near the Camp. A long Charge after which, a Flourish for Victory.*

Enter GONZAGA, JACOMO, *and* RODERIGO, *wounded;* BERTOLDO, GASPARO, *and* ANTONIO, *prisoners; Officers and Soldiers.*

Gon. We have them yet, though they cost us dear. This was
Charged home, and bravely follow'd. (*To Jacomo and Roderigo.*) Be to yourselves
True mirrors to each other's worth; and, looking
With noble emulation on his wounds,
(*Pointing to Bertoldo.*)
The glorious livery of triumphant war,
Imagine these with equal grace appear
Upon yourselves. The bloody sweat you have suffer'd
In this laborious—nay, toilsome harvest,
Yields a rich crop of conquest; and the spoil,
Most precious balsam to a soldier's hurts,
Will ease and cure them. Let me look upon
The prisoners' faces. (*Gasparo and Antonio are brought forward.*) Oh, how much transform'd
From what they were! O Mars! were these toys fashion'd
To undergo the burden of thy service?
The weight of their defensive armour bruis'd
Their weak, effeminate limbs, and would have forced them,
In a hot day, without a blow to yield.
Ant. This insultation shows not manly in you.
Rod. But here's one fashion'd in another mould,
And made of tougher metal.
Gon. True; I owe him
For this wound, bravely given.
Ber. (*Aside.*) O that mountains
Were heap'd upon me, that I might expire,
A wretch no more remember'd!
Gon. Look up, sir;
To be o'ercome deserves no shame. If you
Had fallen ingloriously, or could accuse
Your want of courage in resistance, 'twere
To be lamented: but, since you perform'd
As much as could be hoped for from a man,
(Fortune his enemy,) you wrong yourself
In this dejection. I am honour'd in
My victory over you; but to have these
My prisoners, is, in my true judgment, rather
Captivity than a triumph: you shall find
Fair quarter from me, and your many wounds,

With such gentle care look'd to and cur'd as if your nearest friend
Attended on you.
Ber. When you shall know me better, sir, perhaps
You will make void this promise: can you call me
Into your memory?
(*Raises his visor.*)
Gon. The brave Bertoldo!
Behold this man, and, taught by his example
Know that 'tis safer far to play with lightning,
Than trifle in things sacred. I will tell you;
He was a man so train'd for noble uses,
That if the Christian world had stood opposed
Against the Othoman race, to try the fortune
Of one encounter, this Bertoldo had been,
By the votes of all good men, chosen general;
As the prime soldier, and most deserving
Of all that wear the cross: which now, in justice,
I thus tear from him.
[*Snatches the order from Bertoldo's breast.*
Ber. Let me die with it
Upon my breast.
Gon. No; by this thou wert sworn,
On all occasions, as a knight, to guard
Weak ladies from oppression, and never
To draw thy sword against them; whereas thou,
In hope of gain or glory, when a princess,
Was dispossessed by violence of what was
Her true inheritance, labour'd to uphold
Her falling enemy. This is that which cancels
All friendship's bands between us.—Bear them off;
I will hear no reply: [*Exeunt Bertoldo and Prisoners, and six Soldiers.*] and let the ransom
Of these, for they are yours, be highly rated,
In this I do but right, and let it be
Styled justice, and not wilful cruelty.
[*Exeunt.—Flourish.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Camp before the Walls of Sienna. Flourish.—Enter* GONZAGA, ASTUTIO, RODERIGO, *and* JACOMO, *and six soldiers who range across at back.*

Gon. What I have done, sir, by the law of arms
I can and will make good.
Ast. These letters speak
The king my master's love to you, and his
Vow'd service to the duchess, on whose person
I am to give attendance.
Gon. At this instant,
She's at Fienza: you may spare the trouble
Of riding thither: I have advertised her
Of our success, and on what humble terms
Sienna stands: though presently I can
Possess it, I defer it, that she may
Enter her own, and, as she please, dispose of
The prisoners and the spoil.
Ast. I thank you, sir.
In the meantime, if I may have your licence,
I have a nephew, and one once my ward,
For whose liberties and ransoms I would gladly
Make composition.
Gon. They are, as I take it,
Call'd Gasparo and Antonio.
Ast. The same, sir.
Gon. For them, you must treat with these; but, for Bertoldo,
He is mine own: if the king will ransom him,
He pays down fifty thousand crowns; if not,
He lives and dies my slave.
Ast. Pray you, a word;
(*Aside to Gonzaga.*)
The king will rather thank you to detain him,
Than give one crown to free him.
Gon. At his pleasure,
I'll send the prisoners under guard: my business
Calls me another way.
[*Exit.*
Ast. My service waits you.
Now, gentlemen, for this ransom, since you are not
To be brought lower, there is no evading;
I'll be your paymaster.
Rod. We desire no better.
Ast. But not a word of what's agreed between us,
Till I have school'd my gallants.
Jac. I am dumb, sir.

Enter PIERIO *and a guard of six soldiers, with* BERTOLO, GASPARO, *and* ANTONIO, *in irons.*

Ber. And where removed now? Hath the tyrant found out
Worse usage for us?
Ant. Worse it cannot be.
My greyhound has fresh straw, and scraps, in his kennel,
But we have neither.
Gas. Did I ever think
To wear such garters on silk stockings? O!
Ber. O that I were no further sensible
Of miseries than you—your narrow souls
(If you have any) cannot comprehend
How insupportable the torments are,
Which a free and noble soul, made captive, suffers.
Ast. My good lord——
Ber. This is no time nor place for flattery, sir:
Pray you, style me as I am, a wretch forsaken
Of the world, as yourself.
Ast. I would it were
In me to help you.
Ber. If that you want power, sir,
Lip-comfort cannot cure me. Pray you leave me
To mine own private thoughts.
(*Walks up.*
Ast. (*Comes forward to Antonio.*) My valiant nephew!
And my more than warlike ward! I am glad to see you,
After your glorious conquests. Are these chains
Rewards for your good service? If they are,
You should wear them on your necks, since they are massy,
Like aldermen of the war.
Ant. You jeer us, too!
Gas. Good uncle name not.
Ant. But redeem us
From this captivity, and I'll vow hereafter
Never to wear a sword, or cut my meat
With a knife that has an edge or point; I'll starve first.
Ast. Well, have more wit hereafter: for this time
You are ransom'd.
Jac. Off with their irons!
(*Two soldiers take off their irons.*)
Rod. Do, do:
If you are ours again, you know your price.
Ant. Pray you, despatch us; I shall ne'er believe
I am a free man, till I set my foot
In Sicily again, and drink Palermo,
And in Palermo, too.

Ast. The wind sets fair;
You shall aboard to-night: with the rising sun
You may touch upon the coast. But take your leaves
Of the late general first.
Ant. My lord, Heaven keep you! (*Crosses.*)
Gas. Yours to use (*Crosses.*)
In the way of peace; but as your soldiers, never.
Ant. A plague of war! no more of war!
[*Exeunt Roderigo, Jacomo, Antonio, and Gasparo.*
Ber. Have you
Authority to loose their bonds, yet leave
The brother of your stern king in irons?
If ransom may redeem them. I have lands,
By my deceased sire, to satisfy,
Whate'er can be demanded for my freedom.
Ast. I wish you had, sir; but the king, who yields
No reason for his will, in his displeasure
Hath seiz'd on all you had; nor will Gonzaga,
Whose prisoner now you are, accept of less
Than fifty thousand crowns.
Ber. I have friends that swore their lives and fortunes were
At my devotion, and, among the rest,
Yourself, my lord, when forfeited to the law,
I made your life my gift, and got your pardon.
—Beware ingratitude! I know you are rich,
And may pay down the sum.
Ast. I might, my lord;
But pardon me.
Ber. O, summer friendship,
Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in our
Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In the autumn of adversity.
Pray you, leave me, (*Crosses.*)
And tell the cruel king, that I will wear
These fetters till my flesh and they are one
Incorporated substance. Lead me where you please;
I am his, not fortune's martyr, and will die
The great example of his cruelty.
[*Exeunt, Ber. guarded.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Camiola's House.*

Enter CAMIOLA, *meeting three servants with presents,* SYLLI, *and* CLARINDA.

Syl. What are all these?
Cla. Servants with several presents,
And rich ones, too.
First S. With her best wishes, madam,
Of many such days to you, the Lady Petula
Presents you with this fan.
Second S. This diamond,
From your aunt Honoria.
Third S. This piece of plate
From your uncle, Old Vicentio, with your arms
Graven upon it.
Cam. Good friends, they are too
Munificent in their love and favour to me.
Out of my cabinet return such jewels
As this directs you: (*Gives a paper to Clarinda*)—for your pains; and yours;
Nor must you be forgotten.
(*Crosses to and gives them money.*)
Honour me
With the drinking of a health. (*Crosses.*)
First S. Gold, on my life!
Second S. She scorns to give base silver.
Third S. Would she had been
Born every month in the year!
First S. Month! every day.
Second S. Show such another maid.
Third S. All happiness wait you!
[*Exeunt Clarinda and Servant.*

Enter ADORNI, *wounded.*

Cam. How, Adorni wounded!
Ado. A scratch got in your service, else not worth
Your observation: I bring not, madam,
In honour of your birthday, antique plate,
Or pearl, for which the savage Indian dives
Into the bottom of the sea; nor diamonds
Hewn from steep rocks with danger: yet, despise not
My offering at the altar of your favour;
Nor let the lowness of the giver lessen
The height of what's presented; since it is
A precious jewel, almost forfeited,
And dimm'd with clouds of infamy, redeem'd,
And, in its natural splendour, with addition
Restored to the true owner.
Cam. How is this?
Ado. Not to hold you in suspense, I bring you, madam,
Your wounded reputation cured, the sting
Of virulent malice, festering your fair name,
Pluck'd out and trod on. That proud man, that was
Denied the honour of your hand, yet durst,
With his untrue reports, revile your fame,
Compell'd by me, hath given himself the lie,
And in his own blood wrote it:—you may read
Fulgentio subscribed.
(*Offering a paper.*)
Cam. I am amazed!
Ado. You frown! my service
Merits not this aspect.
Cam. Which of my favours—
I might say bounties—hath begot and nourish'd
This more than rude presumption? couldst thou suppose
My innocence could ever fall so low
As to have need of thy rash sword to guard it
Against malicious slander? Malice scorn'd puts out
Itself; but, argued, gives a kind of credit
To a false accusation. In this, this your
Most memorable service, you believed
You did me right; but you have wrong'd me more
In your defence of my undoubted honour,
Than false Fulgentio could.
Ado. I am sorry what was
So well intended is so ill received;

Re-enter CLARINDA.

Yet, under your correction, you wish'd
Bertoldo had been present.
Cam. True, I did:
But he and you, sir, are not parallels.
But I perceive repentance in your looks—
I may forgive, perhaps forget your folly:
Conceal yourself till this storm be blown over.
You will be sought for; yet, if my estate
(*Gives him her hand to kiss.*)
Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my service.
[*Exit Adorni.*
This gentleman is of a noble temper;
And I too harsh, perhaps, in my reproof
Was I not Clarinda?

Cla. I am not to censure
Your actions, madam; but there are a thousand
Ladies, and of good fame, in such a cause
Would be proud of such a servant.
Cam. It may be;

Enter a Servant.

Why uncall'd for?
Ser. The signors, madam, Gasparo and Antonio,
Selected friends of the renown'd Bertoldo,
Put ashore this morning.
Cam. And without him?
Ser. I think so.
Cam. Never think more, then.
Lead them hither.
[*Exit Servant.*
Fear, do not rack me! reason, now, if ever,
Haste with thy aids, and tell me, such a wonder
As my Bertoldo is,
Must not—nay, cannot,
In heaven's providence so soon miscarry!

Enter ANTONIO *and* GASPARO.

How is't with Bertoldo?
Gas. The relation
Will not, I fear, deserve your thanks.
Ant. I wish
Some other should inform you.
Cam. Is he dead?
You see, though with some fear, I dare inquire it.
Gas. Dead! Would that were the worst; a debt were paid then,
Kings in their birth owe nature.
Cam. Is there aught
More terrible than death?
Ant. Yes, to a spirit
Like his; cruel imprisonment, and that
Without the hope of freedom.
Cam. You abuse me.
The royal king cannot, in love to virtue,
(Though all springs of affection were dried up,)
But pay his ransom.
Gas. When you know what 'tis,
You will think otherwise; no less will do it
Than fifty thousand crowns.
Cam. A petty sum,
The price weigh'd with the purchase: fifty thousand!
To the king 'tis nothing. He that can spare more
To his minion for a masque, cannot but ransom
Such a brother at a million. You wrong
The king's magnificence.
Ant. He does not alone
In himself refuse to pay it, but forbids
All other men.
Cam. Are you sure of this?
Gas. You may read
The edict to that purpose, publish'd by him;
That will resolve you.
Cam. Possible!
If I do not mutter treason to myself,
My heart will break! and yet I will not curse him!
He is my king. The news you have deliver'd
Makes me weary of your company.
Gas. One thing more,
And that's substantial: let your Adorni
Look to himself.
Ant. The king is much incensed
Against him for Fulgentio.
Cam. As I am,
For your slowness to depart.
Both. Farewell, sweet lady.
[*Exeunt Gasparo and Antonio.*
Cam. O, my Bertoldo,
Thou only sun in honour's sphere, how soon
Art thou eclips'd and darken'd! but that
To owe a courtesy to a simple virgin
Would take from the deserving, I find in me
Some sparks of fire, which, fann'd with honour's breath,
Might rise into a flame, and in men darken
Their usurp'd splendour. Ha! my aim is high,
And, for the honour of my sex, to fall so,
Can never prove inglorious.—'Tis resolved:
Call in Adorni.
[*Clarinda Crosses behind and exit.*
Cam. He's a man,
I know, that at a reverent distance loves me;
And such are ever faithful. What a sea
Of melting ice I walk on! what strange censures
Am I to undergo! but good intents
Deride all future rumours.

Re-enter CLARINDA, *with* ADORNI.

Ado. I obey
Your summons, madam.
Cam. Leave the place, Clarinda; [*Exit Clarinda.*
One woman, in a secret of such weight,
Wise men may think too much: nearer, Adorni.
I warrant it with a smile.
Ado. I cannot ask
Safer protection; what's your will?
Cam. To doubt
Your ready desire to serve me,
Would, in my diffidence, wrong you: but, I will,
And without circumstance, in the trust that I
Impose upon you, free you from suspicion.
Ado. I foster none of you.
Cam. I know you do not.
You are, Adorni, by the love you owe me——
Ado. The surest conjuration.
Cam. Take me with you.—
Love born of duty; but advance no further.
You are, sir, as I said, to do me service,
To undertake a task, in which your faith,
Judgment, discretion—in a word, your all
That's good, must be engaged; not mind you study,
In the execution, but what may make
For the ends I aim at.
Ado. They admit no rivals.
Cam. You answer well. You have heard of Bertoldo's.
Captivity and the king's neglect; the greatness
Of his ransom; fifty thousand crowns, Adorni;
Two parts of my estate!
Ado. (*Aside.*) To what tends this?
Cam. Yet I so love the gentleman, for to you
I will confess my weakness, that I purpose
Now, when he is forsaken by the king,
And his own hopes, to ransom him, and receive him
Into my bosom, as my lawful husband—
Why change you colour?
Ado. 'Tis in wonder of
Your virtue, madam.
Cam. You must, therefore, to
Sienna for me, and pay to Gonzaga
This ransom for his liberty; you shall have
Bills of exchange along with you. Let him swear
A solemn contract to me; for you must be
My principal witness, if he should—but why
Do I entertain these jealousies? You will do this?
Ado. Faithfully, madam—(*Aside.*) but not live long after.

Cam. One thing I had forgot: besides his freedom,
He may want accommodations; furnish him
According to his birth.
I'll instantly despatch you.

[*Exit.*

Ado. Was there ever
Poor lover so employ'd against himself,
To make way for his rival? 'I must do it—
Nay, more, I will. If loyalty can find
Recompense beyond hope or imagination,
Let it fall on me in the other world,
As a reward for in this I dare not hope it.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The Siennese.—A Camp before the Walls of Sienna.*

Loud music.—Enter RODERIGO, JACOMO, GASPARO, PIERIO, ASTUTIO, *and* AURELIA, *under a canopy.* ASTUTIO *presents her with letters.*

Aur. (*Coming down.*) But for these aids from Sicily, sent against us,
To blast our spring of conquest in the bud;
I cannot find, my lord ambassador,
How we should entertain 't but as a wrong,
Howe'er the king endeavours, in his letters,
To mitigate the affront.
Ast. Your grace hereafter
May hear from me such strong assurances
Of his unlimited desire to serve you,
As will, I hope, drown in forgetfulness
The memory of what's past.
(*An officer, with the city keys on a cushion, advances to Aurelia, from a signal given by Gonzaga, and kneels to the princess.*)
Gon. We present you
With the keys of the city; all lets are removed,
Your way is smooth and easy; at your feet
Your proud enemy falls.
Aur. We thank your valours:
A victory without blood is twice achieved.
Worthy captains, thanks! my love extends to all.
(*A guard drawn up; Aurelia passes through them. Loud music. Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*Sienna.—A Room in the Prison.—Practicable door.*

Enter GONZAGA, ADORNI, *and Gaoler.*

Gon. There he is:
I'll not inquire by whom his ransom's paid,—
I am satisfied that I have it; nor allege
One reason to excuse his cruel usage,
As you may interpret it: let it suffice
It was my will to have it so. (*Crosses.*) He is yours now,—
Dispose of him as you please. [*Exit.*
Ado. How'e'er, I hate him,
As one preferr'd before me, being a man,
He does deserve my pity. (*Goes towards the door and looks in.*) Sir!—he sleeps:—
Or he is dead!—No, he breathes! come near,
Take off his irons.
(*The Gaoler goes through the flat; a noise within, as of the irons being taken off, and thrown on the floor; after which the Gaoler re-enters.*)
So; now leave us private. [*Exit Gaoler.*
He does begin to stir, and seems transported
With a joyful dream!

Enter BERTOLDO.

Ber. Ha! 'tis no vision!
Or, if it be, the happiest that ever
Appear'd to sinful flesh! Who's here? his face
Speaks him Adorni;—but some glorious angel,
Concealing its divinity in his shape,
Hath done this miracle.
Ado. O forbear, sir!
I am Adorni, and the instrument
Of your deliverance; but the benefit
You owe another.
Ber. If he has a name,
As soon as spoke, 'tis written on my heart.
I am his bondman.
Ado. To the shame of men,
This great act is a woman's! 'Tis Camiola's.
Ber. Pray speak't again; there's music in her name.
O what sacrifice of duty can I pay her,
If not to live and die her slave!
Ado. She asks not
Such a dominion o'er you. You must now,
Which is the sum of all that she desires,
By a solemn contract bind yourself, when she
Requires it, as a debt due for your freedom,
To marry her.
Ber. Oh, that now
The holy priest, she present, were prepared
To join our hands.
Ado. You must swear this, my lord.
And your oath recorded, you again are free,
And, that you may appear like to yourself,
(For so she wish'd) here's gold, with which you may
Redeem your trunks and servants, and whatever
Of late you lost.
Whose spoil they were; his name is Roderigo.
Ber. I know him.
Ado. I've done my part.
Ber. So well, sir,
As I am ever yours for't. Divine Camiola —
But words cannot express thee: I'll build to thee
An altar in my soul, on which I'll offer
(*Crosses.*)
A still-increasing sacrifice of duty.

[*Exit.*

Ado. What will become of me now is apparent:
This Roman resolution of self-murder
Will not prove valid at that high tribunal
When all our acts are argued; my good Genius
Prompts me to this consideration. He
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it;
He is not brave who rashly dares to die,
But he who bravely bears calamity.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A State Room in the Palace.*

A Flourish.—PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO, GONZAGA, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTUTIO, *and Attendants, discovered.*

Aur. A seat here for the duke. (*A seat is placed.*)
It is our glory
To overcome with courtesies, not rigour;
Yet give me leave but still with gentle language,
And with the freedom of a friend, to tell you,
To seek by force, what courtship could not win,
Was harsh, and never taught in Love's mild school.
Wise poets feign that Venus' coach is drawn

By doves and sparrows, not by bears and tigers.
I spare the application.
Fer. In my fortune,
Heaven's justice hath confirm'd it; yet, great lady,
Since my offence grew from excess of love,
And not to be resisted, in your clemency
It may find pardon.
Aur. You shall have just cause
To say it hath. The charge of the long siege,
And the loss my subjects have sustain'd, defray'd,
You have your liberty.
Fer. I could not hope for
Gentler conditions.
Aur. My lord Gonzaga,
Since my coming to Sienna, I've heard much of
Your prisoner. He is, as 'tis reported,
A goodly gentleman, and of noble parts.
Pray bring him to our presence.
[*Exit Gonzaga.*
Ast. I must crush
His entertainment. (*Aside.*) May it please your excellency
He is a man debauch'd, and, for his riots,
Cast off by the king, my master; and that, I hope, is
A crime sufficient.
Fer. To you, his subjects,
That like as your king likes.
Aur. But not to us;
We must weigh with our own scale.

Re-enter GONZAGA, *with* BERTOLDO, *richly habited, and* ADORNI.

Aur. This is he, sure.
How soon mine eye had found him! what a port
He bears! how well his bravery becomes him!
A prisoner! nay, a princely suitor, rather!
Gon. Madam, 'twas his suit,
Unsent for, to present his service to you,
Ere his departure.
Aur. With what majesty
He bears himself!
[*Aside.—Comes down.*
Ast. The devil, I think, supplies him.
Ransom'd, and thus rich too.
Aur. You ill deserve
[*Bertoldo, kneeling, kisses her hand.*
The favour of our hand——
That lifted yours against me.
Ber. Thus, once more,
I sue for pardon. (*Kisses her hand again.*)
Aur. (*Aside.*) Sure, his lips are poison'd,
And through these veins force passage to my heart,
Which is already seized upon.
Ber. I wait
To know what your commands are; my designs
Exact me, madam, in another place.
Aur. Before
You have our licence to depart!
Why, hath your entertainment here been such,
In your restraint, that, with the wings of fear,
You would fly from it?
Ber. I know no man that would
Prefer straw in a dungeon before
A down-bed in a palace.
Aur. How! (*To Gonzaga.*) Come nearer!
Was his usage such?
Gon. Yes; and it had been worse,
Had I foreseen this.
Aur. O, such as thou, that have
No share in nature's bounties, know no pity
To such as have them. Now you are my prisoner,
You shall have fairer quarter; and let not, sir,
The quick growth of my passion nourish in you
An ill opinion; can you affect,
And with a true, uplighted heart, a queen
Who sues to you?
Ber. Most bounteous madam!
Gon. Pray you, fair lady,
If you can, in courtesy direct me to
The chaste Aurelia.
Aur. Ha! who are we?
Gon. Another kind of thing. Her love was govern'd
By her discretion, and not ruled her reason:
The reverence and majesty of Juno
Shined in her looks, and, coming to the camp,
She seem'd a Pallas! [*Exit Aurelia.*
Ber. No, no; it cannot be:—yet but, Camiola,
There is no step between me and a crown!
Then, my ingratitude! a sin in which
All sins are comprehended! Aid me, Virtue,
Or I am lost!
Gon. May it please your excellence——
Second me, sir.
Ber. Then, my so horrid oaths.
And hell-deep imprecations made against it!
Ast. The king, your brother, will thank you for the advancement
Of his affairs.
Ber. And yet who can hold out
Against such batteries as her power and greatness
Raise up against my weak defences?
Gon. Sir,

Re-enter AURELIA.

Do you dream waking? 'Slight, she's here again!
Walks she on woollen feet?
Aur. You dwell too long in your deliberation;
Come with a cripple's pace to that which you should fly to.
Ber. It is confess'd; but who knows
But that my brother's politic fears, should you
Make me his equal, may draw war upon
Your territories? Were our breach made up
I should with joy embrace what now I fear
To touch but with due reverence.
Aur. That hinderance
Is easily removed. I owe the king
For a royal visit, which I straight will pay him:
And, having first reconciled you to his favour,
A dispensation shall confirm our vows.
Ber. I'm wholly yours, and upon this book seal it.
(*Kisses Aurelia.*)
Gon. What, hand and lip, too! then the bargain's sure.
You have no employment for me?
Aur. Yes, Gonzaga:
Provide a royal ship.
Gon. A ship! St. John,
Whither are we bound now?
(*Retires a little up.*)
Aur. For Sicily. (*Crosses.*)
My knight, you'll follow?
Ber. To the centre, such a sybil guiding me.
Ado. (*Aside to Bertoldo.*) Camiola. (*Crosses.*)
Aur. How do you?
Ber. I attend you.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but Adorni.*
Ado. The heavy curse that waits on perjury
And foul ingratitude, pursue thee ever.
Yet why from me this? in his breach of faith,
My loyalty finds reward. I have perform'd

All she commanded. O, that I had wings
To bear me to Palermo! This, once known,
Must change her love into a just disdain,
And work her to compassion of my pain.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Palermo.—A Room in Camiola's House.*

Enter SYLLI.

Syl. Undone! undone! poor I, that whilome was
The top and ridge of my house, am, on the sudden,
Turn'd to the pitifullest animal
O' the lineage of the Syllis!

Enter CAMIOLA.

Cam. What's the matter?
Syl. The king—break, girdle, break!
Cam. Why, what of him?
Syl. Hearing how far you doated on my person,
Is come himself a suitor, with the awl
Of his authority to bore my nose,
And take you from me. Oh, oh, oh!
Cam. Do not roar so.
The king!
Syl. The king. Yet loving Sylli is not
So sorry for his own as your misfortune:
If the king should carry you, he can but make you
A queen, and what a simple thing is that
To the being my lawful spouse! the world can never
Afford you such a husband.
Cam. I believe you.
But how are you sure the king is so inclined?
Did you not dream this?
Syl. With these eyes I saw him
Dismiss his train, and lighting from his coach,
Whispering Fulgentio in the ear.
Cam. If so,
I guess the business.
Syl. Yonder they are; I dare not
Be seen, I am so desperate; if you forsake me
(*Crosses.*)
Send me word, that I may provide a willow garland,
To wear when I drown myself. O, Sylli, Sylli!
(*Exit, crying.*

Enter ROBERTO *and* FULGENTIO.

Ful. It will be worth your pains, sir, to observe
The constancy and bravery of her spirit.
Though great men tremble at your frowns, I dare
Hazard my head, your majesty, set off
With terror, cannot fright her.
Rob. (*Aside.*) May she answer
My expectation!
Ful. There she is.
Cam. (*Kneeling.*) My knees thus
Bent to the earth, while my vows are sent upward
For the safety of my sovereign, pay the duty
Due for so great an honour, in this favour
Done to your humblest handmaid.
Rob. You mistake me;
I come not, lady, that you may report
The king, to do you honour, made your house
(He being there) his court; but to correct
Your stubborn disobedience. A pardon
For that, could you obtain it, were well purchased
With this humility.
Cam. A pardon, sir!
Till I am conscious of an offence
I will not wrong my innocence to beg one.
What is my crime, sir?
Rob. Look on him I favour,
By you scorn'd and neglected.
Cam. Is that all, sir.
Rob. No, minion; though that were too much.
How can you
Answer the setting on your desperate bravo
To murder him?
Cam. (*Rising.*) With your leave, I must not kneel, sir,
While I reply to this; but thus rise up
In my defence, and tell you, as a man
(Since, when you are unjust, the deity,
Which you may challenge as a king, parts from you),
Twas never read in holy writ, or moral,
That subjects on their loyalty were obliged
To love their sovereign's vices: your grace, sir,
To such an undeserver is no virtue.
Ful. What think you now, sir?
Cam. Tyrants, not kings,
By violence, from humble vassals force
The liberty of their souls. I could not love him
And to compel affection, as I take it,
Is not found in your prerogative.
Rob. (*Aside.*) Excellent virgin!
How I admire her confidence!
Cam. He complains
Of wrong done him: but be no more a king,
Unless you do me right. Do your edicts
Call it death in any man that breaks into
Another's house to rob him, though of trifles;
And shall Fulgentio, your Fulgentio, live,
Who hath committed more than sacrilege,
In the pollution of my clear fame
By his malicious slanders?
Rob. (*To Fulgentio.*) Have you done this?
Answer truly, for your life.
Ful. In the heat of blood,
Some such thing I reported.
Rob. Out of my sight!
For I vow, if by true penitence thou win not
This injured lady to sue out thy pardon,
Thy grave is digg'd already.
Ful. (*Aside.*) By my own folly
I have made a fair hand of't. [*Exit.*
Rob. You shall know, lady,
While I wear a crown, Justice shall use her sword
To cut offenders off, though nearest to us.
Cam. Ay, now you show whose deputy you are,
If now I bathe your feet with tears, it cannot
[*Kneels.*
Be censured superstition.
Rob. You must rise; [*Raises her.*
Rise in our favour and protection ever. [*Kisses her.*
Cam. Happy are subjects where the prince is still
Guided by justice, not his passionate will.
[*Exit Roberto.*

Enter SYLLI.

Cam. You see how tender I am of the quiet
And peace of your affection, and what great ones
I put off in your favour.
Syl. You do wisely,
Exceeding wisely; and, when I have said
I thank you for't, be happy.

Enter CLARINDA, *hastily.*

Cam. What news with thee now?
Cla. Off with that gown, 'tis mine; mine by your promise:

Signor Adorni is returned,—now upon entrance!
Off with it, off with it, madam!
Cam. Be not so hasty;
When I go to bed, 'tis thine.
Syl. You have my grant, too; [*Exit Clarinda.*
But, do you hear, lady, though I give way to this,
You must hereafter ask my leave, before
You part with things of moment.
Cam. Very good;
When I am yours, I'll be governed.
Syl. Sweet obedience!

Enter ADORNI.

Cam. You are well return'd.
Ado. I wish that the success
Of my service had deserved it.
Cam. Lives Bertoldo?
Ado. Yes, and return'd with safety.
Cam. 'Tis not then
In the power of fate to add to, or take from
My perfect happiness! and yet—he should
Have made me his first visit.
Ado. So I think, too;
But he—
Syl. Durst not appear, I being present;
That's his excuse, I warrant you.
Cam. Speak, where is he?
Ado. He's at the palace,
With the young Duchess of Sienna. Madam,
He's very gracious with her.
Pray you dismiss
Signor Wisdom, and I'll make relation to you
Of the particulars.
Cam. Servant, I would have you
To haste into the court.
Syl. I will outrun
(*Crossing.*)
A footman for your pleasure.
Cam. There observe
The duchess' train and entertainment.
Syl. Fear not;
I will discover all that is of weight
To the liveries of her pages and her footmen,
This is fit employment for me.
[*Exit.*
Cam. Gracious with
The duchess! sure you said so?
Ado. I will use
All possible brevity to inform you, madam,
Of what was trusted to me, and discharged
With faith and loyal duty.
Cam. I believe it.
Ado. 'Would the end
Had answer'd the beginning!—In a word,
Ingratitude and perjury at the height
Cannot express his falsehood!
Cam. Ha! take heed.
Ado. Truth is well arm'd,
And can defend itself.
I saw (the presence full) the amorous duchess
Make tender of her hand and legal state,
Which, being accepted, a remove was publish'd,
And put in execution.
Cam. Oh! oh, Bertoldo!
Ado. He's not worth
Your sorrow, madam.
Cam. Tell me, when you saw this,
Did not you grieve, as I do now, to hear it?
Ado. His precipice from goodness raising mine,
And serving as a foil to set my faith off,
I had little reason.
Cam. In this you confess
The malice of your disposition. As
You were a man, you stood bound to lament it
And not, in flattery of your false hopes,
To glory in it. When good men pursue
The path mark'd out by virtue, the blest saints
With joy look on it, and seraphic angels
Clap their celestial wings in heavenly plaudits,
To see a scene of grace so well presented,—
The fiends, and men made up of envy, mourning.
Whereas now, on the contrary, as far
As their divinity can partake of passion,
With me they weep, beholding a fair temple,
Built in Bertoldo's loyalty, turn'd to ashes
By the flames of his inconstancy, the damn'd
Rejoicing in the object.—'Tis not well
In you, Adorni.
Ado. What a temper dwells
In this rare virgin! (*Aside.*) Can you pity him,
That hath shown none to you?
Cam. I must not be
Cruel by his example. You, perhaps,
Expect now I should seek recovery
Of what I have lost, by tears, and with bent knees
Beg his compassion. No; I'll take a nobler course,
And confident in the justice of my cause,
The king his brother, and new mistress, judges,
Ravish him from her arms. You have the contract,
In which he swore to marry me?
Ado. 'Tis here, madam.
Cam. He shall be, then, against his will my husband;
I'll presently to court; pray you, give order
For my caroch. (*Exit Adorni.*) My good angel, help me,
In these my extremities!

Re-enter SYLLI.

Syl. If you e'er will see brave sight,
Lose it not now. Bertoldo and the duchess
Are presently to be married: there's such pomp
And preparation!
Cam. (*After a pause.*) If I marry, 'tis
This day, or never!
You know my confessor, father Paulo?
Syl. Yes: shall he
Do the feat for us?
Cam. I will give in writing
Directions to him; and something I will do,
That shall deserve men's praise and wonder too.
[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A State-room in the Palace.*

Loud Music.—ROBERTO, BERTOLDO, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTUTIO, GONZAGA, RODERIGO, JACOMO, PIERIO, *a Bishop, and Attendants, discovered.*

Rob. Had our division been greater, madam,
Your clemency, the wrong being done to you,
Must make a perfect union.—Once more,
With a brotherly affection, we receive you
Into our favour: let it be your study
Hereafter to deserve this blessing, far
Beyond your merit.
Ber. As the princess' grace
To me is without limit, my endeavours,

With all obsequiousness to serve her will,
Shall know no limits.
Rob. One word more, madam,
Touching the articles.
Aur. Or add or alter
What you think fit; in him I have my all:
Heaven make me thankful for him!

Enter CAMIOLA, FULGENTIO, ADORNI, *and* SYLLI.

Rob. On to the temple.
Cam. Stay, royal sir; and, as you are a king,
Erect one here, in doing justice to
An injured maid.
Rob. I have given some proof, sweet lady, of my promptness
To do you right! you need not, therefore, doubt me:
And rest assured, that, this great work despatch'd,
You shall have audience, and satisfaction
To all you can demand.
Cam. To do me justice
Exacts your present care, and can admit
Of no delay. If, ere my cause be heard,
In favour of your brother, you go on, sir,
Your sceptre cannot right me. He's the man,
The guilty man, whom I accuse; and you
Stand bound in duty, as you are supreme,
To be impartial.
Rob. So will I, madam.

(*Motions for attendants to place seats forward.*)

Aur. You seem troubled, sir.
Gon. His colour changes, too.
Cam. The alteration
Grows from his guilt. The goodness of my cause
Begets such confidence in me, that I bring
No practised orator to aid my plea.
I stand here mine own advocate! and my truth,
Deliver'd in the plainest language, will
Make good itself; nor will I, if the king
Give suffrage to it, but admit of you,
My greatest enemy and this stranger prince,
To sit assistants with him.
Aur. I ne'er wronged you.
Cam. In your knowledge of the injury, I believe it;
Nor will you, in your justice, when you are
Acquainted with my interest in this man,
Which I lay claim to.

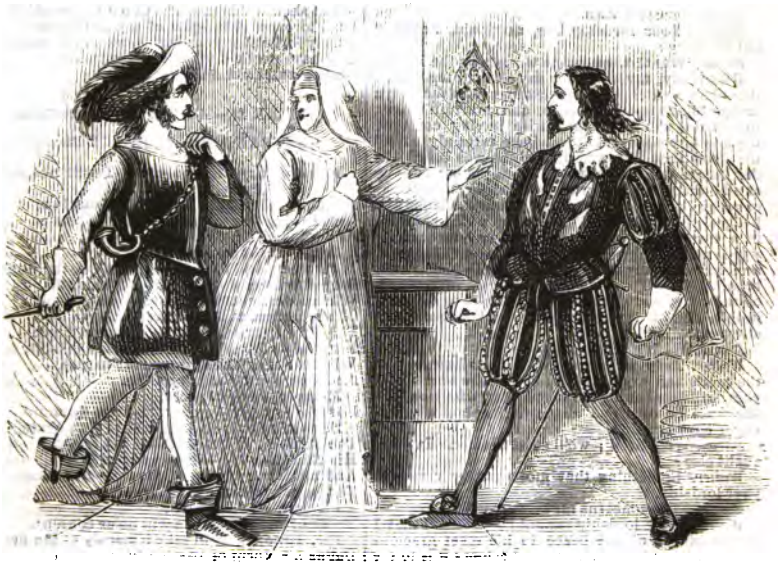
(*Ferdinand, Roberto, and Aurelia take their seats.*)

Rob. What is your title to him?
Cam. By this contract,
(*Presents a paper to the king.*)
I challenge him for my husband.
Rob. This writing is
Authentical.
Aur. But, done in heat of blood,
Charm'd by her flatteries, as, no doubt, he was,
To be dispensed with.
Fer. Add this, if you please,
The distance and disparity between
Their births.
Cam. O, what can innocence hope for,
When such as sit her judges are corrupted!
Disparity of birth or fortune, urge you?
Call some few days back,
And, as he was, consider him. Imagine
You saw him now in fetters, with his honour,
His freedom lost;
By all the world forsaken; and then weigh duly
What she deserved, whose merits now are doubted,
That, as his better angel, in her bounties
Appear'd unto him, his great ransom paid,
His wants, and with a prodigal hand, supplied;
E'en to the danger of her state and life.
Aur. Is this true?
Rob. In his silence 'tis acknowledged.
Gon. If you want
A witness to this purpose, I'll depose it.
Cam. This serpent,
Frozen to numbness, was no sooner warm'd
In the bosom of my pity and compassion,
But, in return, he ruin'd his preserver.
My benefits, in sand or water written,
As they had never been, no more remember'd!
And on what ground, but his ambitious hopes
To gain this duchess' favour?
Aur. Yes; the object,
Look on it better, lady, may excuse
The change of his affection.
Cam. The object!
In what? Forgive me, modesty, if I say
You look upon your form in the false glass
Of flattery and self-love, and that deceives you.
That you were a duchess, as I take it, was not
Character'd on your face; and, that not seen,
For other feature, make all these, that are
Experienced in women, judges of them,
And, if they are not parasites, they must grant,
For beauty without art, though you storm at it,
I may take the right-hand file.
Gon. Well said, I'faith!
I see a fair woman on no terms will yield
Priority in beauty.
Cam. Down, proud, proud heart!
Why do I rise up in defence of that,
Which in my cherishing of it, hath undone me?
No, madam, I recant,—you are all beauty,
Goodness, and virtue; and poor I not worthy
As a foil to set you off: enjoy your conquest;
But do not tyrannize. Yet, as I am,
In my lowness, from your height you may look on me,
And, in your suffrage to me, make him know
That, though to all men else I did appear
The shame and scorn of women, he stands bound
To hold me as the masterpiece.
Rob. (*To Bertoldo.*) By my life,
You have shown yourself of such an abject temper,
So poor and low-condition'd, as I grieve for
Your nearness to me.
Fer. (*To Camiola.*) I am changed in my
Opinion of you, lady; and profess
The virtues of your mind an ample fortune
For an absolute monarch.
Gon. (*To Bertoldo.*) Since you are resolved
To damn yourself, in your forsaking of
Your noble order for a woman, do it
For this. You may search through the world, and meet not
With such another phœnix.
Aur. Make your peace: you have
My free consent; for here I do disclaim
All interest in you.
Ber. Till now, I was never
Truly a prisoner.
But now I have surrender'd up my strengths
Into the power of Vice, and on my forehead
Branded, with mine own hand, in capital letters,
DISLOYAL, and INGRATEFUL.
Cam. This compunction

For the wrong that you have done me, though you should
Fix here, and your true sorrow move no further,
Will, in respect I loved once, make these eyes
Two springs of sorrow for you.
Ber. If, as now I fall
(Kneels.)
Prostrate before your feet, you will vouchsafe
To act your own revenge, treading upon me
As a viper, 'twill take from the burden
That is now insupportable.
Cam. Pray you, rise;
(Bertoldo rises.)
As I wish peace and quiet to my soul,
I do forgive you heartily:
When I am married, as this day I will be,
As a perfect sign of your atonement with me,
You wish me joy, I will receive it for
Full satisfaction of all obligations.
Syl. My blood begins
To come to my heart again.
Cam. Call in the holy friar; he's prepared
For finishing the work.
Syl. I knew I was
The man: heaven make me thankful!
[*Exit.*
Rob. Who is this?
Ast. His father was the banker of Palermo,
And this the heir of his great wealth; his wisdom
Was not hereditary.
Re-enter SYLLI, *with Father* PAULO.
Syl. Do your duty;
And with all speed you can, you may despatch us.
Pau. Thus, as a principal ornament to the church,
I seize her.
A l. How!
(All rise. The seats are removed back.)
Rob. So young, and so religious!
Pau. She has forsook the world.
Syl. O, I shall run mad!
Rob. Hence with the fool!
(Sylli is thrust off.)
Proceed, sir.
Pau. Look on this maid of honour, now
Truly honour'd in her vow
She pays to heaven. This fair hair
(Favours for great kings to wear)
Must now be shorn; her rich array
Changed into a homely gray:
Instead of dainties, from the spring,
For wine, cold water we will bring,
And with fasting mortify
The feasts of sensuality.
Her jewels, beads; and she must look
Not in a glass, but holy brook,
To teach her the ne'er erring way
To immortality. O may
She, as she purposes to be
A child new-born to piety.
Persevere in it, and good men,
With saints and angels, say, Amen.
Cam. This is the marriage! this is the port to which
My vows must steer me? fill my spreading sails
With the pure wind of your devotions for me,
That I may touch the secure haven, where
Eternal happiness keeps her residence.
I am dead to the world, and thus dispose
Of what I leave behind me; and, dividing
My state into three parts, I thus bequeath it.
The first to the fair nunnery, to which
I dedicate the last and better part
Of my frail life; a second portion
To pious uses; and the third to thee,
Adorni, for thy true and faithful service.
And, ere I take my last farewell, with hope
To find a grant, my suit to you is, that
You would, for my sake, pardon this young man,
And to his merits love him, and no further.
Rob. I do confirm it.
Cam. *(To Bertoldo.)* And, as e'er you hope,
Like me, to be made happy, I conjure you
To reassume your order; and in fighting
Bravely against the enemies of our faith,
Redeem your mortgaged honour.
Gon. *(To Bertoldo.)* I restore thus:
(Gives him the white cross.)
Once more, brother in arms.
Ber. I'll live and die so.
Cam. I am then at rest. Now, father,
Conduct me where you please.
[*Exeunt Father Paulo and Camiola.*

THE CURFEW.

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY JOHN TOBIN.



Fitz.—"WHAT ART THOU? SPEAK!"—*Act* V, *scene* 2.

Persons Represented.

BARON DE TRACY.	WALTER.	VASSALS.
ROBERT.	PHILIP.	FRIAR.
FITZHARDING.	CONRAD.	MATILDA.
BERTRAND.	ARMSTRONG.	FLORENCE.
HERMAN.		

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Baron de Tracy's Castle.*

BARON DE TRACY *discovered, kneeling to a picture of Matilda.*

Baron. Thou frail memorial of that blessed spirit,
Which, after earthly martyrdom, now sittest
Thron'd with rejoicing angels, see me kneel
With the prone spirit of contrition,
And deep despair, to do thee rev'rence:
If that foul deeds, as horrible as mine,
Do ever at the throne of grace find mercy,
Be thou my advocate, with boundless love,
Larger than thy exceeding wrongs, plead for me,
That what cannot be pardon'd, may thro' thee
Provoke a lighter penance. (*Rises.*) So, that done,
My heart hath heav'd off somewhat of its load;
For when, in full confession, we pour forth
The inward meditation of dark deeds,
They cease awhile to haunt us.

Enter PHILIP.

What brings you?

Philip. Old Walter, the curfew-toller, is without, and impatient to speak with your lordship.

Baron. Let him come in

[*Exit Philip.*

A talkative old fool!
What can he want?

Enter WALTER.

Well, sir, your business, briefly?

Walter. Out of respect to your lordship, I will dispatch it with all brevity and circumlocution.

Baron. Proceed, then.

Walter. Your lordship has, no doubt, heard of old Margery?

Baron. What! the strange woman on the heath?

Walter. Ay, my lord, they say all over the village that she's a witch, and has dealings with the devil; brings blight upon the corn, and murrain among the cattle; she is charged with having conjured the late terrible drought; and she certainly caused the flood that followed it, for she was heard the day before to wish for rain; she turns her nose up at all our country pastimes, pores all day over books of magic, and prowls all night about the lanes and hedges, gathering poisonous herbs, which she boils in a three-cornered kettle: she has more hard words at her tongue's end than a convent of monks, and has actually been seen taking an airing on a broomstick. 'Tis plain she converses with people of the other world, for she never talks to anybody in this, and 'tis impossible that any woman can be always holding her tongue.

Baron. What's this to me?

Walter. They wish your lordship to have her to the castle and examine her; for, if she be a witch, your lordship knows we have a very wise law, that she must be drowned alive; or, in plainer terms, suffer conflagration.

Baron. Well, well; we'll send for her. Is there aught else?

Walter. Something that more nearly concerns your lordship.

Baron. That concerns me?

Walter. Your lordship cannot be ignorant that I am an officer of the peace to his most gracious Majesty, King William; whose business it is to see that all his Majesty's merry-making subjects put out fire and candle at the tolling of my bell. I am a sort of eight o'clock extinguisher.

Baron. And is this, fellow, what so nearly concerns me?

Walter. Your lordship shall hear. In going my rounds I have noted, for some evenings past, a glimmering light, after curfew-time, in the north tower of your lordship's castle.

Baron. A light in the north tower? Thou dreamest, fellow; 'tis uninhabited.

Walter. Why, then, 'twas the devil, or a will-o'-the-wisp: though they never open their mouths, and I'm sure I heard voices.

Baron. Are you sure of that?

Walter. Positive, my lord. They didn't talk very loud, indeed; for when people are doing things contrary to law, they seldom make much noise.

Baron. You've mentioned this to no one?

Walter. Not to a post, saving your lordship.

Baron. Then keep your counsel still.

Walter. Yes, my lord, I hope your lordship is not offended.

Baron. No, no; you've done your duty.

Walter. Your lordship knows if a rushlight be seen to twinkle in the hamlet, after the stopping of my clapper (my bell-clapper, I mean, my lord,) I am in visible danger of losing my place, and his Majesty a most faithful officer.

Baron. Psha! this tediousness!

Walter. Tediousness! (*Aside.*) I wish your lordship a good day. My tediousness! (*Aside.*) I wish your lordship many happy returns of it; you—your lordship won't forget to examine old Margery.

[*Exit.*

Baron. A light in the north tower, and voices heard!
What should this mean? Can it be possible?
Oh, Florence, if, in spite of my forbidding,
Basely forgetting your high rank and fortune,
You have declin'd upon a peasant slave,
Sorrow and shame light on you! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

BERTRAND *and* FLORENCE *discovered.*

Florence. Urge me no more, I will not hear it.

Bertrand:

No more I'll risk the breaking of our law,
Lest I bring danger on my father's house
And mine own honour.

Ber. Well, at curfew, then,
We'll weep, and bid adieu; yet, sure, the hour
Sacred to love, when all the world is still,
When lovers cheat the stern commandment
Of such a tyrant law, outweighs in value
The dull unvaried round of common time:
For danger gives fresh keenness to delight,
When we usurp the joy we fear to lose,
And tremble whilst possessing.

Florence. Tempt me not,
For we must part to-night, to meet no more.

Ber. Or meet to-night, never to part again.
The abbot of St. Cuthbert's is my friend,
His charitable aid will join our hands,
And make me master of the richest treasure
That ever lover sighed for.

Florence. Nay, forbear;
Think of my father: he will ne'er consent.

Ber. I know he will take it sternly at the first,
But as his storm of passion heaves to rest,
Nature will softly whisper for his child;
And his affection take a quicker sense
From his short-liv'd unkindness. Speak, my Florence.

Florence. Nay, do not press me.

Ber. Come, you must be mine.
There is a kind consenting in your eye,
Which mocks the faint refusal of your tongue;
Love, on your rising bosom, reigns supreme,
And speaks his triumph in this yielding sigh.

Florence. There is my hand; to-night I will be thine;
My kindred, dwelling, and proud hopes I quit,
To cleave to thee, and thy poor, humble fortunes.

Ber. At sunset, then, you'll meet me at the abbey.
And lest your person should create suspicion,
Suppose you come apparell'd as a boy;
And wear, like many a gallant, cap'ring knight,
Whose smooth complexion scarce would hazard twice
The keen encounter of the northern wind,
The front of Hector with a woman's heart.

Florence. Is it so easy, then, to play the hero?

Ber. 'Tis but to strut, and swell, and knit your brow,

Tell twenty lies in a breath, and round them off
With twice as many oaths; to wear a sword
Longer than other men's, and clap your hand
Upon the hilt, when the wind stirs, to shew
How quick the sense of valour beats within you.
How many valiant cowards in brave armour,
Have bluster'd, unsuspected, to their graves!
Nay, afterwards, frown'd in terrible marble,
Who, at the trumpet's charge, had stood aghast,
And shrunk, like tortoises, into their shells,
To die with apprehension. (*Noise without.*)
Florence. Hark! my father.
Ber. You will not fail?
Florence. Away! if I appear not,
Conclude me dead.
Ber. Farewell, then. [*Exit.*
Florence. It was not fancy. Hush! again it comes
Along the gallery.

Enter BARON DE TRACY.

My father!
Baron. Florence!
What do you here?
Florence. My lord—
Baron. Nay, answer quickly.
Florence. I came—
Baron. To meet young Bertrand.
Florence. You have said it.
Baron. There have been lights observ'd in the north tow'r,
And voices heard long after curfew-time.
Florence. The light was mine, sir.
Baron. Whose the voices?
Florence. Mine and Bertrand's.
Baron. Have I not forbid your meeting?
Florence. When 'twas too late. You let our early years
Beyond the reach of fate, entwine our hearts;
Then do not, in the blossom, kill the hope
Which, in the bud, you cherish'd. I have been ever
A most obedient child; from mem'ry's dawn
Have hung, with silent awe, upon your lips,
And in my heart your counsels treasur'd up,
Next to the hallow'd precepts of my God.
But with a new delight my bosom throbb'd,
When first you talk'd of Bertrand: you observ'd, sir,
He was a handsome youth; I thought so, too;
A brave one. My heart beat with fearful joy.
Not rich, you added: there I heav'd a sigh,
And turn'd my head aside; but whilst the tear
Stood in my eye, you said, that fortune's gifts
Were poor, compar'd with nature's: then, my father,
You bade me learn to love him.
Baron. Once, indeed,
I had a foolish dream of such a thing.
Florence. Nay, but I dream so still.
Baron. 'Tis time to wake, then.
Hear me, and let thy froward heart determine.
If thou hast grace to scorn this abject passion,
Here is thy father's bosom, in it hide
Thy kindling blushes, and be mine again.
What! stubborn to the last, and unrelenting!
Then hear me, and let thy free choice decide:
If in the headstrong course of thy desires,
And the rank pride of disobedience,
Thou wed'st thyself to this my low-born vassal,
Living, my persecution shall attend thee,
And when I die, my curses by thy portion.
You know me resolute, and know my purpose;
And as you dread or slight a father's wrath,
So shape your course of action. [*Exit.*
Florence. Stay, my father.
He's gone, and will not listen to his child.
Then since a cruel parent has disown'd me,
Bertrand, I am all thine.
And now that I have giv'n up all to thee,
And cast off every other hope of joy,
If thou shouldst ever treat me with unkindness,
Reprove me with sharp words, or frowning looks,
Or (which is keenest agony to those
Who deeply love) torture me to the soul
With civil, cutting, cold indifference—
No; thou art truth itself, I will not doubt thee.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Forest.*

Enter FITZHARDING, *and* ARMSTRONG.

Arm. Now, then, we are alone, and secret; your business, captain?
Fitz. You are my enemy.
Arm. Indeed!
Fitz. You sav'd my life.
Arm. I did, and at some peril. Does that offend you?
Fitz. So mortally, that day and night, e'er since,
I've sudied how I should despatch you.
Arm. How! 'tis rather a new mode of returning such an obligation.
Fitz. 'Tis in the outskirts of the forest here
We fell in with the officers of justice.
Arm. Ay, not a month since.
Fitz. We stood them stoutly, till your sword being broke
To the hilt, and I fast bleeding with my wounds,
We were compell'd to fly; the tangling wood,
Familiar to our steps, confounded theirs;
And we had lost the yell of their pursuit,
When, quite exhausted with the loss of blood,
I sunk into your arms, in which you rais'd me,
And as the lion bears her wounded whelp
From the thick danger of the hunters' spears,
You bore me home; there, being arrived, I fainted.
Arm. I thought 'twas an act of kindness.
Fitz. So far I was you debtor, but what follow'd?
You stripp'd me to get at my wounds. What then?
Nay, you perceiv'd it. Speak.
Arm. I saw a brand upon your left shoulder that—
Fitz. I know you did: for when I first awoke,
Your eyes were to that quarter rivetted.
You know my secret, sir, and have revealed it.
Arm. No, on my soul.
Fitz. Swear some tremendous oath,
It ne'er has passed thy lips.
Arm. May mercy never reach me, if I e'er breathed a syllable of it.
Fitz. Thou art my friend, then. Hark!
Arm. 'Tis a man's tread.
Fitz. A lusty one. Stand back and let us note him.

Enter a Friar.

Whither so fast, good father?
(*Stopping him.*)
Friar. Stay me not;
I have most pressing business at the castle.

Fitz. At the castle! *(Aside.)* What's thy business there?
Friar. You are rude, son.
It is of private import.
Fitz. Answer me,
Or I will pluck it from thy heart.
Arm. Speak quickly.
Friar. Well, well—
Fitz. No preface, sir.
Friar. Well, thus it is, then:
The Baron hath a reck'ning with his conscience,
Which I must settle for him.
Fitz. Does he know you?
I mean, your person?
Friar. He has never seen it.
Fitz. But his attendants—they have seen you, sir?
Friar. None of them.
Fitz. And thy name: thy name is—
Friar. Dunstan.
Fitz. It shall be so. *(Aside.)* Quickly unhood thee, friar,
And cast thy robes of reverence; nay, quickly,
Or I shall call some myrmidons about us,
Will strip thee at the peril of thy skin.
(Takes the Friar's hood and cloak.)
So, that is well. Now mark me: to the convent
Speed straight, and nimbly; and, as you would 'scape
A deadly cold, take not the air to-night:
I have my spirits abroad: home to thy beads,
Fast, pray, confess thyself, do something, nothing,
But keep within doors, or—
Friar. I will observe.
May heav'n, in the abundance of its mercy,
Pardon this outrage on the church.
Fitz. Away! [*Exit Friar.*
You apprehend my meaning?
Arm. I can guess.
Fitz. Back to our company; to your command
I trust the leading of this night's adventures.
You'll find some stirring friends within the castle
Shall smooth your passage there.
Arm. Till then, good-night. [*Exit.*
Fitz. The Baron's conscience rid, and I his priest!
(For so I must be,) Surely, out of this
Revenge may fashion something strangely cruel,
Whose bloody memory, in after times,
This truth shall touch inexorable man,
Who has no touch of mercy tow'rds his fellow:
Most injuries a noble mind may pardon,
But there are insults cannot be forgiv'n. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE II.—*The Inside of a Cottage.*

Robert. *(Without.)* Hist, hist! Mother!

Enter ROBERT.

Not at home? Then I'll leave this purse on the table, and call for her blessing another time.

Enter MATILDA.

Matilda. My son.
Robert. Your blessing, mother; let it be a short one. There is something will keep famine from the door till I return.
Matilda. Where got you this?
Robert. Ask no questions; 'tis yours.
Matilda. No, not for worlds would I partake thy guilt.
How came it thine? Oh, my foreboding heart!
Where have you slept these three nights?
Robert. Peace, I say.
Matilda. Should you have join'd the band of savage ruffians—
Robert. I have! what then?
Matilda. What then! hast thou a moment
Weigh'd the full horrors of an outlaw's life?
T' exchange the noblest attributes of man
For the worst quality of beasts; to herd
With the vile dregs and offscum of society.
And bear about a conscience that will start
And tremble at the rustling of a leaf;
To shroud all day in darkness and steal forth,
Cursing the moon, that with inquiring eye
Watches your silent and felonious tread,
And every twinkling star that peeps abroad
A minister of terror—
Robert. Peace, I say.
Matilda. The blessed sleep you know not, whose sweet influence
Ere he can stretch his labour-aching limbs,
Softly seals up the peasant's weary lids,
On the cold earth, with over-watching spent,
You stir and fret in fev'rish wakefulness:
Till nature, wearied out, at length o'ercomes
The strong conceit of fear, and 'gins to doze;
But as oblivion steals upon your senses,
The hollow groaning wind upreara you quick,
And you sit, catching with suspended breath,
Well as the beating of your heart will let you,
The fancied step of justice.
Robert. Hark! who's there?
Matilda. No one, my son.
Robert. Again! 'tis a man's footing.
Matilda. I hear nothing;
Nor aught do I behold, save on yon tree,
The miserable remnant of a wretch
That was hang'd there for murder. Look!
Robert. I dare not.
Can you look on it?
Matilda. It annoys not me:
I am no murderer.
Robert. Nor I, nor I:
I am no murderer neither; yet, for worlds,
I dare not look that way.
Matilda. You are a robber;
And he who robs, by sharp resistance press'd,
Will end the deed in blood. 'twas so with him;
He once possess'd a soul quick as your own
To mercy, and would quake as you do now,
At the bare apprehension of the act
That has consign'd him to yon naked tree,
Where every blast to memorize his shame
May whistle shrilly through his hollow bones,
And in his tongueless jaws a voice renew,
To preach with more than mortal eloquence.
Robert. 'Tis a damned life, and I will leave it, mother—to-morrow.
Matilda. Nay, to-night; why not to-night?
Robert. To-night I cannot. *(A knocking at the door.)* Hark!
Matilda. There's some one now.
Robert. To-morrow, mother. I am yours again.
Matilda. To-morrow, then—[*Exit Robert.*]—What visitor is this
That knocks so gently? *(Opens the door.)*

Enter PHILIP.

Is it thou, old man? *(Aside.)*

What brings thee o'er the bitter breathing heath,
Out of thy dwelling at this freezing hour?
The piercing air will not respect thine age,
Ordo thy white hairs rev'rence. Who art thou?

Philip. Servant to the Baron; or, rather one grown out of service; yet he keeps me, like an old tree that has borne good fruit in its time. He had a lady once, and I a mistress; once do I say? She may be yet alive; strange things have come to pass: they report you have the gift of knowing all events, that nothing can betide on earth, sea, or air, but you are acquainted with it.

Matilda. They have abused thee.

Philip. Be not offended: if you would but tell me whether my dear lady outlived the wreck—

Matilda. You would reveal it.

Philip. Never.

Matilda. Yes, you would reveal it;
Old men and women will be ever babbling.

Philip. No, as I'm a man.

Matilda. I almost trust thee, for thou dost not swear.
If I should tell thee, then, that she surviv'd—

Philip. I would bless thy voice for ever.

Matilda. Should guide thee to the spot which she inhabits—

Philip. I would walk barefoot to it over flint.

Matilda. If I should shew her to thy wand'ring sight—

Philip. I would gaze on her though blindness follow'd.

Matilda. Look at me: I am she.

Philip. Nay, now you mock me.

Matilda. I am not on such subjects us'd to jest.
Old Philip, too, forgot me?

Philip. Nay, now I look again, it is—it is my lady; my ever honoured lady, my sweet lady, my kind lady!—but how did you escape the winds and the waters? Does my young master—yet, I fear to ask—

Matilda. He lives, and is a man.

Philip. Thank heaven, thank heaven!

Matilda. The warring elements, that heard my cries.
Would not divorce a mother from her child;
We were both sav'd: to yonder dreary coast
The guardian waves their trembling burden bore.
A little treasure, from the wreck preserv'd,
Bought us this humble dwelling.

Philip. 'Tis a sad one; but you shall change it soon. I am sent by the Baron to bring you to the castle.

Matilda. How?

Philip. The foolish people have accused you of being a witch.

Matilda. Of witchcraft! Well; I see an end in this,
Most level to my wishes. Come, let's on,
All will be set to rights.

Philip. Grant heav'n it may!

Matilda. We shall be happy yet; and like two streams
United once, and parted by mischance,
Meet at the close, and end our course together.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Heath.*

Enter FLORENCE, *in male attire.*

Florence. Thus far I have not met a living soul,
Save, on the heath, an homeward villager,
Who chid his barking cur, and bade good night
With such good greeting, that my sinking heart
Took courage.

Enter CONRAD *and other robbers, who surround Florence.*

Heavens! what are ye?

Conrad. Don't be frightened, young man: your money; come, your valuables; give us all you have, and we sha'n't do you the least injury; only, if you make any disturbance, we shall beat your brains out, that's all.

Enter BERTRAND.

Ber. Unhand the trembling fawn, if ye are men,
And dare a nobler spoil.

Conrad. So, there'll be some blood-letting here. I'll make sure of my bird, however. No resistance, youth; 'tis vain.

(While Bertrand is contending with some of the Robbers, the rest carry off Florence, and, as he is on the point of being overcome, some of the Baron's vassals enter and rescue him: the Robbers run off, and are pursued.)

1 *Vassal.* (*To Bertrand.*) Come, you must with us to the castle.

Ber. Nay, let us plunge into the thickest wood,
And track these savage felons to their den.

1 *Vassal.* No, no; there are enough gone upon that errand; our orders are to bring you to the castle.

Ber. Unhand me, coward slaves! to lose her thus—

1 *Vassal.* We dare not disobey orders.

Ber. Dare not! Slaves;

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Robber's Cave.*

ARMSTRONG, HERMAN, *and other Robbers discovered, drinking.*

CHORUS OF ROBBERS.

What tho' we shroud in savage den
From day's all-piercing eye,
Yet have we joys as other men;
Our watchful fears,
Our perils, cares,
We sweeten still with liberty.

The rising sun let others greet,
We worship his declining ray;
And while the midnight cask we drain,
Where sparkling meet
His light and heat,
We feel alive in ev'ry vein
The spirit of departed day.

Herman. Come, push the liquor about. Here's heavy purses and light fingers. So, the captain, you say, has made free with a friar's canonicals?

Arm. Ay, and with his character, too, for a short time.

Herman. And in that disguise means to enter the castle? (*A whistle without.*) Hark!

Arm. 'Tis Conrad's whistle; pass the countersign.

(*They pass the countersign*

Enter CONRAD *and Robbers, with* FLORENCE.

Welcome, lads, welcome! Who have you got there?

Conrad. A youth that we picked up in our travels; we found him near the monastery, going, as I conjecture, to pray for a beard, for his chin seems to have a marvellous lack of bristle. He'll bear some plucking, though.

Arm. Ay, ay, the bird's in pretty feather. Speak, stripling, who are you? whence come you? and whither were you going?

Florence. Good gentlemen, I pray you, harm me not.

Conrad. You're too rough with him; the youth's abashed at being in strange company; he hasn't been used to converse with gentlemen in our sphere; and to say truth, I don't wonder he's a little ashamed. Don't be alarmed, my pretty boy; there's nothing here to frighten you; our worthy commander would know your history, that's all.

Florence. I am a simple lad,
Honest, though very poor, yet what I have
Is freely yours. This purse contains a trifle,
Would it were better worth your kind acceptance!
But, as it is, you're very welcome.

Conrad. (*Taking the purse.*) A pretty spoken youth, and perfectly understands good breeding.

Arm. Sit down and eat, boy. Our fare is coarse, but you are welcome. Sit, down, I say: do you mistrust us?

Florence. Oh, no; I never did wrong to any:
Whom should I fear, then?

Arm. Well, sit down. (*She sits at the table.*) Now, Conrad, you saw our minstrels safely on their journey?

Conrad. Ay, and the plan is thus concerted: after gaining admittance to the castle—Mind thy repast, youth (*To Florence, who appears agitated.*)—they'll easily procure a night's lodging—what, again! (*To Florence.*) Within a quarter of an hour from the tolling of the curfew we must be ready at the northern gate.

Arm. Enough; we understand the rest. But what is this same curfew, that has made such a noise lately?

Conrad. What is it? why, it's a new mode with your great statesmen of keeping the people in the dark. After this same bell has tolled, 'tis a misdemeanour for a horse-shoe to strike a spark from a flint, and high treason for a glow-worm to carry fire in his tail.

Arm. A truce with your jests.

Conrad. Why, then, in sober sadness, this curfew custom is a clever invention of this Norman prince of darkness, to set honest men snoring, and give rogues an earlier opportunity of cutting their throats; and which, by shortening their days, will most probably lengthen ours.

Arm. Still listening. (*Seeing Florence attentive.*) I like not that boy. He has been deeply attentive to our discourse. (*To Herman.*)

Herman. Despatch him, then.

Arm. 'Twere safest.

Herman. Robert shall do it. Being last entered in our troop, it is his office. (*Looks to Robert.*)

Arm. Robert, that boy has overheard our whole design.

Herman. And may betray us.

Robert. There's no fear of that.

Herman. Not when he's dead.

Robert. How?

Herman. You must do it.

Robert. Murder him?

Herman. Call it what you please, you must despatch him.

Robert. Keep him a prisoner till to-morrow.

Arm. I tell you our lives are in his breath; and he must die.

Robert. Well, if it must be so—

Herman. It shall. I like not that hesitating eye. (*Aside.*)

Arm. We will but skirt the wood, and then return. You'll remember. (*To Robert.*)

Robert. Ay, ay.

Herman. (*Aside.*) I'll stay and see it done. My mind misgives me, he may want assistance.

(*All the robbers go out except Herman, who conceals himself.*)

Florence. What mean their dark looks, and half smother'd speeches,
Where more the eye interprets than the tongue,
And silence is most horrible?

Robert. My mother's a witch, sure enough. She prophesied I should soon turn cut-throat. (*Aside.*) Well, youth, you can guess, I suppose, why they have left us alone?

Florence. Indeed, I know not; for no harm I hope.

Robert. That I should kill thee.

Florence. Nay, but you will not do it, my good fellow.
What's my offence?

Robert. You ne'er offended me.

Florence. Nor any that 'oth bear a human form.
I never wrong'd the smallest living thing,
Or trod designedly upon a worm;
For I was bred to gentleness, and know
Nought that hath fleeting breath, too mean for mercy.
Why seek you, then, my life, which gone from me,
Will never add a moment's breath to yours?

Robert. Peace, boy.

Florence. Oh! think upon the horror of the deed.
You have a friend, who knows—perhaps, a parent
A father or a mother,—think on them,—
'Twould almost break their hearts to learn your death.
In nature's common course; how would they start
To hear you had been slaughter'd in cold blood!
But if they knew you were a murderer,
Oh! they would curse the hour that gave you birth,
And die stark mad with agony.

Robert. I cannot strike; he withers up my arm.
Now, then, I'll do't. (*Aside.*) Speak, youth, are you prepared?

Florence. Oh! no; for life is sweet, death, terrible
The firmest stoic meets it with a pang;
How, then, should I, an unschool'd, simple boy,
Look calm at that, which makes the sternest shudder?

Robert. You must die, youth.

Florence. Nay, yet you will not do it;
You cannot; for your cold, relaxing hand
Loosens its gripe, and all your limbs, too, tremble.

Robert. Now then.

Florence. Nay, turn not thus your head aside,
I fain would see how stern the butcher looks
When he doth strike the lamb. You tremble still:
And in your eyes twin drops of mercy stand;
They fall upon your cheek; nay, then you cannot.

Robert. Hear me: I have passed my word to my comrades that you shall die; my hand may shrink

mine eye may drop a tear. No matter; 'tis past, and thus——

(Lifts his hand to strike.)

Florence. Have mercy on my sex—I am a woman.

Robert. A woman!

Florence. What have I said? A thought more horrible
Then death runs through me now.

Robert. To save her would be great.

Florence. Oh! 'twould be glorious! that one single act
Shall clear thee at the great day of account

Robert. You have prevailed.

Florence. And will you save me?

Robert. Were ye a man, I couldn't hurt you now; for you have made me woman.

Florence. I've no fit means to thank you but my tears, my warmest prayers.

Robert. Here is a recompense which those who have once felt will want no other motive to humanity. But the night wears, my companions will soon return. Can you trust yourself with an assassin?

Florence. Ay, through the world.

Robert. Come, then, I'll guide you faithfully.

Herman. You pass not here.

(Interposes.)

Robert. Herman!

Herman. The same, good trusty Robert.

Robert. Stand by, and let us pass; it is a woman.

Herman. Were it an angel, what then?

Robert. Young, fair, and innocent: nay, look upon her;
Can you resist that supplicating eye?

Herman. I know my duty.

Robert. Do it, then; the first duty of our sex is to protect the helplessness of hers. Come, come, let us pass. You can't be serious.

Herman. You'll find me so.

Robert. Nay, look upon her, Herman.

Herman. Well.

Robert. Can neither her youth, her beauty, her sex, or her condition move you?

Herman. Not a step.

Robert. You are a devil, then.

Herman. If you attempt to pass, you'll find me one.

Robert. Why, then, there's left no argument but this.

(Drawing his sword.)

Herman. Which thus I answer.

Robert. If blood must be shed, it shall be man's blood.

Herman. Yours or mine.

Robert. Come on, then.

(They fight off the stage.)

Florence. Now sit upon the righteous sword, just heaven,
And where the cause is honest, give the power
Hark! the rude clashing of their angry steel
Gives way to death-like silence.

Re-enter ROBERT.

Robert. Now then, lady.

Florence. What, is he dead?

Robert. And buried; I have thrown him
Into the roaring torrent, that must serve
Both for his shroud and knell. Think not of him;
He was a wretch without remorse or pity,
Who bloodily hath bought a bloody end.
Come, 'tis no time for words. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Cottage.*

Enter ROBERT, *leading in* FLORENCE.

Robert. This is the humble dwelling that I spoke of. You may rest here in safety to-night, and, tomorrow, shape your course as it pleases you.

Florence. *(Looking round.)* You know the wo an who inhabits here?

Robert. Ay, know her well; you'll find her a kind soul. I would stay with you till she returned· but I must get back before my comrades, to avoid suspicion. Farewell! Should we meet no more, you'll sometimes think of me.

Florence. While I have life.

Robert. Farewell!

[*Exit.*

Florence. Upon the bleak and solitary waste
Which my proud father's castle overlooks,
I've sometimes heard, there dwells a wretched woman,
So deeply skilled in potent herbs and flow'rs,
The wond'ring village shun her as a witch.
This must her hovel be; for, sure, a spot
Se desolate, and dwelling so unsheltered,
Can harbour no one else.

(A knocking at the door.)

2 *Vassal.* *(Without.)* Open the door.

Florence. Hush! I have heard that voice.

2 *Vassal.* *(Without.)* Nay, open quickly.

Florence. It is my father's vassal: should he know me—

2 *Vassal.* *(Without.)* Still do you hesitate?

Florence. I will assume
A tone and manner foreign to my nature,
That so, without exposure of myself,
I may betray the mischief that is hatching.

(Opens the door.)

Enter three of the Baron's Vassals.

What means this violence?

2 *Vassal.* 'Tis well you came,
Or we had beat the house about your ears.

Florence. Thou poor man's tyrant and thou great man's slave!
Wherefore this outrage? The low peasant's latch
Should be held sacred as the triple bolt
That guards a palace—ay, more sacred, fellow:
For high-rais'd mightiness is its own shield;
But who, if lordly pow'r be first t' invade,
Shall bar the poor man's dwelling from oppression?

2 *Vassal.* We are commanded by our lord the Baron
To bring before him every living thing,
That in this lonely dwelling we found shelter'd.

Florence Well, sir, you will not shame your lord's commands
By doing them humanely. I attend you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Outside of the Baron's castle.*

Enter ROBERT.

Robert. Once more I have a moment for reflection. Shall I return to these merciless dogs? Yes, my safety requires it. But then, the night's adventure: to murder a whole family in cold blood! that I'll prevent, however. My mother, now doubly thanked be her care, taught me the use of letters. I have shortly stated here our horrible design, yet interceded for the lives of all. *(Shoots an arro-*

the castle.) So, speed it well. My heart accuses me of treachery; yet there is no alternative. I must either be false to my companions, or a traitor to humanity,

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BARON DE TRACY, *with Vassals.*

Baron. You were too tame to let them bear her off.

1 *Vassal.* My lord, they were too many for us. Five, at least, to one: and all completely armed, too.

Baron. Well, 'tis no matter; bring young Bertrand in.

[*Bertrand is brought in.*

So, sir, your noble purpose has miscarried,
And I have lost the honour you intended
To fix upon my house.

Ber. You speak, my lord,
As if your daughter's peril touch'd you not.

Baron. So I be robb'd, what matters who the thief?
Into what viler hands can she have fall'n,
Than mine own vassal's?

Ber. True, I am your vassal,
And on my body bear some ill-shap'd scars
That vouch my services; but chiefly one
Stamp'd in the bloody field of Hastings—what,
You do remember 't?—When you were unhors'd,
Prostrate beneath th' uplifted battle-axe,
With outstretch'd hand, and deprecating eye,
Had not your vassal, 'twixt descending death
And you, his forward body interpos'd,
You might have gorg'd the rav'ning vultures there.

Baron. It was thy duty, fellow.

Ber. Yet the act
So pleas'd you, that you call'd me your preserver,
And breath'd such wanton praises on my valour,
That I forgot the low-born thing I had been,
Outstretch'd my wing, and sought a nobler quarry:
You fann'd my young ambition. I became
The priz'd companion of your blooming daughter.
Oft when I won, at tilt or tournament,
Some hard-earned prize, and laid it at her feet,
With trembling admiration she surveyed me,
Breath'd a full sigh of joy at my escape;
And you applauded. We grew up together:
Our pastimes, studies, sorrows, joys, hopes, fears,
Had but one soul; and what, at first, was friendship,
Soon ripen'd into love; which you encourag'd.

Baron. Which I forbade.

Ber. Your reason?

Baron. Your low birth.

Ber. That is, indeed, past cure. 'Tis now too late
To summon back the dust of my progenitors,
And stamp it with nobility. What then?
Am I to hang my head, creep into corners,
Because my father was a hind? I know not
Why I was pressed into this bustling world;
But here I am, and let my deeds proclaim me.
Our actions are our heralds, and they fix,
Beyond the date of tombs and epitaphs,
Renown or infamy.

Baron. You talk it highly.

Ber. My lord, you touch'd me roughly on a point
At which the poor man's blood is quick to kindle.
To something of more weight:—your daughter, sir,
Is in the hands of ruffians; grant me, then,
Twenty of your attendants, nay, but ten,
Five, or if they, for a lost daughter's ransom,
Be thought too great a venture, give me freedom,
And I alone, ere food shall pass my lips
Or sleep embrace me, will recover her,
Or lose myself.

Baron. We shall not trust your valour.

Enter First Vassal.

1. *Vassal.* My lord, a stranger from St. Cuthbert's abbey.

Baron. Ay, I would speak with him. Bear off this madman, and guard him strictly.

Ber. Heaven protect her, then!

[*Exit, guard d.*

Baron. Stand up, my heart; my shrinking nerves, wax firm!
For what to this good man I must reveal,
Will want your full assurance.

Enter FITZHARDING, *disguised, and Attendants.*

Take good heed
That none approach us.

(*To the Attendant, who retires.*)

Welcome, rev'rend father,
If to the holy Dunstan I address me.

Fitz. I answer to that name.

Baron. It is a name
That loud report delights to send abroad
For endless deeds of saint-like charity;
But chiefly has she blazon'd your renown,
That with an excellence almost divine,
You can blow out from the distracted brain
The memory of guilt, and chase away
The frightful apparition of foul deeds,
Which, unaton'd for, will not be at rest.

Fitz. You over-praise my poor abilities,
Tho' in the holy office you have mention'd
I am not meanly skill'd.

Baron. Therein I want
Your aid and counsel.

Fitz. Then deliver boldly
The secret cause that preys upon your quiet;
And fully, too: for in the mind's diseases,
As in the body's, there be patients,
Who, by a scant disclosure of their ills,
(Either from foolish modesty or pride,)
Mock the physician's labour.

Baron. Trust me, father,
You shall hear all, as fully and distinctly
As were I now before heav'n's judgment seat,
To make confession of the fact.

Fitz. Proceed.

Baron. You know I am not native of this isle,
But born in Normandy.

Fitz. So I have heard.

Baron. I wedded there, long since, an English lady,
Most rare in her endowments.

Fitz. You were happy?

Baron. I should have been so: you must have observ'd,
For you have deeply read the heart of man,
A wayward disposition in some natures,
Out of the very height of their enjoyments

To breed their discontents; and make, like devils,
A hell of paradise.
Fitz. Alas! 'tis true.
Baron. E'en such a man was I: would you believe it?
Possess'd of such a woman, for no cause
But the excess of her perfections,
Compar'd with my weak merits to deserve them,
From love's extremest dotage I fell off
To sudden jealousy; in which dark mood,
A letter reach'd me, in an unknown hand,
Containing naught but this: "Look to your wife!"
Fitz. Some villain—
Baron. You shall hear, and then decide.
This letter was soon follow'd by another,
Which circumstantially disclos'd my shame,
And made surmise conviction. pointed out
The time, when I might find, in mine own chamber,
My wife in guilty converse with a lover.
Think with what pangs I waited for that hour!
When, as advis'd, I did surprise my wife
In secret with a man.
Fitz. And in your chamber?
Baron. I stabb'd the woman; her companion fled,
And in the darkness of the night escap'd me.
Returning quickly back, I found my wife, too,
Whose wound though deep was nothing dangerous,
Had, with our only son, a tender infant,
Fled in most wild amazement. Soon in safety
She reach'd the nearest sea-port; thence embarking
For this her native land, they were both wreck'd;
And with the rest of that devoted crew,
In the wide bosom of the ocean perish'd.
Fitz. It was a lamentable fate, indeed!
But where's your crime in this? Was she not guilty?
Baron. Nay, she was spotless: that same precious villain,
(For that he was a villain soon was palpable,)
In a last letter clos'd this scene of horror
With these emphatic words, which, as I dread them,
Were graven on my heart: "Your wife was innocent;
Yet, I'm but half revenged!"
Fitz. But half revenged!
Some one whom you had wrong'd then—
Baron. It should seem so;
Yet to this hour, by what resentment mov'd,
Or who the dark contriver of my shame,
I am most ignorant.
Fitz. That's strange, indeed!
And could you never guess?
Baron. No, on my soul.
Fitz. Most wonderful! Could you remember no one,
Whom by some galling wrong, some deep fixed insult,
You had most grievously provok'd?
Baron. No, never.
Fitz. Ere long I will refresh your memory.
(*Aside.*)
Baron. I never struck but one man to the heart,
And him I after recompens'd so nobly,
That my large bounty salv'd his rankling pride,
And drew out all his enmity.
Fitz. Indeed! (*Aside.*)
Baron. Besides, that man was dead.
Fitz. Art sure of that? (*Aside.*)
Baron. Or had he been alive, 'twere idle now
To waste the precious time in wild surmise
Who was my instigator. Here am I,
Sole actor of that woeful tragedy;
Whose strong remembrance like an evil spirit
In some lone house, usurping all my brain.
Drives reason from her seat; and scares away
The fellowship of comfortable thoughts,
To dwell alone in desolate despair.
Now, I have heard you have a charm for this,
That by some sacred and mysterious pow'r,
You can make clean my fancy—recreate me,
What once I was, a reasonable man,
Full of the common feelings of my kind,
Pray with an unclogg'd heart; that food shall nourish,
That I shall laugh and weep like other men,
And sleep refresh me, as the dews of heav'n
Lift up the languid blossoms; in a word—

Enter first Vassal with an arrow.

How, fellow, whence this boldness?
1 *Vassal.* Your pardon, my lord; walking near the northern tower, I found this arrow. This was the feather to it; thinking it contained characters that might be of importance, I have broken through your commands to present it.
(*Kneeling, presents the arrow.*)
Baron. What have we here? these look like characters—
Yet not for me to scan: peruse them, father,
And tell us what they signify. (*Gives it to Fitz.*)
1 *Vassal.* I hope my lord will pardon my presumption.
Baron. Well, wait without, sir;
Nor dare intrude again till you are call'd for.
[*Exit first Vassal.*
Fitz. Confusion! (*Aside.*)
Baron. What, a churchman puzzled, too?
Fitz. Somewhat perplex'd, I own: let's try again.
Oh! now I understand it; 'tis a song,
A mere love-ballad, that the minstrels chaunt
In every town and village; a dull ditty,
And not quite decent for a priest to utter,
Or for a high-bred Baron to attend to:
However, if you wish it, when at leisure
I will repeat the idle madrigal;
But let it not employ this apt occasion
For our more grave deliberations.
I have drawn in with an attentive ear
All you have utter'd: your offence is grievous.
Baron. Ay, father!
Fitz. But the grace of heav'n is great,
And for the truly contrite will work wonders.
Leave me awhile to meditate alone,
That here, in still communion with myself,
And cool abstraction from all other objects,
I may devote my mind entire to you.
Baron. You'll find me in the gallery.
Fitz. 'Tis well:
In the meantime, be sooth'd with this assurance,
I will resolve on something speedily,
Shall give you ease for ever.
Baron. How! for ever?
So that the bloody image of that deed
Shall never rise to my remembrance more?
Fitz. Not even in thy dreams—for death has none. (*Aside.*)
Baron. May heav'n assist your holy contemplations! [*Exit.*
Fitz. (*Reads.*) "Your castle will be this night surprised; yourself, and all that are in it slaughter

after the tolling of the curfew, look to the northern gate."
A pretty madrigal! The friar—No, no;
He would have mention'd my disguise: who then?
I do suspect that Robert. He is one,
Whom nature has so deeply wrought with pity,
That habit cannot harden him to blood.
'Twas shrewdly aim'd, but it has miss'd the mark,
Nor shall perplex me further; for this Baron,
I hold him in my eye, and, when I please,
Fast in my grip, I do but soar aloof,
(Like the pois'd vulture hov'ring o'er his prey,)
Till having track'd him beyond human help,
I may pounce down securely.

SCENE IV.—*The Robbers' Cave.*

Enter ROBERT.

Robert. So, all's well. I have escaped the track of the blood-hounds, though they can't be far off. I met an half-starv'd wolf in my way, and slew him: his blood will give a colour to my story. (*A whistle heard.*) Hark! they are at hand. Approach, I am prepared.

Enter ARMSTRONG, CONRAD, *and other Robbers.*

Arm. Well, is it done? (*Robert shews his hand.*)
Conrad. Ay, this is well.
Arm. Where's the body?
Conrad. Come, give us the particulars.
Robert. I led him by discourse, to the cliff that overhangs the sea—
Conrad. What, where I pushed down the bald-headed friar, whilst at his prayers, and bid him say amen as he descended?
Robert. The same. As he gazed upon the elements, I stabbed him in the back; I heard his body dash against the waves, and all again was silent.
Conrad. (*Looking round.*) Where's Herman?
Arm. I missed him soon after our setting out. Has no one seen him?
1 *Robber.* Not I.
2 *Robber.* Nor I.
3 *Robber.* Nor I.
Conrad. Taking one of his solitary strolls, I suppose; he generally avoids our company, lest he should catch the contagion of a little humanity: your right beast of prey always prowls by himself.
Arm. I wish he may not have fallen into the hands of the wolf-hunters.
Conrad. If he be, there's not a rogue in England will do greater justice to the gallows
Arm. Nor one to whom the gallows will do greater justice.
Conrad. I have known him since he was first hatched; he had a trick of killing flies in his cradle, which his mother encouraged, that she might not spoil his temper. Before he was out of swaddling clothes, he wrung off the neck of a favourite bird for singing too loud, and she patted him on the cheek, and said he had an excellent ear for music. On being breeched, he was appointed the family-hangman to superannuated dogs, and supernumerary kittens; when a school-boy, he would break bounds at the risk of having his back flayed, to see an execution. As he grew to manhood, the lust for blood grew with him, till having exhausted his genius in tormenting all the other animals of the creation, he fixed, at last, on man. But come, let's to the armoury.
Arm. And every man equip himself stoutly, for we shall serve a hot night's work.
Conrad. And if we should be caught, we shall hang, cheek by jowl, like kites on a dove-cote, or rats against a barn-door. No matter, lads; do your duty, and leave the rest to fortune; though it may not be our luck to escape the gallows, 'tis at least in our power to deserve it, and that, to a man of spirit, is always some consolation. Come, to the armoury. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Baron's castle.*

Enter FITZHARDING, *followed by* BARON DE TRACY.

Fitz. The place you say is private?
Baron. Still as night.
Fitz. Where sight nor sound, save of ourselves alone, can find admission?
Baron. 'Tis an hallow'd spot,
Which I have chosen for the burial place
Of all my future race.—
Fitz. It will do well.
Baron. There, when the turmoil of my brain is o'er,
And all my senses lie benumb'd in death,
I shall sleep soundly.—
Fitz. Ay, and quickly, too. (*Aside.*)
Baron. There too, my wife,—for I have raised to her
As proud a monument as art could fashion,—
Instead of the vast ocean's stormy bed,
Should in the silent confines of cold marble
Have crumbled quietly.
Fitz. It is a place.
Meet for our business. When the bell hath toll'd,
We will repair to that sequester'd spot,
Where, under heav'n's attesting eye alone,
We will perform a deed,—which being done,
You are a man again.
Baron. Accomplish that,
And name your recompense.
Fitz. For shame, my lord;
A pious act remunerates itself!
Or, if it did not, my reward is fix'd
Beyond the utmost reach of human pow'r
To give or take away. (*Music without.*)
Baron. What sounds are these?
Fitz. Minstrels, if I may guess.

Enter a Vassal.

Vassal. Three vagrant harpers,
Who carry in their looks long fast and travel,
Beg for refreshment and a night's repose.
Baron. We are engaged. Go give them food and drink,
And speed them on their journey.
Fitz. Nay, my lord,
Do not, however weightily inclin'd,
Forget the laws of hospitality:
They are a people, harmless at the worst,
And often entertaining; and they claim,
From long establish'd custom, as their charter,
Such entertainment, as the truly great
Bestow on humble ingenuity.
I pray you give them audience.

Baron. Be it so.

[*Exit Vassal.*

Fitz. They are the only records of the time;
And many a sad and merry chronicle,
Worthy the note of all posterity,
But for the kindling spirit of their strings,
Would sleep for ever in oblivion.

Enter three robbers disguised as Minstrels.

From what country, friends?
1 *Min.* From the north, father.
Fitz. Whither bound?
1 *Min.* For that
We trust to fortune. But the day being spent,
We would your debtors be for a night's lodging.
Such minstrelsy as our rude skill can touch
Shall be our thanks.
Baron. 'Tis well. We listen to you.

GLEE.—MINSTRELS.

Hark! the curfew's solemn sound
Silent darkness spreads around;
Heavy it beats on the lover's heart,
Who leaves, with a sigh, his tale half told.
The poring monk and his book must part;
And fearful the miser locks up his gold.
Now, whilst labour sleeps, and charmed sorrow,
O'er the dewy green,
By the glow-worms light,
Dance the elves of night,
Unheard, unseen.
Yet where their midnight pranks have been
The circled turf will betray to-morrow.

Baron. They have perform'd it with no vulgar taste or common execution.

Enter a Vassal.

Well, what now?
Vassal. The woman whom you sent for is without, and waits your further orders.
Baron. Bring her before us.—

[*Exit Vassal.*

Stand back awhile.

(*To the Minstrels.*)

This urgent business speedily despatch'd,
We'll task you further.

(*The Minstrels retire.*)

'Tis the prophetess,
Whom you, no doubt, have heard of.
Fitz. Tho' not giv'n
To note the fleeting rumours of the time,
Some strange and wild reports of such a person,
Have reach'd our convent.

Enter MATILDA.

Baron. Now observe her, then.
Woman, stand forth, and answer to our charge.
The universal cry is loud against you
For practis'd witchcraft. The consuming plagues
Of murrain, blight, and mildew, that make vain
The peasant's labour, blasting his full hopes,
Are laid to your account; they charge, moreover
Your skill in noxious herbs, and ev'ry weed
Of pois'nous growth, the teeming earth is rank with,
Fatal to man and beast: that these collecting
By the full moon, with wicked industry,
You do apply to hellish purposes;—
To shrink up the sound limb, and, with a touch,
Plant wrinkles on the blooming cheek of youth.
This is not all: they urge most vehemently,
That you usurp the night's solemnity
For deeds of darkness, horrible to think of!
That, when the yawning church-yards vomit forth
The grisly troops of fiends, that haunt the night,
You have been heard to mutter mischief with them,
Dancing around a pile of dead men's bones
To your own howling; and, with hideous yells,
Invoking curses for the coming day.
How answer you to this?
Matilda. That it is false.
Fitz. You answer boldly, woman.
Matilda. Holy father,
I answer with the voice of innocence.
That I enjoy the silent hour of night,
And shun the noisy tumult of the day;
Prize the pale moon beyond the solar blaze,
And choose to meditate while others sleep.
If these be crimes, I am most culpable.
For, from the inmost feeling of my soul,
I love the awful majesty sublime
Of nature in her stillness. To o'erlook,
Fix'd on some bleak and barren promontory,
The wide, interminable waste of waves;
To gaze upon the star-wrought firmament
Till mine eyes ache with wonder; these are joys
I gather undisturb'd. The day's delights
I am proscrib'd; and, if I venture forth
To taste the morning's freshness, I am star'd at
As one of nature's strangest prodigies,
At my unmeasur'd step, and rude attire,
The speechless babe is taught to point the finger;
And unbreech'd urchins hoot me as I pass,
And drive me to the shelter of my cottage.
The very dogs are taught to bark at me!
But to your charge: I am accus'd most wrongly
Of having both the faculty and will
T' infest the earth with plagues, and man with sickness;
Of holding converse with superior beings.
Why, what a mockery of sense is this?
It is the wildest stuff of folly's dreams,
That I, possessing super-human pow'r,
Should thus submit to human agency;
And, being brought by your rude vassals here,
Stand to be judg'd by man!
Fitz. That's shrewdly put.
This is no common woman. (*To the Baron.*)
Baron. Hear her further.
Matilda. Yet have I not consum'd the lapse of time
In fruitless musing—something I can do,
Of mine own pow'r—for other I have none,
Of which the mention may create a smile,
A sneering smile of infidel contempt,
But whose performance would convert you all
Into the bloodless forms of staring statues.
Have you a dear, departed relative,
A buried friend, still living in your hearts,
Whom in their earthly and corporeal state
You would behold again?
Baron. Woman, beware!
Matilda. Thy wife, shall I revive her? Speak!
Baron. Away!
Matilda. Be she in heav'n or hell, I'll bring her to thee!
Scatter'd throughout the ocean, I'll reknit
Her sea-bleach'd bones, put living flesh upon them;
Light up her eyeless sockets with twin stars;
Bid the warm blood rush through her kindlir veins,

And her heart beat with new-created life:
A breathing woman she shall stand before thee;
And thou, in freezing horror and amazement,
Shalt look more like a corse unshrouded.

Fitz. Nay, my lord,
You let the wild words of this foolish beldam,
Take too strong a hold upon you.

Matilda. I have promis'd, sir;
And to the very height of expectation,
I will fulfil my pledge.

Enter a Vassal with FLORENCE.

Baron. Who have you there?

Vassal. A lad, whom we found lurking at the cottage.

Fitz. 'Tis time to end this foolery. (*Aside.*)

Baron. Speak, boy:
What led you to the dwelling of that woman?

Florence. I had heard mention of her wondrous skill
In divination, and I sorely long'd
To put her to the proof; for I myself
Can tell of things to come; command that no one
Stir from this spot, till I have told my story.

Fitz. What can this mean? (*Aside.*) My lord, you will not hear him?
He hath confess'd himself to be inspir'd,
Which, by the tenor of the law, is death.

Florence. Forbear a moment, I will tell you that
Shall make your blood start back upon your heart,
And all your senses pause entranc'd with wonder.
To-night, to night—

Baron. What will befall to-night?

Florence. Nay, at this moment, a foul plot is hatching,
Whose birth will be the death of all thine house.
'Ly castle walls, breaking their peaceful silence,
Ere the cock crow, will shriek to rape and murder.
I say, this very hour, almost before
The bell of night breaks off the gossip's tale,
A fierce banditti will besiege your castle.
Look to the northern gate, for there they'll enter.

Fitz. Peace, beardless prophet! I will hear no more;
It is a scandal to my holy office.
A miserable waste of precious time,
And an enormous blasphemy against reason,
To listen to the lunatic discourse
Of this audacious boy.

Florence. Why, holy father,
I didn't say thy cloak conceal'd a villain;
Tho' saintly outsides sometimes mask foul hearts;
But for those minstrels yonder, you will find
They are not what they seem.

Baron. Search them.

(*They strip off the Robbers' disguise.*)

Fitz. All's lost!
Curse on the hag how narrowly she eyes me!

(*Observing Matilda looking at him.*)

Matilda. Some villain, on my life? (*Aside.*)

Florence. What think you now, sir? (*To Fitz.*)

Fitz. I am struck mute with wonder! (*Aside.*)

Matilda. With strong guilt.

(*They bring forward the Robbers.*)

Baron. Speak, wretches, or the torture shall wring from ye
Who and what you are.

1 Rob. Let your prophet tell you. 'Tis bad policy when rogues betray each other; but he must be a fool, indeed, that turns evidence against himself.

2 Rob. That we come upon no charitable design, our present appearance speaks: that's all the information you'll get from me.

3 Rob. Or from me.

Baron. Take them away, and watch them carefully. [*Exeunt Robbers.*
What have you more to tell us? (*To Florence.*)

Florence. Nothing, sir.

Baron. How!

Florence. For your safety I have said enough.
Should I more circumstantially relate
The means which I have possess'd me of this secret,
I may betray myself. Urge me no further:
What I have said will happen. My tir'd spirits
Have need of rest.

Baron. (*To the Vassals.*) Attend, and wait his bidding.

Florence. One thing I had forgot: amongst the band
That will beset your castle, there is one,
A tall, fresh-colour'd youth; his curling hair
Black as the raven; but the truest mark
That shall denote him to you, is a scar
On his right cheek.

Matilda. My son! (*Aside.*)

Florence. Upon your lives,
Touch not a hair of him. As you would shun
The pangs of deep contrition, and remorse
Indelible, have mercy on that youth.
You shall know more hereafter.

[*Exit with Vassals*

Baron Is't not strange?

(*To Fitzharding.*

Fitz. Most wonderful!—That may recover all. (*Aside.*)

Baron. There must be something in it. For this woman,
Whom vulgar clamour only hath accus'd,
And no particular grievance, she is free.

Matilda. Touching my skill to raise again the dead,
You shall have full conviction.

Baron. Well, to-morrow.

Matilda. Perhaps to-night.
This priest and I must have some conference.

[*Aside.—Exit with Vassals*

Baron. To-night! What can she mean?

Fitz. Some things I've studied;
But I profess not to interpret woman

Baron. I am confounded with these mysteries.

Fitz. Why, 'tis a night of riddles! Tho' not apt
To trust foreboding tales of dreaming wizards,
And quake myself into an ague-fit,
When toothless hags have mumbled prophecies,
I cannot choose but wonder.

Baron. 'Tis most clear
Some foul play is intended.

Fitz. I'm afraid so.

Baron. I'll have these minstrels rack'd until the truth
Be forc'd from their keen tortures.

Fitz. Hold, my lord!

No doubt they have deserv'd the sharpest justice:
But they are stubborn villains, men of steel;
Who, with clench'd teeth, will smile at your inflictions,
Or, if they should confess, would you believe them?
Truth is not to be torn from tortur'd limbs:
Its dwelling is the heart; and he who knows
Deepest to sound the heart, has found the key to't.
Have you not heard of most abandon'd wretches,
Desp'rate as savage beasts in their wild courses,
Dead to all punishment of pain or shame,
Who, in a dark and solitary cell,
Whence stern reflection will not be shut out,
And the persuasive rhetoric of the church,
Have felt compunction creep upon their natures,
And melting into penitence and shame,
Unbosom'd all their guilt? Such men are these:
Leave them to my discretion: presently,
I'll bring you the full scope of their intents;
Or else the wide spread fame I have acquir'd
For holy influence o'er the minds of men,
Is built on no foundation.

Baron. You shall try them.

Fitz. I'll touch their conscience to the quick, depend on't:
There is a sacred something here within,
Whispers a prosperous issue.

Baron. Speed you well.
I will but give directions to my vassals,
And here attend you.

Fitz. You may soon expect me.

[*Exit Baron.*

So constant spirits draw safety from their dangers.

Re-enter MATILDA.

This woman still.—Your business? I'm in haste.

Matilda. No friar art thou.

Fitz. If not, what is't to thee?

Matilda. It is a lonely spot that you have chosen
For a mysterious work.

Fitz. 'Twill suit the purpose.

Matilda. A ruffian hour.—What holy purpose is't,
That the sun must not look upon?

Fitz. A deed,
That better suits the winking eye of night.

Matilda. Some horrid meaning lives in those dark looks.
I mark'd you at th' unmasking of the minstrels:
It was not mere surprise that shook you through,
But the strong stir of guilty apprehension
That trembled in the paleness of your cheek,
And fix'd you horror-struck.

Fitz. I am their captain.
You know me now—But build not upon that—
Your son—

Matilda. What of him?

Fitz. Safe within my gripe
He pants an easy prey. Observe me well:—
We hold him on strong grounds, a recreant traitor
To this night's enterprize; which, if it fail—
If by design or chance (no matter which)
Aught lights on me untoward to my hopes,
He dies on the instant.

Matilda. Heavenly powers protect him!

Fitz. It works as I could wish. (*Aside.*) Therefore, be wise.
As for this foolish baron and his fate,
'Tis not within the compass of thy spells:
For vainly seeking to enfranchise him,
You will yourself entangle. Keep aloof;
Home to your hovel and your housewifery;
And when the bell of night has toll'd his summons,
Keep not abroad: there will be mischief stirring,
Which 'twill behove thee better to avoid
Than pry into.
Thy son, remember, he but draws his breath
Whilst I walk harmless. Home, and be advis'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The dark part of the Forest. The Curfew is heard tolling in the distance.*

Enter ARMSTRONG, CONRAD, *and a Robber.*

Arm. All's dark as pitch.

Rob. And still as death. You may hear the falling of a leaf. As we passed the gallows of Rodolpho, methought he muttered vengeance.

Arm. Ay, lads, for his sake give no quarter. Remember they are Normans who have spoiled us of our inheritance, and chased us into this forest, where, like wolves, they have set a price upon our heads.

Conrad. That's out of compliment to our understandings: 'tis not every man's head that will bear to have a price set upon it.

Arm. Are we worried like beasts, and shall we not turn upon our hunters? Remember, I say, they are Normans, and spare not.

Conrad. Right, noble commander! If, after tomorrow's sunrise, a flea be seen to hop in the castle, or there be left life in an unhatched egg, 'twill be a slovenly performance.

Arm. Hark! Who comes?

1 *Rob.* (*Without.*) Nay, answer you.

Arm. Oswald?

Enter the three Robbers from the Castle.

1 *Rob.* The same. Well met, lads.

Arm. Have you been discovered, then?

1 *Rob.* Yes; but the captain remains snug, and will redeem everything. The bell has gone; the whole village lies in a profound sleep; the Baron is lulled into security, and our game is a sure one. Follow me, and you shall learn the rest as we proceed.

Arm. On, then, [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*A Chapel, in the midst of which appears a tomb.*

Enter BARON DE TRACY *and* FITZHARDING

Baron. This is the place.

Fitz. Are we secure from interruption?

Baron. None, on their lives, dare enter.

Fitz. It is well.
The silent melancholy of this spot
Will suit our ceremony.

Baron. And the moon,
When from the clouds which now oppress her brightness,
She breaks into full majesty again,
Will shed a solemn lustre o'er our purpose.

Fitz. We need not wait for her.

Baron. Now, then, unfold

Why with such mystic preparation,
At this dark hour and unfrequented spot,
We are alone together?
Fitz. Can you doubt?
Your crime was murder; and it has been said,
"Blood will have blood!"
Baron. What mean you?
Fitz. Such a deed
Cries for no common penance: whining pray'rs,
Self-castigation; wasting abstinence;
A galling pilgrimage round the world;
Your wealth, whilst living, all consum'd in alms;
Or left, when dead, to raise up hospitals:
These things will not absolve you from an act,
Which has but one atonement.
Baron. Name it.
Fitz. Death!

(*Discovers himself.*)

Baron. Ha!—What art thou? Some villain in disguise?
Fitz. Stir not, nor raise thy voice; 'twill be thy knell.
Has time defac'd me with so rude a hand,
That you have forgot me?
Baron. Speak! who are you?
Fitz. D'ye know me now?

(*Stripping his arm.*)

Baron. Fitzharding, and alive?
Fitz. I am no apparition. Look again!
If your eyes doubt it, you shall feel me soon.
The woman promis'd you to raise the dead;
I have perform'd it.
Baron. Wonder-working pow'rs!
Yet wherefore do we meet as enemies?
Fitz. Wherefore?
I think thou art the self-same man,
Who, some time since, in Normandy, a vallant troop
Commanded; into which, being then a boy,
In a wild fit of spleen, I madly enter'd,
And of the meanest soldier bore the toil.
In angry mood, once, publicly thou gav'st me
Some sharp rebuke, which I as sharply answer'd;
For this, didst thou condemn me to be branded
As the most common felon, with a spirit
Unworthy of a soldier—nay, a man—
A sullen, savage sensuality
Of vengeance. In the public market-place,
Beneath the full blaze of a mid-day sun,
Where all the scum and rabble of the place,
By ling'ring preparation, were collected
To make their vulgar comments: there it was
This badge of infamy was fix'd upon me!
Baron. It was a galling wrong: but thou forgav'st it.
Fitz. I seemingly forgave it. Thou believ'st me;
And when thou held'st me to thy cred'lous breast,
I did not strangle thee. We drunk together,
And still I mix'd no poison with thy wine.
Alone, at midnight, o'er a dreary heath
Have we pass'd; on the extremest verge
Of a sea-impending cliff, yet I abstain'd.
Ask me why, thus so often strangely tempted,
I have withheld the blow? 'Twas not in mercy.
Say, was not this an honourable scar

(*Stripping his arm.*)

To stamp upon a young and gallant soldier?
Name which on my body is so fix'd,
I must be half rotted in my grave
Ere death can cancel it.—Thou thought'st me dead,
And so I was to all but my revenge.
The man whom thou did'st find in thy wife's chamber,
Was I! The letters sent to thee were mine;
And often, under terrible affliction,
When thou hast bow'd to heaven's mysterious chiding,
This arm, like thunder from a cloud, has reach'd thee.
Baron. And are you not content?
Fitz. No jot appeas'd!
Tho' I should kill thee with extremest torture,
To 'suage the burning thirst of my revenge;
Drink thy blood life-warm; tear those trembling limbs,
And scatter them as whirlwinds strew the dust;
'Mid the triumphant pantings of my soul,
Vengeance would weep to think thy pangs were mortal.
Think'st thou thy life (for thou must quickly die)
Will make me reparation?
Baron. Spare it, then.
Fitz. Thou hast no reasonable hope for mercy;
Thou canst not have; for when on my behalf,
Petitions throng'd, thou, with a sneer, replied,
'He shall have justice!' Justice, then, o'ertake thee.
Baron. Help! Murder! Villain! Help!

(*He is pursued by Fitzharding.—Matilda from the tomb, interposes between them.*)

Fitz. What art thou? Speak!
The real existence of a living woman:
Or but the mind's creation of a form,
That night and this occasion conjure up,
To frignt me from my steady resolution?
It has no human faculty of speech;
And cannot from that attitude relax,
To which 'tis spell-bound.

(*She strikes with her foot, and some of the Vassals enter.*)

Foil'd at last!
And by a woman!
Matilda. Seize on that ruffian, and convey him hence.
Fitz. Well, well, the night's not over!

(*The Vassals bear him off.*)

Matilda. Yet amaz'd?

(*To the Baron.*)

Baron. My flesh creeps still, and my uncurdling blood
Slowly and fearfully resumes its functions.
Whate'er thou art, mortal or blessed spirit,
Thy voice familiar doth proclaim the first:
But the strange apparition of that form,
Almost persuades the other; who within
The sanctuary of that hallow'd spot entomb'd thee,
That, at the very crisis of my fate,
Thou should'st burst forth, in terrible array,
To stagger resolute murder, and make reel
Destruction back upon itself?
Matilda. Survey me.
I am the very substance of that form,
Whose apparition I do only feign.
The woman, whom you least expect to meet;
That once you dearly lov'd, now deeply mourn;
That you would most desire, yet least dare hope for;
Now stands before you.

Baron. If 'twere possible—
Matilda. What, that among so many sinking souls
One should be sav'd?
Baron. Remembrance steals upon me:
The look, the voice—Yes, yes; thou art my wife!
And the wild waves were merciful.
Matilda. Speak for me.
The silent rapture of these starting tears,
These arms, that eager open to enfold thee,
And clasp thee with more transport to my heart
Than from the roaring sea, they snatch'd our child.

(*They embrace.*)

Baron. This is to live anew! Our son survives too?
Matilda. He lives, but—
Baron. What? Proceed—

Enter Vassal.

The matter, sir.
Vassal. My lord, the castle is attack'd,
Matilda. Fear nothing:
I have prepar'd your vassals to receive them.
Baron. I will myself among them; in the meantime.
Within the friendly covert of the tomb,
Rest you secur'd, till the rude conflict's past.
Matilda. That must not be; I will along with you;
For what remains to do, may want my help.
Baron. Come, let us on, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

A skirmish between the Vassals and the Robbers, who are driven back and pursued.

Enter ROBERT, *pursued by* BARON DE TRACY.

Baron. Then yield thee, villain!

(*They fight. Robert is overcome, and falls. The Baron is on the point of killing him, when* MATILDA *enters.*)

Matilda. Forbear! it is thy son!
Robert. My father!
Baron. Holy pow'rs!
Matilda. Disown him not:
Tho' he appear in this rude character,
He is no reprobate confirm'd.
Baron. My son! (*They embrace.*)
Robert. In this the hand of heav'n is most miraculous!
Had I ne'er fall'n into this deep disgrace,
Destruction would, ere this, have whelm'd you all.
The arrow, which I shot into the castle——
Baron. Well, what of that?
Robert. It bore the full intent
Of our dark enterprise.
Baron. Indeed!
Robert. Most truly.
Baron. Why, then, the priest's confusion is unriddled! (*Aside.*)
It was well meant; but, by a subtle turn,
Which you shall know hereafter, miss'd its object
But see, our prisoners—

FITZHARDING, *and the rest of the Robbers, are brought in by the Vassals, headed by* BERTRAND.

Thou unhappy man! (*To Fitzharding.*)
Who, by thine own deep malice, art betray'd,
What answer wilt thou make to justice?
Fitz. None:
For nothing of my purpose, but it's failure,
Do I repent.
Baron. Wilt live, and be my friend?
Fitz. Never! whilst I can die thine enemy.
What you have made me, still expect to find me:
A man, struck from the common roll of men;
Exil'd from all society; stamp'd like Cain,
To wander savage and forlorn: why, then,
Revenge be still my solitary comfort;
By darkness and by daylight, my companion,
My food, my sleep, my study, and my pastime;
Pulse of my heart, and life of all my being:
For till you can divorce me from myself,
Or put another soul into this body,
You may as soon enthrone the fires of heav'n,
Or shake the rooted earth from its foundation,
As alter me. Your friendship I disdain;
Despise your pow'r. My life I value not:
For when you stabb'd my fame, you murder'd that
Which honourable men call life,—the glow
Of young ambition; the high-swelling hope
Of present glory, and renown immortal.
Beauty's soul-thrilling smile, the social joys
Of kindling friendship. Out upon this softness!
Come, lead me to the solace of a dungeon,
Where I may curse him privately. [*Exit.*
Matilda. How fix'd
And unrelenting in his enmity!
Baron. He may be wrought on yet. But for the rest—
To-morrow we will speak to them again.

[*Exeunt Robbers and Vassals.*

Bertrand, your hand, I thank you for this service,
Which shall not lack requital.

Enter FLORENCE,

My deliverer?
Florence. Am I a babbler now?—a prating wizard?
Is fire or miry pool to be my portion?
Baron. Look round my wide domain with curious eye;
Whatever is most precious in thy sight,
There pause, and ask it boldly.
Florence. Oh, beware, sir;
My wishes may be wilder than the dreams
Of doting avarice. I may demand
This princely habitation; or, perhaps—
Baron. Ask what you will, by holy heav'n I swear,
It shall be granted freely.
Florence. Then I fix
On this your humble vassal.
Here I kneel (*Takes Bertrand's hand.*)
And beg a father's, and (for I have heard
The strange and tender tale) a mother's blessing.
Baron. Florence!
Florence. It is, indeed, sir.
Baron. Rise, my girl!
Let me, in my daughter, clasp my preserver.
Florence. Your child was your preserver; but not I sir.
Being made pris'ner by that rude banditti,
I was deliver'd to my brother's hands
or sacrifice; but inly touch'd with pity,

As if instinctive nature held his hand,
He brought me thro' the dangers of the forest,
Safe from that horrid cavern : there it was
I learnt to be a prophet.

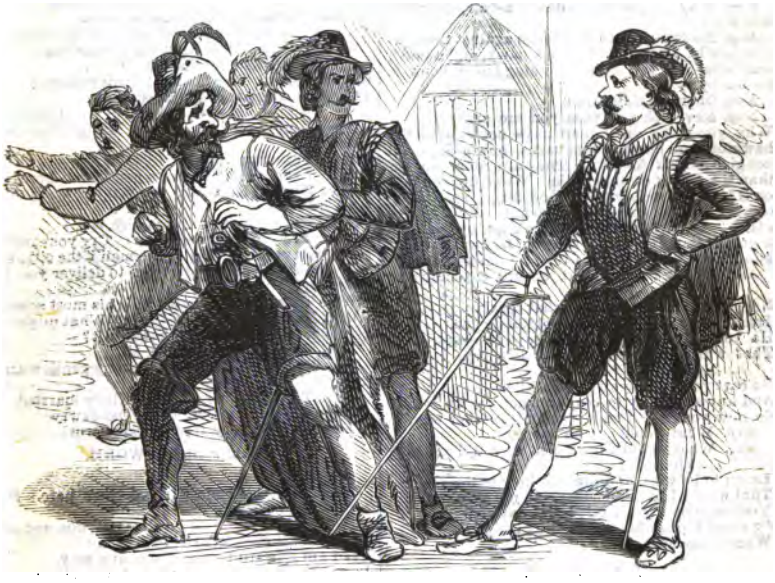
Baron. Still new wonders;
The sister by the brother's hand preserv'd,
The husband by the wife's! Is there aught else?
Or, have we reach'd, at length, the farthest maze
Of this eventful night? Come, let us in, then;
And, as we shake amazement from our senses,
Discourse more fully on these prodigies.

[*Exeunt.*

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

ALTERED FROM BEN JONSON, BY DAVID GARRICK.



Downright.—"DRAW, GIPSY, OR I'LL THRASH YOU."—*Act* iv, *scene* 2.

Persons Represented.

JUSTICE CLEMENT.	MASTER MATTHEW.	DOWNRIGHT.	FORMAL.
CAPTAIN BOBADIL.	KNO'WELL.	WELLBRED.	DAME KITELY.
KITELY.	YOUNG KNO'WELL.	CASH.	BRIDGET.
MASTER STEPHEN.	BRAINWORM.	COB.	TIB.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Court-yard before Kno'well's house.*

Enter KNO'WELL *and* BRAINWORM.

Kno. A goodly day toward, and a fresh morning, Brainworm,
Call up young master. Bid him rise, sir.
Tell him I have some business to employ him.
Brain. I will, sir, presently.
Kno. But hear you, sirrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not.
Brain. Well, sir. [*Exit.*
Kno. How happy, yet, should I esteem myself,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects!
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of fame in her report,
Of good account in both our universities:
Either of which have favoured him with graces;
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion, that he cannot err

Enter MASTER STEPHEN.

Cousin Stephen,
What news with you, that you are here so early?

Step. Nothing; but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done; you are welcome, coz.

Step. Ay, I know that, sir: I would not ha' come else. How doth my cousin Edward, uncle?

Kno. Oh, well, coz; go in and see; I doubt he be scarcely stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me an' he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a-hawking now, will you?

Step. No worse, but I'll practise against the next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Kno. Oh, most ridiculous!

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle. Why, you know, an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages, now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek or the Latin. What, do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but citizens! A fine jest, i'faith! Slid! a gentleman mun shew himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you, be not angry. I know what I have to do, I trow; I am no novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb! go to!
Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak.
Take't as you will, sir! I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found means enow, to waste
That which your friends have left you, but you must
Go cast your money away on a kite,
And know not how to keep it, when you've done?
So, now you're told on it, you look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Kno. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
That would I have thee do; and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
Who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Save you, gentlemen!

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; yet, you are welcome; and I assure you, mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a-year, Middlesex land: he has but one son in all the world; I am his next heir at the common law, Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here; if my cousin die as there's hopes he will, I have a pretty living o' my own, too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir,

Step. In good time, sir! Why? And in very good time, sir. You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir! You were not best, sir; an' you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly, too, Go to! And they can give it again soundly, too, an' need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you: good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good Master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion, an' you were out o'my uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility, neither in't.

Kno. Cousin, cousin! will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreson, base fellow! A mechanical serving man? By this cudgel, and 'twere not for shame, I would——

Kno. What would you do, you peremptory gull?
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
You see the honest man demeans himself
Modestly towards you, giving no reply
To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion:
And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage
As void of wit as of humanity.
Go, get you in; 'fore heaven! I am asham'd
Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.

[*Exit Step.*

Serv. I pray you, sir, is this Master Kno'well's house?

Kno. Yes marry, is't, sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one Master Edward Kno'well. Do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Kno. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? 'Cry your mercy, sir, I was required by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town to deliver you this letter, sir?

Kno. To me, sir? (*Reads.*) "To his most selected friend, Master Edward Kno'well." What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it?

Serv. One Master Wellbred, sir.

Kno. Master Wellbred? A young gentleman, is he not?

Serv. The same, sir; Master Kitely married his sister: the rich merchant i' the Old-Jewry.

Kno. You say very true. Brainworm!

Re-enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Sir?

Kno. Make this honest friend drink here. Pray you, go in.

[*Exeunt Brain. and Serv.*

This letter is directed, sir, to my son:
Yet I am Edward Kno'well too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners, use
The fellow's error to my satisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope; old men are curious.
What's this?

(*Reads.*)

"Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends in the Old-jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o'the north-west wall: an' I had been his son, I had saved him the labour long since; if taking in all the young wenches that pass by, at the back door, and coddling every kernel of the fruit for 'em would ha' served. But, pr'ythee, come over to me quickly this morning: I have such a present for thee. One is a rhymer, sir, o'your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himself poet-major o'the town; willing to be shewn, and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his description with you till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges as unconscionable as any

Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your viaticum. From the Windmill."

From the Burdello, it might come as well!
The Spital! Is this the man,
My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choicest brain, the times hath sent us forth?
I know not what he may be in the arts,
Nor what in schools; but, surely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch.
Brainworm!

Re-enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Sir?

Kno. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brain. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Kno. And where's your young master?

Brain. In his chamber, sir.

Kno. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brain. No, sir, he saw him not.

Kno. Take you this letter, seal it, and deliver it to my son;
But with no notice that I have open'd it, on your life.

Brain. Oh, lord! sir, that were a jest, indeed!

Kno. I am resolv'd I will not stop his journey;
Nor practise any violent means to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him: for that,
Restrained, grows more impatient.
There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modesty, than fear:
Force works on servile natures, not the free:
He, that's compell'd to goodness may be good:
But 'tis but for that fit: where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit,
Then if they stray, but warn 'em: and the same
They would for virtue do, they'll do for shame.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Young Kno'well's Study.*

Enter YOUNG KNO'WELL *and* BRAINWORM.

Young K. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brain. Yes, o'my word, sir, and read the contents.

Young K. That's bad. What countenance, pray thee, made he t'the reading of it? Was he angry or pleased?

Brain. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

Young K. No! how know'st thou, then, that he did either?

Brain. Marry, sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell nobody that he opened it: which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.

Young K. That's true; well, I thank thee, Brainworm.

[*Exit.*

Enter MASTER STEPHEN.

Step. Oh, Brainworm! didst thou not see a fellow here in a what-shá'-call-him doublet? He brought mine uncle a letter, e'en now.

Brain. Yes, Master Stephen, what of him?

Step. Oh, I ha' such a mind to beat him—where is he? canst thou tell?

Brain. Faith! he is not of that mind: he is gone, Master Stephen.

Step. Gone! Which way? When went he? How long since?

Brain. He is rid hence. He took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I staid i' the fields! Whoresome, Scanderbeg rogue! Oh! that I had but a horse to fetch him back again!

Brain. Why, you may ha' my master's gelding to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I have no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brain. Why, a fine wisp of hay, rolled hard, Master Stephen.

Step. No, faith! it's no boot to follow him now; let him e'en go and hang. Pr'ythee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me—

Brain. You'll be worse vexed when you are trussed, Master Stephen; best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold, your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't. How dost thou like my leg, Brainworm?

Brain. A very good leg, Master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against the winter, that I go to dwell i' the town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose.

Brain. Believe me, master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would; I have a reasonable good leg.

Brain. You have an excellent good leg, Master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now; I am very sorry for't.

[*Exit.*

Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm, Gramercy, for this.

Re-enter YOUNG KNO'WELL.

Young K. Ha, ha, ha!

Step. 'Slid! I hope he laughs not at me; an' he do—(*Aside.*)

Young K. Here was a letter, indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father! He cannot but think most virtuously both of me and the sender, sure, that make the careful coster-monger of him in our familiar epistles. I wish I knew the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens—What, my wise cousin? Nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three; oh! for a fourth! Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee—(*Aside.*)

Step. Oh! now I see who he laughs at. He laughs at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laughed at me—(*Aside.*)

Young K. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

Young K. Why, what an' I had, cos, what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

Young K. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, cos.

Step. Did you, indeed?

Young K. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why, then—

Young K. What then?

Step. I am satisfied; it is sufficient.

Young K. Why, be so, gentle cos. And I pray

you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning, by a friend i' the Old-jewry, to come to him; it's but crossing over the fields to Moorgate: will you bear me company? I protest it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one, an' 'twere; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest—

Young K. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my fackins! but I will, by your leave; I'll protest more to my friend than I'll speak of at this time.

Young K. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so, neither; you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

Young K. Your turn, coz! Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me alone, like a water-bearer at a conduit! Come, come, wrong not the quality of your desert with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head so; and let the idea of what you are, be pourtrayed i' your face, that men may read i' your physiognomy,—"here, within this place, is to be seen, the true and accomplished monster," or "miracle of nature," which is all one. What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been, I'll assure you.

Young K. Why, that's resolute, Master Stephen! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pounds. (*Aside.*) Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

Young K. Follow me! you must go before.

Step. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, show me, good cousin. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The Street before Cob's house.*

Enter MASTER MATTHEW.

Mat. I think this be the house. What, hoa!
Enter COB, *from the house.*

Cob. Who's there? Oh! Master Matthew, gi' your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! How dost thou, good Cob? Dost thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Ay, sir; I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here in our days.

Mat. Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one Captain Bobadil, where his lodging is?

Cob. Oh! my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest, alas!—Ha, ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? do you not mean Captain Bobadil?

Mat. Cob, pray thee, advise thyself well; do not wrong the gentleman and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house. He! he lodge in such a base, obscure place as thy house! Tut! I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed, if thou'dst gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, sir. Mass! I thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed all night. Well, sir, though he lie not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench. An't please you to go up, sir you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapped about him, as though he had neither won nor lost; and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir, you hear not me say so. Perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device, sir; I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water, and not with wine. Gi' me my bucket there, hoa! God b'wi'you, sir, it's six o'clock; I should ha' carried two turns by this. What, hoa! my stopple, come!

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! A gentleman of his havings! well, I'll tell him my mind. (*Aside.*)

Enter TIB.

Cob. What, Tib, shew this gentleman up to the Captain.

(*Tib shews Master Matthew into the house.*)

You should ha' some now, would take this Mr. Matthew to be a gentleman at the least. His father is an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is. Oh! my guest is a fine man! he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: by Saint George—the foot of Pharaoh—the body of me—as I am a gentleman and a soldier—such dainty oaths! And, withal, he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth out at' tonnels! Well, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse by sixpence a time, besides his lodging: I would I had it. I shall ha' it, he says, the next action. Helter-skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Cob's House.*

CAPTAIN BOBADIL, *discovered upon a bench.*

Enter TIB

Capt. B. Hostess, hostess!

Tib. What say you, sir?

Capt. B. A cup o'thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

Capt. B. A gentleman! Odso! I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Capt. B. What a plague—what meant he?

Mat. (*Within.*) Captain Bobadil!

Capt. B. Who's there? Take away the basin, good hostess. Come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house here. [*Exit.*

Enter MASTER MATTHEW.

Mat. Save you, sir; save you, Captain.

Capt. B. Gentle Master Matthew, is it you, sir? Please you, sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good Captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Capt. B. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by who, good Captain.

Capt. B. Marry, by young Wellbred and others. Why, hostess, a stool for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir; 'tis very well.

Capt. B. Body o'me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarcely open my eyes yet; I was but newly risen as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith! some half-hour to seven. Now, trust me, you have an exceedingly fine lodging here; very neat and private.

Capt. B. Ay, sir; sit down. I pray you, Master Matthew, in any case, possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Why, I, sir? No.

Capt. B. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, Captain; I conceive you.

Capt. B. For, do you see, sir? by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. Oh, lord! sir, I resolve so.

(*Pulls out a paper, and reads.*)

Capt. B. I confess, I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new piece ha' you there? Read it.

Mat. (*Reads*)

"*To thee, the purest object of my sense,*
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers."

Capt. B. 'Tis good; proceed, proceed. What's this?

Mat. This, sir? a toy o'mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses. But, when will you come and see my study? Good faith! I can shew you some very good things I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg passing well, Captain, methinks.

Capt. B. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, Captain, and now you speak o'the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly: this other day I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentleman-like; yet he condemned, and cried it down, for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Capt. B. 'Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, George Downright.

Capt. B. Hang him, rook! He! Why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. George! I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal! The most peremptory, absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay. He was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs; a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still; where he comes, he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Capt. B. How? He the bastinado? How came he by that word, I trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said, cudgel me; I termed it so, for my more grace.

Capt. B. That may be; for I was sure it was none of his word. But when? when said he so?

Mat. Faith! yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Capt. B. By the foot of Pharaoh; an' twere my case now, I should send him a challenge presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall challenge him. I'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i'the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Capt. B. Of whom? of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of by divers, that you have very rare and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir.

Capt. B. By heaven! no, not I; no skill i'the earth; some small rudiments i'the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have professed it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you. I'll give you a lesson. Look you, sir! exalt not your point above this state, at any hand; so, sir, come on! Oh! twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus. Now, stand fast o'your left leg; note your distance; keep your due proportion of time. Oh! you disorder your point most irregularly! Come, put on your cloak, and, we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted, some tavern or so—and, have a bit—What money ha' you about you, Mr. Matthew?

Mat. Faith! ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Capt. B. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come, we will have a bunch of radishes, and salt, to taste our wine; and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Wellbred. Perhaps we shall meet the Corydon, his brother, there, and put him to the question. Come along, Mr. Matthew. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Warehouse belonging to Kitely.*

Enter KITELY, CASH, *and* DOWNRIGHT.

Kite. Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within, upon my desk;
Here, take the key—It is no matter, neither.
Where is the boy?

Cash. Within, sir, i'the warehouse.

Kite. Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold,
And weigh it with the pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Mr. Lucar. Tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the grograns at the rate I told him;
And I will meet him on the exchange anon.

Cash. Good, sir. [*Exit.*

Kite. Do you see that fellow, brother Downright?

Down. I, what of him?

Kite. He is a jewel, brother.
I took him of a child, up, at my door,
And christened him: gave him my own name, Thomas;
Since bred him at the hospital; where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my cashier;
And find him, in his faith, so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Down. So would not I, in any bastard's brother,
As it is like he is, although I knew
Myself his father. But you said you'd somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother. What is't? what is't?

Kite. Faith! I am very loath to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience;
But that I know your judgment is of strength
Against the nearness of affection—

Down. What need this circumstance? Pray you,
Be direct. Come to the matter, the matter!

Kite. Then, without further ceremony, thus:
My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how,
Of late is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne'er trust me, if I were not proud of him:
But now his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and depriv'd of grace;
He makes my house here common as a mart,
A theatre, a public receptacle
For giddy humour, and diseased riot;
And here, as in a tavern or a stew,
He and his wild associates spend their hours
In repetition of lascivious jests;
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night;
Control my servants, and indeed what not.

Down. 'Sdains! I know not what I should say to him i'the whole world; He values me at a cracked three-farthings, for aught I see. It will never out o' the flesh that's bred i'the bone! I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve. Well! he knows what to trust to, for George. Let him spend and spend, and demineer, till his heart-ache; an' he thinks to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o' your city pounds, the counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear, i'faith! and claps his dish at a wrong man's door. I'll lay my hand on my halfpenny, ere I part with't to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

Kite. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Down. 'Sdeath! he made me—I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why do you not speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kite. Oh! there are divers reasons to dissuade, brother;
But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,
(Though but with plain and easy circumstance,)
It would both come much better to his sense,
And savour less of stomach or of passion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives and warrants you authority:
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt to his neglect:
Nay, more than this, brother, if I should speak,
He would be ready from his heat of humour,
And overflowing of the vapour in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars
With the false breath of telling what disgraces
And low disparagements I had put on him:
Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their loose comments upon ev'ry word,
Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all o'er;
And, out of their impetuous, rioting phant'sies,
Beget some slander that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? Marry, this:
They would give out, because my wife is fair,
Myself but newly married, and my sister
Here sojourning a virgin in my house,
That I were jealous; nay, as sure as death,
That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd
My brother purposely, thereby to find
An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Down. Mass! perhaps so: they're like enough to do it.

Kite. Brother, they would believe it: so should I
Try experiments upon myself:
Lend scorn and envy opportunity
To stab my reputation and good name.

Enter MASTER MATTHEW *and* CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

Mat. I will speak to him—

Capt. B. Speak to him! Away! by the foot of Pharaoh! you shall not; you shall not do him that grace.

Kite. What's the matter, sirs?

Capt. B. The time of day to you, gentleman o' the house. Is Mr. Wellbred stirring?

Down. How then? what should he do?

Capt. B. Gentleman of the house, it is you: is he within, sir?

Kite. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure you.

Down. Why, do you hear, you?

Capt. B. The gentleman-citizen hath satisfied me,
I'll talk to no scavenger. [*Exit with Matthew.*

Down. How, scavenger? Stay, sir, stay!

Kite. Nay, brother Downright.

Down. 'Heart! stand you away, ah' you love me.

Kite. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother; good faith! you shall not. I will overrule you.

Down. His! scavenger! Well, go to, I say little; but, by this good day, (God forgive me I should swear) if I put it up so, say I am the rankest coward ever lived. 'Sdains! an' I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street again, while I live. I'll sit in a barn with Madge Howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger!

Kite. Oh! do not fret yourself thus, never think on't.

Down. These are my brother's comforts, these! these are his comrades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a cavaliero, too; right, hangman, cut! Let me not live, an' I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieved it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses. Well, as he brews, so he shall drink, for George again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly, too, an' I live, i'faith!

Kite. But, brother, let your reprehension, then,
Run in an easy current; not o'er-high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler:
But rather use the soft persuading way.
More winning than enforcing the consent.

Down. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you. *(Bell rings.)*

Kite. How now? Oh! the bell rings to breakfast. Brother, I pray you, go in, and bear my wife Company till I come; I'll but give order For some despatch of business to my servant.

Down. I will. Scavenger, scavenger! [*Exit.*

Kite. Well, though my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd,
It's not reposed in that security
As I could wish; but I must be content,
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world:
Would I had lost this finger, at a venture,
So Wellbred had ne'er lodg'd within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants and young revellers,
That any woman should be honest long.
Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time
Had answer'd their affections, all the world
Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold!
Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start;
For opportunity hath baulk'd 'em yet.
And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears
To attend the impositions of my heart.

Enter DAME KITELY.

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you, fetch down the rose-water above in the closet. Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kite. An' she overheard me now! (*Aside.*)

Dame K. I pray thee, good Muss, we stay for you.

Kite. By heav'n! I would not for a thousand angels. (*Aside.*)

Dame K. What ails you, sweetheart? are you not well? Speak, good Muss.

Kite. Troth, my head aches extremely, on a sudden.

Dame K. Oh, the lord!

Kite. How now? what?

Dame K. Alas! how it burns! Muss, keep you warm; good truth, it is this new disease; there's a number are troubled withal. For love's sake, sweetheart, come in out of the air.

Kite. How simple, and how subtle are her answers!
A new disease, and many troubled with it!
Why, true! she heard me, all the world to nothing. (*Aside.*)

Dame K. I pray thee, good sweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kite. I'll come to you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray heav'n it do! [*Exit.*

Kite. A new disease! I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor mortals' plague;
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off that thus shakes me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Moorfields.*

Enter BRAINWORM, *disguised as a soldier.*

Brain. 'Slid! I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus. Now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace; and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the fico: Oh! sir, it holds for good polity ever to have that outwardly in vilest estimation that inwardly is most dear to us. So much for my borrowed shape. Well, the truth is my old master intends to follow my young, dry foot, over Moorfields to London this morning: now I, knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master, (for so must we that are blue waiters, and men of hope and service do,) have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscade, and intercept him in the midway. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, anything to cut him off, that is to stay his journey—"*Veni, vidi, vici,*" I may say with Captain Cæsar; I am made for ever, ffaith! Well, now must I practice to get the true garb of one of those lance-knights, my arm here, and my—young master, and his cousin, Mr. Stephen, as I am a true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier!

(*Retires.*)

Enter YOUNG KNOWELL *and* MASTER STEPHEN.

Young K. So, sir, and how then, cos?

Step. 'Sfoot! I have lost my purse, I think.

Young K. How? lost your purse? Where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell: stay.

Brain. 'Slid! I am afraid they will know me: would I could get by them! (*Aside.*)

Young K. What! ha' you it?

Step. No, I think I was bewitched, I—

Young K. Nay, do not weep the loss; hang it! let it go.

Step. Oh! it's here. No, an' it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring mistress Mary sent me.

Young K. A jet ring! Oh! the poesy, the poesy!

Step. Fine, i'faith! "Though fancy sleep, my love is deep;" meaning that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

Young K. Most excellent!

Step. And then I sent her another, and my posey was, "The deeper the sweeter, I'll be judged by St. Peter."

Young K. How by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

Young K. Well, there the saint was your good patron; he helped you at your need: thank him, thank him.

Brain. I cannot take leave of 'em so; I will venture, come what will. (*Aside. Comes forward.*) Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade, here. I am a poor gentleman, a soldier, that in the better state of my fortunes, scorned so mean a refuge, but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be, gentlemen, well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence than live with shame; however, vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speaks, not myself. This condition agrees not with my spirit.

Young K. Where hast thou served?

Brain. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland; where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land, any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo; once at the relief of Vienna. I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf; a gentleman-slave in the galleys thrice, where I was most dangerously

shot in the head, through both thighs, and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance; nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brain. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what though, I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brain. I assure you the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

Young K. Ay, with a velvet scabbard.

Step. Nay, and it be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis, an' you would give me an angel.

Brain. At your worship's pleasure, sir; nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard. But tell me, what shall I give you for it? An' it had a silver hilt—

Young K. Come, come, you shall not buy it. Hold! there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow; I scorn to be outbidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like a higginbottom, and may have a rapier for money?

Young K. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut! I'll buy this i' the field, so I will; I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

Young K. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step By this money but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

Young K. Come away; you are a fool.

[*Exit.*

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it for that word's sake. Follow me for your money. He says I am a fool.

[*Exit.*

Brain. The gentleman seems to know you, sir, I follow.

[*Exit.*

Enter KNO'WELL.

Kno. I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter
Sent to my son; nor leave to admire the change
Of manners and the breeding of our youth,
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.
When I was young, he liv'd not in the stews,
Durst have concelv'd a scorn, and utter'd it,
On a grey head; and a man had then
A certain rev'rence paid unto his years
That had none due unto his life.
But now we are fall'n: youth from their fear,
And age from that which bred it, good example.

Re-enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. My master! Nay, faith! have at you; I am fleshed now, I have sped so well; though I must attack you in a different way. (*Aside.*) Worshipful sir, I beseech you respect the state of a poor soldier! I am ashamed of this base course of life, (God's my comfort,) but extremity provokes me to't—what remedy?

Kno. I have not for you now.

Brain. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been, a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Kno. Pr'thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brain. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentlemen, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value; the king of heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: sweet worship—

Kno. Nay, an' you be so importunate—

Brain. Oh! tender sir, need will have its course: I was not made to this vile use. Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much. (*Weeps.*) It's hard, when a man has served in his prince's cause, and be thus—Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you; it shall not be given in the course of time. By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had sucked the hilts long before, I am a pagan else, sweet honour.

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,
To think a fellow of thy outward presence,
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate and sordid base!
Art thou a man, and sham'st thou not to beg?
To practise such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election;
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labour.

Brain. Faith! sir, I would gladly find some other course, if so—

Kno. Ay, you'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brain. Alas, sir, where should a man seek? In the wars there's no ascent by desert in these days, but—and for service, would it were as soon purchased as wished for! The air's my comfort. I know what I would say.

Kno. What's thy name?

Brain. Please you, Fitz-sword, sir.

Kno. Fitz-sword,
Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brain. Sir, by the place and honour of a soldier—

Kno. Nay, nay, I like not these affected oaths!
Speak plainly, man; what think'st thou of my words?

Brain. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy, as my service should be honest.

Kno. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds will carry a proportion to thy words.

[*Exit.*

Brain. Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter my hose. Oh, that my belly were hooped now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! Never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid! was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus? Now I shall be possessed of all his counsels; and by that conduct my young master. Well, he is resolved to prove my honesty: faith! and I am resolved to prove his patience. Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably! It's no matter; let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant. Why, this is better than to have staid his journey. Well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to be employed!

With change of voice, these scars, and many an oath,
I'll follow son and sire, and serve 'em both.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Stocks-market.*

Enter MASTER MATTHEW, WELLBRED, *and* CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

Mat. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you, too.

Well. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Capt. B. Your brother delivered us as much.

Well. Who? My brother Downright?

Capt. B. He. Mr. Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me, but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation to throw the least beam of regard upon such a—

Well. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Capt. B. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw such a gentleman-like part—

Well. Good Captain, *(faces about)* to some other discourse.

Capt. B. With your leave, sir, an' there were no more men living on the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George.

Mat. Troth! nor I: he is of a rustical cut, I know not how; he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

Well. Oh, Mr. Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to few.

Enter YOUNG KNO'WELL *and* MASTER STEPHEN.

Ned Kno'well! by my soul, welcome! How dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid! I shall love Apollo, and the mad Thespian girls, the better while I live for this, my dear fury. Now I see there's some love in thee. Sirrah, these be the two I writ to you of. Nay, what a drowsy humour is this now? Why dost thou not speak?

Young K. Oh, you are a fine gallant; you sent me a rare letter.

Well. Why, was't not rare?

Young K. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was never guilty of reading the like. But I marvel what camel it was that had the carriage of it; for doubtless he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

Well. Why?

Young K. Why, sayest thou? Why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day, too, could ave mistaken my father for me?

Well. 'Slid! you jest, I hope.

Young K. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't now; but I'll assure you my father had the full view o' your flourishing style, before I saw it.

Well. What a dull slave was this! But, sirrah, what said he to it, i'faith?

Young K. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Well. What—what?

Young K. Marry, that thou art some strange, dissolute, young fellow, and I not a grain or two better for keeping thee company.

Well. Tut! that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly. But, sirrah, I pray thee, be acquainted with my two hang-bys here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em, if thou hearest 'em once go: my wind instruments. I'll wind 'em up. But what strange piece of silence is this? The sign of the dumb man?

Young K. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an' he please; he has his humour, sir.

Well. Oh, what is't? what is't?

Young K. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehensions. I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search; if you can take him so.

Well. Well, Captain Bobadil, Mr. Matthew, I pray you know this gentleman here: he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir, but shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you. *(To Master Stephen.)*

Step. My name is Mr. Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir: his father is mine uncle, sir. I am somewhat melancholy; but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Capt. B. I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for Mr. Wellbred's sake, (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please) I do communicate with you, and conceive it to be a gentleman of some parts. I love few words.

Young K. And I fewer, sir. I have scarce enow to thank you.

Mat. But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it? *(To Master Stephen.)*

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, 'tis your only fine humour, sir; your true melancholy breeds you perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself divers times, sir; and then I do no more but take a pen and paper presently, and overflow you have a score or a dozen sonnets at a sitting.

Step. Cousin, it is well; am I melancholy enough?

(Apart to Young Kno'well.)

Young K. Oh, ay, excellent!

Well. Captain Bobadil, why muse you so?

Young K. He is melancholy, too.

Capt. B. Faith! sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service was performed to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

Young K. In what place, Captain?

Capt. B. Why, at the beleag'ring of Strigonium, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best league that I ever beheld with these eyes, except the taking of—what do you call it? last year, by the Genoese; but that (of all others) was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier.

Step. So I had as lief as an angel, I could swear as well as that gentleman.

(Aside.)

Young K. Then you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium, and What-do-you-call-it?

Capt. B. Oh, lord, sir! by St. George! I was the first man that entered the breach: had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain, if I had had a million of lives.

Young K. 'Twere pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i'faith! But was it possible?

Capt. B. I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

Young K. You must bring me to the rack first

Capt. B. Observe me judicially, sweet sir: they had planted me three demi-culverins, just in the mouth of the breach: now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner, (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire: I, spying his intendment, discharged my petrionel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors, that guarded the ordnance, and put them all pell-mell to the sword.

Well. To the sword! to the rapier, Captain.

Young K. Oh! it was a good figure observed, sir. But did you all this, Captain, without hurting your blade?

Capt. B. Without any impeach o'the earth. You shall perceive, sir. It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindina, or so—Tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em; I know the virtue of mine own, and, therefore, I dare the bolder maintain it.

Step. I marvel whether it be a Toledo or no?

Capt. B. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir. Yes, faith! it is.

Capt. B. This a Toledo? Pish!

(*Bends the blade double.*)

Step. Why do you pish, Captain?

Capt. B. A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder a-piece, an' I would have a thousand of them.

Young K. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Well. Where bought you it, Mr. Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier; he swore it was a Toledo.

Capt B. A poor provant rapier, no better.

Mat. Mass! I think it be, indeed, now I look on't better.

Young K. Nay, the longer you look on't the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—I ha' forgot the Captain's oath—I thought to ha sworn by it—(*aside*)—an' e'er I meet him—

Well. Oh! 'tis past help now, sir; you must ha' patience.

Step. I could eat the very hilts for anger.

Young K. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach! I would I had him here, you should see an' I had a stomach.

Well. It's better as it is. Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

Enter BRAINWORM.

Young K. A miracle, cousin! look here, look here!

Step. Oh, god'alid! by your leave, do you know me, sir?

Brain. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brain. Yes, marry, did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, eh?

Brain. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brain. No, sir, I confess it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness he has confessed it. By God's will, an' you had not confessed it—

Young K. Oh! cousin, forbear, forbear!

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Well. Why, you have done like a gentleman; he has confessed it; what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see?

Young K. Ay, by his leave he is, and under favour. Pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how dost thou like him? (*Apart to Wellbred.*)

Well. Oh! it's a most precious fool! make much on him. I can compare him to nothing more happily than a drum; for every one may play upon him. (*Apart.*)

Young K. No, no! a child's whistle were far the fitter. (*Apart.*)

Brain. Sir, shall I entreat a word with you? (*To Young Kno'well.*)

Young K. With me, sir? You have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you?

Brain. You are conceited, sir. Your name is Mr. Kno'well, as I take it?

Young K. You are i'the right. You mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Brain. No, sir, I am none of that coat.

Young K. Of as bare coat, though. Well, say, sir.

Brain. Faith! sir, I am but a servant to the drum extraordinary; and, indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father—Brainworm.

Young K. Brainworm! 'Slight! what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

Brain. The breath o'your letter, sir, this morning: the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

Young K. My father!

Brain. Nay, never start; 'tis true: he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i'the snow.

Young K. Sirrah, Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? My father is come over after me.

Well. Thy father! Where is he?

Brain. At Justice Clement's house here, in Coleman-street, where he but stays my return, and then—

Well. Who's this? Brainworm?

Brain. The same, sir.

Well. Why, how, i'the name of wit, comest thou transmuted thus?

Brain. Faith! a device, a device! Nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here: withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

Young K. Come, cousin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Warehouse.*

Enter KITELY *and* CASH.

Kite. What says he, Thomas? Did you speak with him?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

Kite. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kite. Oh, that's well: fetch me my cloak, my cloak.
Stay, let me see: an hour to go and come;
Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be
An hour before I can despatch him,
Or very near: well, I will say two hours.
Two hours! Ha! things never dreamt of yet,
May be contriv'd, ay, and effected, too,

In two hours' absence. Well, I will not go.
Two hours! no, fleering opportunity,
I will not give your subtlety that scope.
Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,
That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
And shews the felon where his treasure lies?
Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt
To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?
I will not go. Business, go by for once.
No, beauty, no; you are too, too precious,
To be left so, without a guard, or open.
You then must be kept up close, and well watch'd!
For, give you opportunity, no quicksand
Devours or swallows swifter! He that lends
His wife, if she be fair, or time, or place,
Compels her to be false. I will not go.
The dangers are too many I am resolv'd for that.
Carry in my cloak again Yet stay—yet do, too.
I will defer going on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with the bonds.

Kite. That's true. Fool on me! I had clean forgotten it. I must go. What's o'clock?

Cash. Exchange time, sir.

Kite. Heart! then will Wellbred presently be here, too,
With one or other of his loose consorts.
I am a knave if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve.
My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imagination runs, like sands
Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd;
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less to put in act. It shall be so.
Nay, I dare build upon his secresy,
He knows not to deceive me. *(Aside.)* Thomas!

Cash. Sir?

Kite. Yet now I have bethought me, I will not. *(Aside.)*
Thomas, is Cob within?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kite. But he'll prate, too; there's no speech of him.
No, there were no man o' the earth to Thomas,
If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.
But should he have a chink in him, I were gone,
Lost i' my fame for ever; talk for th' Exchange.
The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
Doth promise no such change. What should I fear, then?
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once. *(Aside.)*
Thomas, you may deceive me, but I hope—
Your love to me is more—

Cash. Sir, if a servant's
Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are
More than in hope; you are possess'd of it.

Kite. I thank you heartily, Thomas; gi' me your hand.
With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
A secret to impart to you—but
When once you have it, I must seal your lips up.
So far I tell you, Thomas.

Cash. Sir, for that—

Kite. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you, Thomas,
When I will let you in thus to my private,
It is a thing sits nearer to my crest
Than thou'rt aware of, Thomas. If thou shouldst
Reveal it, but—

Cash. How! I reveal it?

Kite. Nay,
I do not think thou wouldst; but if thou shouldst,
'Twere a great weakness.

Cash. A great treachery.
Give it no other name.

Kite. Thou wilt not do't, then?

Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever.

Kite. He will not swear; he has some reservation,
Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning, sure;
Else, being urg'd so much, how should he choose
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
He's no fanatic; I have heard him swear.
What should I think of it? Urge him again,
And by some other way? I will do so. *(Aside.)*
Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose—
Yes, you did swear.

Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you—

Kite. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
But if thou wilt swear, do, as thou think'st good:
I am resolv'd without it, at thy pleasure.

Cash. By my soul's safety, then, sir, I protest
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word,
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

Kite. It's too much; these ceremonies need not;
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is.
Now he has sworn, I dare the safeller venture:
I have of late, by divers observations—
But whether his oath can bind him, there it is.
I will bethink me ere I do proceed.
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.

Kite. I will think. Give me my cloak. And, Thomas,
I pray you, search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts twixt me and Trape.

Cash. I will, sir.

Kite. And, hear you, if your mistress' brother, Wellbred,
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen
Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word—

Cash. Very well, sir.

Kite. To the Exchange, do you hear?
Or here in Coleman-street, to Justice Clement's;
Forget it not, nor be out of the way.

Cash. I will not, sir.

Kite. I pray you, have a care on't.
Or whether he come or no, if any other
Stranger, or else, fail not to send me word.

Cash. I shall not, sir.

Kite. Be't your special business
Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you.

Kite. But, Thomas, this is not the secret Thomas, I told you of.

Cash. No, sir, I do suppose it.

Kite. Believe me, it is not.

Cash. Sir, I do believe you.

Kite. By heaven, it is not! That's enough. But, Thomas,
I would not you should utter it, do you see?
To any creature living; yet I care not.
Well, I must hence! Thomas, conceive thus much;
It was a trial of you, when I meant
So deep a secret to you: I meant not this,
But that I have to tell you. This is nothing.

But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you.
Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here,
No greater hell than to be slave to fear.

[*Exit.*

Cash. Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here!
Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take head, eh?
Best dream no longer of this running humour.
For fear I sink. But soft,
Here is company; now must I—

[*Exit.*

Enter WELLBRED, YOUNG KNO'WELL, BRAINWORM, MASTER MATTHEW, MASTER STEPHEN, *and* CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

Well. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried.

Young K. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not?

Well. Yes, faith! But was't possible thou shouldst not know him? I forgive Mr. Stephen, for he is stupidity itself. Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou had been such an artificer?

Young K. An artificer; an architect! Except a man had studied begging all his life-time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy, for the clothing of it, I never saw his rival.

Well. Where got'st thou this coat, I marvel?

Brain. Of a Houndsditch man, sir; one of the devil's near kinsmen; a broker.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Francis! Martin! Ne'er a one to be found now? What a spite's this?

Well. How now, Thomas, is my brother Kitely within?

Cash. No, sir; my master went forth e'en now: but Master Downright is within. Cob! What, Cob! Is he gone, too?

Well. Whither went your master, Thomas; canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not: to Justice Clement's, I think, sir. Cob!

[*Exit.*

Young K. Justice Clement! What's he?

Well. Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city magistrate, a justice here; an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad and merry old fellow in Europe! I shewed you him the other day.

Young K. Oh! is that he? I remember him now. Good Faith! and he has a very strange presence, methinks; it shews as if he stood out of the rank from other men. I have heard many of his jests i'the university. They say, he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Well. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God. Anything, indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Gasper, Martin, Cob! 'Heart! where should they be, I trow?

Capt. B. Master Kitely's man, pr'ythee, vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match! no time but now to vouchsafe? Francis! Cob! [*Exit.*

Capt. B. Body of me! Here's the remainder of seven pounds since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinadado! Did you never take any, Master Stephen?

Step. No, truly, sir! but I'll learn to take it now, since you recommend it so.

Capt. B. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more, of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only. Therefore, it cannot be but 'tis most divine, especially your Trinidado. Your Nicotian is good, too. I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

Young K. This speech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

(*Aside.*)

Re-enter CASH, *with* COB.

Cash. At Justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-street.

Cob. Oh, ho!

Capt. B. Where's the match I gave thee, Master Kitely's man?

Cash. Here it is, sir.

Cob. By God's-me! I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers.

(*Captain Bobadil beats Cob with a cudgel, Matthew runs away.*)

All. Oh, good Captain! hold, hold!

Capt. B. You base scullion, you.

Cash. Come, thou must need be talking, too; thou'rt well enough served.

Cob. Well, it shall be a dear beating, an' I live! I will have justice for this.

Capt. B. Do you prate? Do you murmur?

(*Beats Cob off.*)

Young K. Nay, good Captain, will you regard the humour of a fool!

Capt. B A whoreson, filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o'Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabbed him to the earth.

Well. Marry, the law forbid, sir.

Capt. B. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

[*Exit.*

Step. Oh, he swears admirably! By Pharaoh's foot, body of Cæsar; I shall never do it, sure; upon mine honour, and by St. George; no, I ha'n't the right grace.

(*Aside.*)

Well. But soft, where's Mr. Matthew—gone?

Brain. No, sir; they went in here.

Well. Oh! let's follow them: Master Matthew is gone to salute his mistress in verse. We shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now. He never comes unfurnished. Brainworm!

Step. Brinworm! Where is this Brainworm?

Young K. Ay, cousin, no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me! by this air, St. George, and the foot of Pharaoh!

Well. Rare! your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

Young K. 'Tis larded with 'em: a kind of French dressing, if you love it. Come. let's in; come, cousin.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in Justice Clement's house.*

Enter KITELY *and* COB.

Kite. Ah! How many are there, say'st thou?
Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, Master Wellbred—
Kite. Tut! beside him: what strangers are there, man?
Cob. Strangers! let me see; one, two—Mass! I know not well, there are so many.
Kite. How, so many?
Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.
Kite. A swarm, a swarm!
Spite of the devil, how they sting my head
With forked stings, thus wide and large! But, Cob,
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?
Cob. A little while, sir.
Kite. Didst thou come running?
Cob. No, sir.
Kite. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste!
Bane to my fortunes. What meant I to marry?
I, that before was rank'd in such content;
My mind at rest, too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of my own free thoughts,
And now become a slave? What, never sigh!
Be of good cheer, man, for thou art a cuckold.
'Tis done! 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing store,
Plenty itself falls into my wife's lap,
The cornucopia will be mine, I know. But, Cob,
What entertainment had they? I am sure
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome, eh?
Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.
Kite. No; their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice,
Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,
Had lost its motion, state, and faculty,
Cob, which of them was't that first kiss'd my wife?
My sister, I should say—my wife, alas!
I fear not her. Ha! Who was it, say'st thou?
Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?
Kite. Ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.
Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than your worship's company, if I saw anybody to be kissed, unless they would have kissed the post in the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them all at their tobacco, with a plague.
Kite. How! were they not gone in, then, ere thou cam'st?
Cob. Oh! no, sir.
Kite. Spite o' the devil! What, do I stay here, then? Cob, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Kitely's house.*

Enter DOWNRIGHT *and* DAME KITELY.

Down. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.
Dame K. Alas! brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it. You see my brother brings 'em in here; they are his friends.
Down. His friends! his friends! 'Slud, they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villany that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of 'em. And 'twere not more for your husband's sake, than anything else, I'd make the house too hot for the best of 'em. They should say, and swear, hell were broken loose ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours; for an' you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboiled and baked too, every mother's son, ere they should ha' come in, e'er a one of 'em.
Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? What a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patientest body in the world to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason.

Enter BRIDGET, MASTER MATTHEW, WELLBRED, STEPHEN, YOUNG KNO'WELL, CAPTAIN BOBADIL, *and* CASH.

Brid. Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth
Upon so mean a subject as my worth.
Mat. You say well, mistress; and I mean as well.
Down. Heyday, here is stuff!
Well. Oh! now stand close. Pray heaven she can get him to read; he should do it of his own natural impudence.
Brid. Servant, what is this same I pray you?
Mat. Marry, an elegy! an elegy! an odd toy—I'll read it, if you please.
Brid. Pray you do, servant.
Down. Oh! here's no foppery. Death! I can endure the stocks better.
Young K. What ails thy brother? Can he not bear the reading of a ballad? (*To Wellbred.*)
Well. Oh! no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bagpipe. But mark, you lose the protestation.
Capt. B. Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress and her fair sister. Fie! while you live, avoid this prolixity.
Mat. I shall, sir. (*Reads.*)

"*Rare creature, let me speak without offence;*
Would heav'n my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine;
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine."

(*Master Stephen shakes his head.*)

Young K. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an there be any brain in it!
Well. Sister, what ha' you here? verses? Pray you, let's see. Who made these verses? They are excellently good.
Mat. Oh! Master Wellbred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i'the morning; I made 'em extempore this morning.
Well. How, extempore?
Mat. I would I might be hanged else; ask Captain Bobadil; he saw me write them at the—the Star yonder.
Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?
Young K. Oh, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.
Step. Body o'Cæsar! they are admirable! The best that ever I heard, as I am a soldier.
Down. I am vexed; I can hold ne'er a bone on me still! 'Heart, I think they mean to build breed here, (*Aside.*)

Well. Sister Kitely, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme and do tricks, too.

Down. Oh, monster! impudence itself! Tricks! Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss. This is no tavern, nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Well. How now! Whose cow has calved?

Down. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it; ay, sir, you and your companions! Mend yourselves, when I ha' done!

Well. My companions?

Down. Yes, sir, your companions; so I say. I am not afraid of you nor them neither, your hangbys here. You must have your poets and pottings, your soldados and foolados, to follow you up and down the city! and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and slops, you fellow there, get you out; get you home; or, by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Well. 'Slight! stay, and let's see what he dare do. Cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see; touch any man here, and by this hand, I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

(*They all draw and they of the house part them.*)

Dame K. Oh, Jesu! Murder! Thomas! Gasper!

Brid. Help, help! Thomas!

Young K. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Capt B. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes! By my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier, for this; I will, by this good heaven. Nay, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him.

(*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*)

Cash. Hold, hold! good gentlemen.

Down. You whoreson, bragging coistril.

Enter KITELY.

Kite. Why, how now, what's the matter? What's the stir here?
Put up your weapons, and put off this rage.
My wife and sister, they're the cause of this.
What, Thomas; where is the knave?

Cash. Here, sir.

Well. Come, let's go; this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.

[*Exeunt Master Matthew, Capt. Bobadil, Young Kno'well, and Wellbred.*

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour. [*Exit.*

Kite. Why, how now, brother; who enforced this brawl?

Down. A sort of lewd rake. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes; and songs, and sonnets, his fellow, But I'll follow 'em. [*Exit.*

Brid. Brother, indeed, you are too violent,
Too sudden in your humour.
There was one, a civil gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himself.

Kite. Oh, that was some love of yours, sister.

Brid. A love of mine? I would it were no worse, brother. You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for. [*Exit.*

Dame K. Indeed, he seemed to be a gentleman of exceedingly fair disposition, and of very excellent parts. What a coil and stir is here. [*Exit.*

Kite. Her love, by heav'n! my wife's minion!
Death, these phrases are intolerable!
Well, well, well, well, well, well!
It is too plain, too clear. Thomas, come hither.
What, are they gone?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.

My mistress and your sister—

Kite. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kite. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kite. What gentleman was it that they praised so, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him Master Kno'well, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kite. Ay, I thought so. My mind gave me as much.
I'll die, but they have hid him in the house
Somewhere; I'll go and search. Go with me, Thomas;
Be True to me, and thou shalt find me a master. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Moorfields.*

Enter YOUNG KNO'WELL, WELLBRED, *and* BRAINWORM.

Young K. Well, Brainworm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Well. I'faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties; but at my hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him out of his house.

Brain. I warrant you, sir; fear nothing. I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of my phantasy by this time, and put 'em in true motion. Whist you have possessed me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no question. [*Exit.*

Well. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith! Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

Young K. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent if it take.

Well. Take, man! Why, it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not. But tell me injenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget, as thou pretendest.

Young K. Friend, am I worthy of belief?

Well. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou shouldst not have her.

Young K. Nay, that I'm afraid will be a question yet, whether I shall have her or no.

Well. 'Slid, thou shalt have her, by this light thou shalt.

Young K. I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires complete.

Well. Thou shalt see and know I will not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FORMAL, *and* KNO'WELL.

For. Was your man a soldier, sir?

Kno. Ay, a knave; I took him begging o'the way,
This morning, as I came over Moorfields.

Re-enter BRAINWORM.

Oh, here he is:—You have made fair speed, believe me;
Where i'the name of sloth could you be thus—

Brain. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Kno. How so?

Brain. Oh, sir! your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch—indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or any employment, are as open to your son as to yourself.

Kno. How should that be, unless that villain, Brainworm,
Have told him of the letter, and discovered
All that I strictly charged him to conceal! 'Tis so!

Brain. I am partly o' that faith; 'tis so, indeed.

Kno. But how should he know you to be my man?

Brain. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art! Is not your son a scholar, sir?

Kno. Yes; but I hope his soul is not allied
Unto such hellish practice; if it were,
I had just cause to weep my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation,
But where didst thou find them, Fitzs-word?

Brain. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, "Mr. Kno'well's man!" another cries, "Soldier!" and then, half a dozen of 'em, till they had called me within a house, where I no sooner came, but out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or four score oaths to accompany 'em; and all to tell me, I was a-dead man if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me, as I protest they must have dissected me, and made an anatomy of me first, and so I told 'em, they locked me up into a room i' the top of a high house; whence, by great miracle, having a light heart, I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so escaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was locked up, there were a great many rich merchants' and brave citizens' wives with 'em at a feast; and your son, Mr. Edward, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon, at one Cob's house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the walls. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him; for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Kno. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.
Go thou along with Justice Clement's man,
And stay there for me. At one Cob's house say'st thou?

Brain. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit Kno'well.*] Yes! Invisible! Much wench, or much son! 'Slight! when he has stayed there three or four hours, travailing with the expectation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air. Oh! the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more before him in this shape. I have another trick to act yet. (*Aside.*) Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

For. Not a whit, sir.
You have been lately in the wars, sir, it seems?

Brain. Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and expense of all, almost——

For. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a bottle o' you, if it please you to accept it——

Brain. Oh! sir——

For. But to hear the manner of your services and devices in the wars; they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.

Brain. No, I assure you, sir; why, at any time when it pleases you, I shall be ready to discourse with you all I know—and more too, somewhat.
(*Aside.*)

For. No better time than now, sir. We'll go to the Windmill; there we shall have a cup of neat grist, as we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

Brain. I'll follow you, sir; and make grist o' you, if I have good luck.
(*Aside.*)
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter YOUNG KNO'WELL, *with* MASTER MATTHEW, CAPTAIN BOBADIL, *and* STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to-day, Mr. Wellbred's half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this day-light.

Young K. We are now speaking of him. Captain Bobadil tells me he is fallen foul o' you, too.

Mat. Oh! ay, sir! he threatened me with the bastinado.

Capt. B. Ay, but I think I taught you prevention this morning for that. You shall kill him, beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick.

Capt. B. Oh! you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! Oh! it must be done like lightning, boy! Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a punto.

Young K. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. Oh, good sir! yes, I hope he has!

Capt B. I will tell you, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked along in divers skirts o' the town, where I have driven them before me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself I could have slain them all; but I delight not in murder. I am loath to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em; yet I hold it good policy not to go disarmed; for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

Young K. Ay, believe me, may you, sir; and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Capt. B. Alas! no. What's a peculiar man to a nation? Not seen.

Young K. Oh! but your skill, sir!

Capt. B. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to his majesty and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire

lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

Young K. Nay, I know not; nor can I conceive.

Capt. B. Why, thus, sir: I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout the land, gentlemen they should be: of a good spirit, and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, imbroccata, your passada, your montanto; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong; we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them, too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty: two hundred days kills them all by computation. And this I will venture to my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood: that is, civilly by the sword.

Young K. Why, are you so sure of your hand, Captain, at all times.

Capt. B. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

Young K. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Capt. B. Why, sir, you mistake. If he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! Let this gentleman do his mind; but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, whereever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

Enter DOWNRIGHT, *walking over the stage.*

Young K. God's so! Look ye where he is; yonder he goes.

Down. What peevish luck have I; I cannot meet with these bragging rascals!

Capt. B. It's not he, is it?

Young K. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hanged, then, if that were he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Capt. B. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so; but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

Young K. That I think, sir. But see, he is come again!

Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.

Down. Oh, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you. Come, draw; to your tools. Draw, gipsy, or I'l[1] thrash you.

Capt B. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me—

Down. Draw your weapon, then.

Capt. B. Tall man, I never thought on't till now, body of me! I had a warrant of the peace served on me even now, as I came along, by a water bearer; this gentleman saw it, Mr. Matthew.

(*Downright beats Captain Bobadil; Matthew runs away.*

Down. 'Sdeath! you will not draw, then?

Capt. B. Hold, hold! under thy favour, forbear.

Down. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist, you! You'll control the point, you? Your consort is gone; had he staid, he had shared with you, sir.

[*Exit.*

Young K. Twenty, and kill them; twenty more, kill them, too—ha, ha!

Capt. B. Well, gentlemen, bear witness; I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

Young K. No, faith, it's an ill day, Captain, never reckon it other; but say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself; that will prove but a poor excuse.

Capt. B. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by heaven. Sure, I was struck with a planet.

Step. No, Captain, you was struck with a stick.

Young K. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet. Go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid! and these be your tricks, your passados and your montantos, I'll none of them.

Capt. B. I was planet-struck, certainly.

[*Exit.*

Young K. Oh, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'em. Come, coz.

Step. Mass! I'll have this cloak.

Young K. God's will, 'tis Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now; another might have ta'en it up as well as I. I'll wear it, so I will.

Young K. How, an he see it? He'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha't; I'll say I bought it.

Young K. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in Kitely's house.*

Enter KITELY *and* CASH.

Kite. Art thou sure, Thomas, we have pried into all and every part throughout the house? Is there no by-place, or dark corner, has escaped our searches.

Cash. Indeed, sir, none; there's not a hole or nook unsearched by us, from the upper loft unto the cellar.

Kite. They have conveyed him, then, away, or hid him in some privacy of their own. Whilst we were searching of the dark closet by my sister's chamber, didst thou not think thou heard'st a rustling on the other side and a soft tread of feet.

Cash. Upon my truth, I did not, sir; or if you did, it might only be the vermin in the wainscot; the house is old, and overrun with 'em.

Kite. It is, indeed, Thomas. We should bane these rats. Dost thou understand me? We will—they shall not harbour here; I'll cleanse my house from 'em, if fire or poison can effect it: I will not be tormented thus. They gnaw my brain, and burrow in my heart: I cannot bear it.

Cash. I do not understand you, sir. Good now, what is't disturbs you thus? Pray, be composed.

These starts of passion have some cause, I fear, that touches you more nearly.

Kite. Sorely, sorely, Thomas. It cleaves too close to me—oh, me! (*Sighs.*) Lend me thy arm—so, good Cash.

Cash. You tremble and look pale! Let me call assistance.

Kite. Not for ten thousand worlds! Alas, alas! 'tis not in medicine to give me ease—here, here it lies.

Cash. What, sir?

Kite. Why—nothing, nothing. I am not sick, yet more than dead; I have a burning fever in my mind, and long for that, which, having, would destroy me.

Cash. Believe me, 'tis your fancy's imposition. Shut up your generous mind from such intruders. I'll hazard all my growing favour with you; I'll stake my present, my future welfare, that some base, whispering knave—nay, pardon me, sir—hath, in the best and richest soil, sown seeds of rank and evil nature! Oh, my master, should they take root—(*Laughing within.*)

Kite. Hark, hark! Dost thou not hear? What think'st thou now? Are they not laughing at me? They are—they are! They have deceived the wittol, and thus they triumph in their infamy. This aggravation is not to be borne. (*Laughing again.*) Hark again! Cash, do thou unseen steal in upon 'em, and listen to their wanton conference.

Cash. I shall obey you, though against my will. [*Exit.*

Kite. Against his will! Ha! it may be so. He's young, and may be bribed for them: they've various means to draw the unwary in. If it be so, I'm lost, deceived, betrayed, and my bosom, my full-fraught bosom, is unlocked and open to mockery and laughter! Heaven forbid! He cannot be that viper; sting the hand that raised and cherished him! Were this stroke added, I should be cursed. But it cannot be; no, it cannot be.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. You are musing, sir.

Kite. I ask your pardon, Cash. Ask me not why—
I have wronged you, and am sorry. 'Tis gone.

Cash. If you suspect my faith—

Kite. I do not—say no more; and, for my sake, let it die and be forgotten. Have you seen your mistress, and heard whence was that noise?

Cash. Your brother, Master Wellbred, 's with 'em, and I found them throwing out their mirth on a very truly ridiculous subject: it is one Formal, as he styles himself, and he appertains, so he phrases it, to Justice Clement, and would speak with you.

Kite. With me? Art thou sure it is the Justice's clerk? Where is he?

Enter BRAINWORM, *as Formal.*

Who are you, friend?

Brain. An appendex to Justice Clement, vulgarly called his clerk.

Kite. What are your wants with me?

Brain. None.

Kite. Do you not want to speak with me?

Brain. No, but my master does.

Kite. What are the justice's commands?

Brain. He doth not command, but entreats Master Kitely to be with him directly, having matters of some moment to communicate unto him.

Kite. What can it be? Say I'll be with him instantly; and if your legs, friend, go not faster than your tongue, I shall be there before you.

Brain. I will. *Vale.* [*Exit.*

Kite. 'Tis a precious fool, indeed! I must go forth. But first come hither, Thomas: I have admitted thee into the close recesses of my heart, and shewed thee all my frailties, passions, everything.
Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch.
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Cash. As truth's self, sir.
But be assur'd you're heaping care and trouble
Upon a sandy base; ill-plac'd suspicion
Recoils upon yourself. She's chaste as comely;
Believ't she is. Let her not note your humour;
Disperse the gloom upon your brow, and be
As clear as her unsullied honour.

Kite. I will then, Cash—thou comfort'st me: I'll drive these
Fiend-like fancies from me, and be myself again.
Think'st thou she has perceiv'd my folly? 'Twere
Happy if she had not—she has not:
They who know no evil, will suspect none.

Cash. True, sir; nor has your mind a blemish now.
This change has gladden'd me. Here's my mistress,
And the rest; settle your reason to accost 'em.

Kite. I will, Cash, I will.

Enter WELLBRED, DAME KITELY *and* BRIDGET.

Well. What are you a plotting, brother Kitely,
That thus of late you muse alone, and bear
Such weighty care upon your pensive brow?
(*Laughs.*)

Kite. My care is all for you, good sneering brother,
And well I wish'd you'd take some wholesome counsel,
And curb your headstrong humours; trust me, brother,
You were to blame to raise commotions here,
And hurt the peace and order of my house.

Well. No harm done, brother, I warrant you.
Since there is no harm done, anger costs
A man nothing, and a brave man is never
His own man till he be angry. To keep
His valour in obscurity, is to keep himself,
As it were, in a cloak-bag. What's a brave
Musician, unless he play?
What's a brave man, unless he fight?

Dame K. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Well. What, school'd on both sides! Pr'ythee, Bridget, save me from the rod and lecture.
(*Bridget and Wellbred retire.*)

Kite. With what a decent modesty she rates him!
My heart's at ease, and she shall see it is.
(*Aside.*)
How art thou, wife? Thou look'st both gay and comely;
In troth, thou dost. I'm sent for out, my dear,
But I shall soon return. Indeed, my life,
Business that forces me abroad grows irksome.
I could content me with less gain and vantage,
To have thee more at home, indeed I could.

Dame K. Your doubts, as well as love, may breed these thoughts.

Kite. That jar untunes me. (*Aside.*)

What dost thou say? Doubt thee?
I should as soon suspect myself. No, no;
My confidence is rooted in thy merit,
So fix'd and settled, that were thou inclin'd
To masks, to sports, and balls, where lusty youth
Lead up the wanton dance, and the rais'd pulse
Beats quicker measures, yet I could with joy,
With heart's ease and security—not but
I had rather thou should'st prefer thy home
And me, to boys and such like vanities.

Dame K. But sure, my dear,
A wife may moderately use these pleasures,
Which numbers and the time give sanction to,
Without the smallest blemish on her name.

Kite. And so she may; and I'll go with thee, child;
I will, indeed; I'll lead three there myself,
And be the foremost reveller. I'll silence
The sneers of envy, stop the tongue of slander;
Nor will I more be pointed at, as one
Disturb'd with jealousy—

Dame K. Why, were you ever so?

Kite. What?—Ha! never—ha, ha, ha!
She stabs me home. (*Aside.*) Jealous of thee!
No, do not believe it. Speak low, my love,
Thy brother will overhear us. No, no, my dear,
It could not be, it could not be—for—for—
What is the time now? I shall be too late—
No, no; thou may'st be satisfied
There's not the smallest spark remaining—
Remaining! What do I say? There never was,
Nor can, nor ever shall be—so be satisfied.
Is Cob within there? Give me a kiss,
My dear; there, there, now we are reconcil'd—
I'll be back immediately. Good b'ye, good b'ye!
Ha, ha! jealous, I shall burst my sides with laughing.
Ha, ha; where are you, Cob? Ha, ha!

[*Exit. Wellbred and Bridget come forward.*

Well. What have you done to make your husband part so merry from you? He has of late been little given to laughter.

Dame K. He laughed, indeed, but seemingly without mirth. His behaviour is new and strange. He it much agitated, and has some whimsy in his head, that puzzles mine to read it.

Well. 'Tis jealousy, good sister; and writ so largely, that the blind may read it; have you not perceived it yet?

Dame K. If I have, 'tis not always prudent that my tongue should betray my eyes; so far my wisdom tends, good brother, and little more I boast. But what makes him ever calling for Cob so? I wonder how he can employ him.

Well. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in. But this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent procuress, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house: marry to what end, I cannot altogether advise him—imagine you what you think convenient—but I have known fair hides have foul hearts, ere now, sister.

Dame K. Never said you truer than that, brother; so much I can tell you for your learning. Oh, oh! is this the fruits of his jealousy? I thought some game was in the wind, he acted so much tenderness but now; but I'll be quit with him, Thomas!

Re-enter CASH.

Fetch your hat, Thomas, and go with me. [*Exit Cash.*] I would to fortune I could take him there, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! I'd fit him for his jealousy!

[*Exit.*

Well. Ha, ha! so e'en let 'em go; this may make sport anon. What, Brainworm!

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. I saw the merchant turn the corner, and come back to tell you all goes well; wind and tide, my master.

Well. But how got'st thou this apparel of the Justice's man?

Brain. Marry, sir, my proper fine penman would needs bestow the grist o' me at the Windmill, to hear some marshal discourse, where I so marshalled him, that I made him drunk with admiration; and because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stripped him stark naked as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver his counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill, to watch him till they return; which shall be, when I have pawned his apparel, and spent the better part of the money, perhaps.

Well. Well, thou art a successful, merry knave, Brainworm; his absence will be subject for more mirth. I pray thee, return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly; for here, tell him the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some large prison, say: and then the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away.

[*Exit Brainworm.*

Brid. What, is this the engine that you told me of? What further meaning have you in the plot?

Well. That you may know, fair sister-in-law, how happy a thing it is to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Well. Well, there's a dear and well respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected towards you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Knowell is the man, sister. There's no exception against the party. What say you, sister? On my soul, he loves you; will you give him this meeting?

Brid. 'Faith, I had very little confidence in my own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man; but this motion of yours savours of an old knight adventurer's servant a little too much, methinks.

Well. What's that, sister? ...

Brid. Marry, of the go-between.

Well. No matter if it did; I would be such an one for my friend. But see, who is returned to hinder us.

Re-enter KITELY.

Kite. What villany is this? Called out on a false message! This was some plot. I was not sent for. Bridget, where's your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kite. How! Is my wife gone forth? Whither, for heaven's sake?
Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.
Kite. Abroad with Thomas! Oh, that villain cheats me!
He hath discover'd all unto my wife:
Beast that I was to trust him. (*Aside.*) Whither, I pray
You, went she?
Brid. I know not, sir.
Well. I'll tell you, brother, whither I suspect she's gone.
Kite. Whither, good brother?
Well. To Cob's house, I believe, but keep my counsel.
Kite. I will, I will. To Cob's house! Does she haunt there?
She's gone on purpose now to cuckold me,
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told you all. Why would you let her go?
Well. Because she's not my wife; if she were,
I'd keep her to her tether.
Kite. So, so! now 'tis plain. I shall go mad
With my misfortunes, now they pour in torrents.
I'm bruted by my wife, betray'd by my servant,
Mock'd at by my relations, pointed at by my neighbours,
Despis'd by myself—There is nothing left now
But to revenge myself first, next hang myself;
And then—all my cares will be over.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Stocks-market.*

Enter MASTER MATTHEW *and* CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

Mat. I wonder, Captain, what they will say of my going away, eh?
Capt. B. Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet gentleman; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments, and that's all.
Mat. Why so? but what can they say of their beating?
Capt. B. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, lain on strongly, borne most patiently, and that's all. But wherefore do I wake their remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter! fascinated! but I will be unwitched, and revenged by law.
Mat. Do you hear? Is't not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested, and brought before Justice Clement?
Capt. B. It were not amiss; would we had it.
Mat. Why, here comes his man, let's speak to him.
Capt. B. Agreed. Do you speak.

Enter BRAINWORM, *as Formal.*

Mat. Save you, sir.
Brain. With all my heart, sir.
Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make ourselves amends by law: now if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant to bring him before your master, you shall be well considered of, I assure you, sir.
Brain. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these, gotten of my master, is his only preferment, and, therefore, you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.
Mat. How is that, sir?
Brain. 'Faith, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account. Yet, be what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand, you shall have it, otherwise not.
Mat. How shall we do, Captain? He asks a brace of angels. You have no money.
(*Apart to Capt. B.*)
Capt. B. Not a cross, by fortune.
(*Apart.*)
Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but twopence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radish. Let's find him some pawn.
(*Apart.*)
Capt. B. Pawn! We have none to the value of his demand.
(*Apart.*)
Mat. Oh, yes, I can pawn my ring here.
(*Apart.*)
Capt. B. And, harkye, he shall have my trusty Toledo, too; I believe I shall have no service for it to-day.
(*Apart.*)
Mat. Do you hear, sir? We have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns. Look you, sir; I will pledge this ring, and that gentleman his Toledo, because we would have it despatched.
Brain. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently. What's his name, say you? Downright?
Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright.
Brain. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you the warrant presently. But who will you have to serve it?
Mat. That's true, Captain; that must be considered.
Capt. B. Body o'me, I know not! 'Tis service of danger!
Brain. Why, you were best get one of the varlets o' the city; a sergeant; I'll appoint you one if you please.
Mat. Will you, sir? Why, we can wish no better.
Capt. B. We'll leave it to you, sir.
[*Exit with Matthew.*
Brain. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the Justice's man, at the broker's for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself, and so get money on all sides.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The street before Cob's house.*

Enter KNO'WELL.

Kno. Oh! here it is; I have found it now. Hoa who is within here?
(*Tib appears at the window.*)
Tib. I am within, sir. What's your pleasure?
Kno. To know who is within besides yourself.
Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?
Kno. Oh! fear you the constable? Then I doubt not you have some guests within deserve that fear. I'll fetch him straight.
Tib. For heaven's sake, sir—
Kno. Go to! Come, tell me, is not young Kno'well here?

Tib. Young Kno'well: I know none such, sir, o' my honesty.

Kno. Your honesty, dame! It flies too lightly from you. There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! the man is mad, I think.

Enter CASH *and* DAME KITELY.

Kno. Oh! this is the female copesmate of my son.
Now shall I meet him straight. *(Aside.)*

Dame K. Knock hard, Thomas.

Cash. Hoa, good wife!

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame K. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope the door?
Belike you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What means these questions, pray you?

Dame K. So strange you make it! Is not my husband here?

Kno. Her husband! *(Aside.)*

Dame K. My tried and faithful husband, Master Kitely.

Tib. I hope he needs not be tried here.

Dame K. Come hither, Cash. I see my turtle coming to his haunts. Let us retire. *(They retire.)*

Kno. This must be some device to mock me withal.
Soft—who is this? Oh! 'tis my son disguis'd.
I'll watch him and surprise him.

Enter KITELY, *muffled in a cloak.*

Kite. 'Tis truth, I see: there she skulks.
But I will fetch her from her hold—I will—
I tremble so, I scarce have power to do the justice
Her infamy demands.

(As Kite'y goes forw ard, Dame Kitely and Kno'well lay hold of him.)

Kno. Have I trapped you, youth? You cannot escape me now.

Dame K. Oh, sir! have I forestall'd your honest market?
Found your close walks? You stand amaz'd
Now, do you? Ah! hide, hide your face for shame!
I'faith, I am glad I've found you out at last.

Kno. What mean you, woman? Let go your hold.
I see the counterfeit. I am his father,
And claim him as my own.

Kite. *(Discovers himself.)* I am your cuckold, and claim my vengeance.

Dame K. What, do you wrong me, and insult me too?
Thou faithless man!

Kite. Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? And have I taken
Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat,
Close at your villainy, and wouldst thou excuse it
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?
Oh! old incontinent, dost thou not shame
To have a mind so hot, and to entice
And feed the enticement of a lustful woman?

Dame K. Out! I defy thee, thou dissembling wretch!

Kite. Defy me, strumpet! Ask they pander here;
Can he deny it, or that wicked elder?

Kno. Why, hear you, sir—

Cash. Master, 'tis in vain to reason while these passions blind you. I'm grieved to see you thus.

Kite. Tut, tut! never speak; I see through every Veil you cast upon your treachery; but I have
Done with you, and root you from my heart for ever.
For you, sir, thus I demand my honour's due;
Resoiv'd to cool your lust, or end my shame. *(Draws.)*

Kno. What lunacy is this? Put up your sword, and undeceive yourself. No arm that e'er poised weapon can affright me; but I pity folly, nor cope with madness.

Kite. I will have proofs—I will—so you, good wife-bawd, Cob's wife; and you, that make your husband such a monster; and you young pander, and old cuckold-maker; I'll have you every one before the justice. Nay, you shall answer it; I charge you go. Come forth thou bawd. *(Goes into the house, and brings out Tib.)*

Kno. Marry, with all my heart, sir; I go willingly.
Though I do taste this, as a trick put on me
To punish my impertinent search, and justify
And half forgive my son for the device.

Kite. Come, will you go?

Dame K. Go, to thy shame believe it.

Kite. Though shame and sorrow hath my heart betide,
Come on—I must and will be satisfied. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Stocks-market.*

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself, being in this sergeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says he 'rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit: pray heaven, I come well off!

Enter CAPTAIN BOBADIL *and* MASTER MATTHEW.

Mat. See, I think yonder is the varlet, by his gown. 'Save you, friend; are not you here by appointment of Justice Clement's man?

Brain. Yes, an' please you, sir, he told me two gentlemen had willed him to procure a warrant from his master, which I have about me, to be served on one Downright.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see where the party comes you must arrest. Serve it upon him quickly, before he be aware.

Enter MASTER STEPHEN, *in Downright's cloak.*

Capt. B. Bear back, Master Matthew.

Brain. Master Downright, I arrest you i'the queen's name, and must carry you before a justice, by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend; I am no Downright, I. I am Master Stephen; you do not well to arrest me, I tell you truly. I am in nobody's bonds or books,

I would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid before my time.

Brain. Why, now you are deceived, gentlemen!

Capt. B. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us. But see, here he comes, indeed! This is he, officer.

Enter DOWNRIGHT.

Down. Why, how now, seignior Gull? Are you turned filcher of late? Come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir! I bought it even now in open market.

Brain. Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

Down. These gentlemen! These rascals!

Brain. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name.

Down. I obey thee. What must I do, officer.

Brain. Go before Master Justice Clement, to answer what they can object against you, sir. I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the Justice, Captain— [*Exit.*

Capt. B. The varlet's a tall man, before heaven! [*Exit.*

Down. Gull, you'll gi' me my cloak?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee: arrest him.

Brain. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it; there, take your cloak, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the Justice's. Bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak; what would you have?

Down. I'll ha' you answer it, sir.

Brain. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Down. I'll ha' no words taken. Bring him along.

Brain. (*Aside.*) So, so, I have made a fair mash on't.

Step. Must I go?

Brain. I know no remedy, Master Stephen.

Down. Come along before me here. I do not love your hanging-look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, fellow?

Brain. I think not, sir. It is but whipping matter, sure!

Step. Why, then, let him do his worst, I am resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Justice Clement's house.*

Enter JUSTICE CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, KITELY, DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, *and Servants.*

Just. C. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave. My chair, sirrah. You, Master Kno'well, say you went thither to meet your son?

Kno. Ay, sir.

Just. C. But who directed you thither?

Kno. That did mine own man, sir.

Just. C. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay for me.

Just. C. My clerk! About what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Just. C. And what time came my man with the false message to you, Master Kitely?

Kite. After two, sir.

Just. C. Very good; but, Mrs. Kitely, how chance it that you were at Cob's, eh?

Dame K. An't please you, sir, I'll tell you. My brother Wellbred told me that Cob's house was a suspected place—

Just. C. So it appears, methinks; but on.

Dame K. And that my husband used thither daily.

Just. C. No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

Dame K. True, sir; but you know what grows of such haunts oftentimes.

Just. C. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, Mistress Kitely. But did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected?

Kite. I found her there, sir.

Just. C. Did you so? That alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kite. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

Just. C. How! Wellbred first tell her, then tell you after? Where is Wellbred?

Kite. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Just. C. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gulled into this most grossly, all! Alas, poor wench! wert thou suspected for this?

Tib. Yea, an't please you.

Just. C. I smell mischief here: plot and contrivance, Master Kitely. However, if you will step into the next room with your wife, and think coolly of matters, you'll find some trick has been played you. I fear there have been jealousies on both parts, and the wags have been merry with you.

Kite. I begin to feel it: I'll take your counse Will you go in, dame?

Dame K. I will have justice, Mr. Kitely. [*Exit with Kitely*

Just. C. You will be a woman, Mrs. Kitely, tha I see. How now, what's the matter?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without desires to speak with your worship.

Just. C. A gentleman! What is he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Just. C. A soldier! My sword, quickly. A soldier speak with me! Stand by; I will end your matters anon. Let the soldier enter. Now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

Enter CAPTAIN BOBADIL *and* MASTER MATTHEW.

Capt. B. By your worship's favour—

Just. C. Nay, keep out, sir, I know not your pretence; you send me word, sir, you are a soldier? Why, sir, you shall be answered here; here be them that have been among soldiers. Sir, your pleasure?

Capt. B. Faith, sir, so it is: this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wronged and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow about the town here; and, for my own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of m peace; despoiled me of mine honour; disarmed

of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I notso much as once offered to resist him,

Just. C. Oh, God's precious! is this the soldier? Lie there, my sword, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Just. C. Why, an' he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one upon your worship's warrant.

Just. C. My warrant?

Serv. Yes, sir; the officer says, procured by these two.

Just. C. Bid him come in. Set by this picture. What, Mr. Downright, are you brought at Mr. Freshwater's suit here?

Enter DOWNRIGHT, MASTER STEPHEN, *and* BRAINWORM.

Down. I'faith, sir! And here's another brought at my suit.

Just. C. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. Oh, uncle!

Just. C. Uncle! Who, Master Kno'well?

Kno. Ay, sir, this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. Uncle, I am wronged here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak! and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Down. Oh, did you find it, now? You said you bought it ere-while.

Step. And you said I stole it. Nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Just. C. Well, let this breathe awhile. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth. Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Capt B. Ay, an't please your worship.

Just. C. Nay, do not speak in passion so. Where had you it?

Capt. B. Of your clerk, sir.

Just. C. That's well, an' my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at 'em! Where is the warrant? Officer, have you it?

[*Capt. B. and Matthew steal off.*

Brain. No, sir; your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Just. C. Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice to be served, and never see the warrant?

Down. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Just. C. No; how then?

Down. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so—

Just. C. Oh, God's pity! was it so, sir? He must serve it. Give me a warrant; I must serve one, too. You knave, you slave, you rogue! Do you say you must, sirrah? Away with him to gaol. I'll teach you a trick for your must, sir.

Brain. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Just. C. Tell him he shall to the gaol; away with him, I say.

Brain. Ay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this. I will not lose by my travel one grain of my fame certain.

(*Throws off his disguise.*)

Just. C. How is this?

Kno. My man, Brainworm!

Step. Oh, yes, uncle! Brainworm has been with my Cousin Edward and I all this day.

Just. C. I told you all there was some device.

Brain. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me, both with your sword and your balance.

Just C. Body o'me! a merry knave! Give me a bowl of sack. (*A servant brings it him.*) If he belongs to you, Master Kno'well, I bespeak your patience,

Brain. That is it I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Kno. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon; though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brain. Yes, 'faith! I have, sir; though you retained me doubly this morning for yourself first, as Brainworm; after, as Fitz-sword. I was your reformed soldier. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Kno. Is it possible? Or that thou shouldst disguise thyself so as I should not know thee?

Brain. Oh, sir! this has been the day of my metamorphoses; it is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought Master Kitely a message, too, in the form of Master Justice's man here, to draw him out o'the way, as well as your worship; while Master Wellbred might make a conveyance of Mistress Bridget to my young master.

Just. C. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

Brain. 'Faith, sir! after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, but all in kindness, and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein, departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown to serve it in; and thus have brought myself, by my activity, to your worship's consideration.

Just. C. And I will consider thee in a cup of sack. Here's to thee; (*drinks*) which having drank off, this is my sentence, pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardoned for the wit of the offence. Go into the next room; let Master Kitely into this whimsical business; and if he does not forgive thee, he has less mirth in him than an honest man ought to have. [*Exit Brainworm.*] Call Master Kitely and his wife there.

Re-enter KITELY *and* DAME KITELY.

Did not I tell you there was a plot against you? Did not I smell it out, as a wise magistrate ought? Have not you traced, have you not found it, eh, Master Kitely?

Kit. I have; I confess my folly, and own I have deserved what I have suffered for it. The trial has been severe, but it is past. All I have to ask now is, that as my folly is cured, and my persecutors forgiven, my shame may be forgotten.

Just. C. That will depend upon yourself, Master Kitely; do not you yourself create the food for mischief, and the mischievous will not prey upon you. But come, let a general reconciliation go

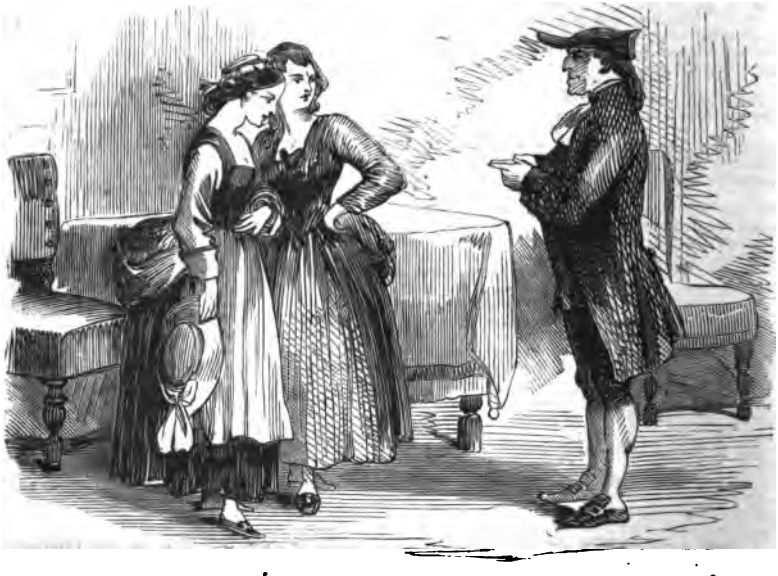
round, and let all discontents be laid aside. You, Mr. Downright, put off your anger; you, Master Kno'well, your cares; and do you, Master Kitely, and your wife, put off your jealousies.

Kit. Sir, thus they go from me: kiss me, my wife;
See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Wing'd with my cleans'd and my credulous breath;
Watch 'em, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall;
See, see, on heads that think they've none at all.
Oh, what a plenteous world of this will come,
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.

[*Exeunt.*

THE QUAKER.

A COMIC OPERA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY CHARLES DIBDIN.



Steady.—"VERILY, THOU REJOICEST ME TO FIND THEE," &c.—*Act* 1, *scene* 2.

Persons Represented.

STEADY.	EASY.	GILLIAN.
LUBIN.	SERVANTS.	FLORETTA.
SOLOMON.	COUNTRYMEN.	CICELY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An irregular Hill, carried quite to the back of the stage; so situated, that Lubin, who comes from it during the symphony of the Duet, is sometimes seen, and sometimes concealed by the trees.*

LUBIN *comes over the stile, with a stick and bundle on his shoulder.*

AIR *and* DUET.—LUBIN *and* CICELY.

Lub. *'Midst thrushes, blackbirds, nightingales,*
Whose songs are echo'd from the vales,
Trudging along through thick and thin,
Thank fate at last I've reach'd the door.
(Knocks at the cottage door
How pleas'd they'll be to let me in!
I've walk'd amain,
And yet not leaving her before,
Hast'ning to see my love again,
I thought each furlong half-a-score.
They're long, methinks—

Cice. *(At the window.)* *Who's there, I trow?*

Lub. *Look out, good mother, don't you know?*
'Tis Lubin. How does Gillian do!
And Hodge, and Margery, and Sue?

Cice. *Not a whit better, sir, for you.*

Lub. *Why, what's the matter? why d'ye frown?*

Cice. *You shall know all when I come down.*

Lub. *What is the meaning of all this?*
Oh, here she comes.

Enter CICELY

Well, what's amiss?

Cice. *Who are you, making all this stir?*
If to come in you mean;
You may as well be jogging, sir,
While yet your boots are green.

Lub. *I'm perfectly like one astound,*
I know not, I declare,
Whether I'm walking on the ground,
Or flying in the air.
This treatment is enough to quite
Bereave one of one's wits.

Cice. *Good lack-a-day! and do you bite,*
Pray, ever, in these fits?

Lub. *But you are jesting—*

Cice. *Think so still.*

Lub. *Where's Gillian?*

Cice. *She's not here:*
She's gone abroad, sir, she is ill.
She's dead, you cannot see her:
She knows you not, did never see
Your face in all her life;
In short, to-morrow she's to be
Another person's wife.

Cice. I tell you we know nothing at all about you.

Lub. You don't! why then may happen my name 'en't Lubin Blackthorn, and 'tis likely I did not set out six months ago to see my father down in the west, and ask his consent to my marriage with your daughter Gillian; and I warrant you I did not stay till my father died to take possession of his farm and every thing that belonged to him; nay, you'll want to make me believe presently that I 'en't come now to settle affairs, and take her back into the country with me.

Cice. Don't make a fool of yourself, young man: get back to your farm, and graze your oxen. You won't get a lamb out of our fold, I promise you.

Lub. Well, but in sober sadness, you 'en't serious, are you?

Cice. Serious! why, don't I tell you, Gillian's to be married to another to-morrow?

Lub. Where is she? I'll hear it from her own mouth.

Cice. I believe about this time she is trying on her wedding-suit.

Lub. And who is this she is going to be married to? I'll see him, and know what he has done to deserve her more than I have.

Cice. Done to deserve her!

Lub. Yes, done to deserve her. You forget, I suppose, when I've carried her milk-pail for her, or taken her share of work in the hay-field, how you used to say, that I was a true lover indeed: but I don't desire to have anything to say to you—you'll repent first.

Cice. Poor young man!

Lub. Nay, but don't you think you have used me very ill now?

Cice. I thought you said you would not speak a word to me.

Lub. Nay, but dame Cicely—

Cice. Your servant. If you have a mind to be a bridesman, we shall be glad to see you.

[*Exit.*

Lub. A very pretty spot of work this! and so I have come a hundred miles to make a fool of myself, and to be laughed at by the whole village.

AIR.—LUBIN.

I lock'd up all my treasure,
I journey'd many a mile,
And by my grief did measure
The passing time the while.

My business done and over,
I hasten'd back amain,
Like an expecting lover,
To view it once again.

But this delight was stifled,
As it began to dawn;
I found the casket rifled,
And all my treasure gone.

Enter EASY.

Lub. Here comes her father. I don't suppose he had much hand in it; for so he had his afternoon's nap in quiet, he was always for letting things go as they would. So, master Easy, you have consented, I find, to marry your daughter to another, after promising me over and over, that nobody should have her but me.

Easy. My wife desired me.

Lub. Your mind is strangely altered, farmer Easy. But do me one piece of justice, however—tell me, who is it you intend for your son-in-law?

Easy. 'Tis a rich one, I assure you.

Lub. And so you have broke your word, and all for the lucre of gain. And, pray now, don't you expect to be hooted out of the village?

Easy. I can't say I do.

Lub. Then they're a vile pack of wretches, and I'll get away from them as soon as I can. Go on, go on—let me know all.

Easy. You are in a passion, child, so I don't regard what you say: but I think I should have been out of my wits to have refused Mr. Steady, the rich Quaker.

Lub. What, is it he, then?

Easy. It is.

Lub. What! he that you are steward to; he that does so much good all about; and he that gives a portion every May-day to a damsel, as a reward for her sweetheart's ingenuity?

Easy. The same. You have seen the nature of it: that villager who can boast of having done the most ingenious thing, claims a right to demand a farm, containing sixty acres, rent free for seven years, and a hundred pounds to stock it, together with whatever maiden he chooses, provided he gain her consent: and it is a good custom; for the young men who formerly used to vie with one another in the feats of strength, now as I may say, vie with one another in feats of understanding.

Lub. And so he is to marry your daughter?

Easy. Things are as I tell you. And for that purpose, he has taken Gillian into his own house, had her taught music; and to say the truth, she is a different thing to what she was when you saw her last.

Lub. She is, indeed! for when I saw her last

she told me, that all the riches in the world should never make her forget me.

Easy. But since she has changed her mind; and as it so falls out, that to-morrow is May-day, you would do as well to study some ingenious thing, and get this portion for a more deserving damsel.

Lub. No, farmer Easy; her using me ill is no reason why I should do anything to make me angry with myself; I swore to love her for ever, and I'll keep my word, though I see she has broken hers.

Easy. Do what you please; I must be gone.

Lub. Nay, but tell me one thing—did Gillian herself consent to this?

Easy. You'll know all in good time.

[*Exit.*

AIR.—LUBIN.

Women are will-o'-the-wisps, 'tis plain,
The closer they seem, still the more they retire;
They teaze you, and jade you,
And round about lead you,
Without hopes of shelter,
Ding-dong, helter skelter,
Through water and fire.
And when you believe every danger and pain
From your heart you may banish,
And you're near the possession of what you desire,
That instant they vanish,
And the devil a bit can you catch them again.

By some they're not badly compar'd to the sea,
Which is calm and tempestuous within the same hour;
Some say they are syrens, but take it from me,
They're a sweet race of angels, o'er man that have power;
His person, his heart, nay, his reason to seize,
And lead the poor creature wherever they please.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Quaker's house.*

Enter FLORETTA *and* GILLIAN.

Flo. Pooh, pooh! you must forget Lubin.

Gil. How can you talk so, Floretta? I won't though, and none of them shall make me; they all frightened me, by saying it was a bad thing not to obey my parents, and so I consented to marry this Quaker-man; but there's a wide difference between marrying him and forgetting Lubin.

Flo. And so you would be silly enough to prefer being the homely wife of a clown, to rolling about in your own coach, having your own servants to wait on you; and, in short, leading the life of a fine lady?

Gil. Oh, lord! I am sick at the thoughts of being a fine lady! But what's the reason, Floretta, that my friends want to make me so unhappy? I'm sure I'd do anything rather than vex them.

Flo. Why, you know that Mr. Steady's will is a law to us all; and as he had desired your friends to consent to this marriage, how could they refuse?

Gil. Well, but you know he is a very good natured man; and I dare say, if I was to tell him how disagreeable he is, and that I can't bear the sight of him, he'd let me marry Lubin.

Flo. Suppose you try.

Gil. So I will.

Flo. But how are you sure this Lubin you are so fond of, is as fond of you?

Gil. I've tried a thousand ways.

AIR.—GILLIAN.

A kernel from an apple core,
One day on either cheek I wore.
Lubin was plac'd on my right cheek,
That on my left did Hodge bespeak.
Hodge in an instant dropp'd to ground,
Sure token that his love's unsound;
But Lubin nothing could remove,
Sure token his is constant love.

Last May, I sought to find a snail,
That might my lover's name reveal;
Which finding, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the ember's spread;
When, if my letters I can tell,
I saw it mark a curious L.
Oh, may this omen lucky prove!
For L's for Lubin and for love.

Enter STEADY.

Stea. Verily thou rejoicest me to find thee singing, and in such spirits.

Gil. I was singing, to be sure; but I cannot say much about being in spirits.

Stea. No? why, do not thy approaching nuptials lift up, and as it were, exhilarate thee?

Flo. Lord, sir! there's no persuading her; nothing will get this Lubin out of her head.

Stea. And why, young maiden, wilt thou not listen unto me? have I not, for thy pleasure, given in to all the vanities in which youth delights? I tell thee, that although my complexion be saturnine, my manners are not austere: why, therefore, likest thou not me?

Gil. I should like you very well if you were my father, but I don't like you at all for a husband.

Stea. And wherefore, I pray thee?

Gil. Oh! there are reasons enough.

Stea. Which be they?

Gil. Why, in the first place, I should want you to change your clothes, and to have you as spruce as I am.

Stea. Rather do thou change those thou wearest, unto the likeness of mine. The dove regardeth not the gay plumage of the gaudy macaw, and the painted rainbow delighteth our sight, but it vanishes away, yea, even as a vapour. What more?

Gil. Why, in the next place, I should want to change your age, and have you as young as I am.

Stea. She speaketh her mind, and I listens her. (*Aside.*) Therefore, why then, since it is necessary unto my peace, that thou shouldst become bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and that canst not fashion thy disposition unto the likeness of mine, I will make it my study to double thy pleasure, until that which is now gratitude, shall at last become love.

Gil. Ah, you'll never see that day, so you had better take no trouble about it.

Stea. Thou art mistaken, and when thou beholdest the gambols to-morrow on the green—

Gil. I shall long most monstrously to make one amongst them.

Stea. And so thou shalt. Goodness forbid that I should withheld from thee those pleasures that are innocent.

AIR.—STEADY.

While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah
Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,
And I say unto thee that verily, ah;
Thou and I will be first in the throng.

While the lads, &c.

Just then when the swain who last year won the dower,
With his mates shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each bower,
And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.

While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can blame?
'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the same,
Believe me, thou'lt presently see.

While the lads, &c. [*Exit*

Gil. What an unfortunate girl am I, Floretta!

Flo. What makes you think so?

Gil. Why, what would make you think so too, if you were in my place?

Flo. Well, then, I own I do think so; and if you'll promise not to betray me, I'll stand your friend in this affair.

Gil. W'll you? oh, la! and what must be done, Floretta?

Flo. Why—but see, yonder's a lover of mine; I'll make him of use to us.

Gil. Lord! what's Solomon your lover? I hate him with his proverbs and his formality. What the deuce do you intend to do with him?

Flo. What women generally do with their lovers, my dear, make a fool of him.—Mr. Solomon!

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. I listened, when, lo! thou dalledst me; and as the voice of the shepherd is delightful unto the sheep in his fold, so even is thy voice delightful unto me.

Flo. There's a lover for you! why the spirit moves you, Mr. Solomon, to say abundance of fine things.

Sol. According unto the proverb, love maketh a wit of the fool.

Flo. Yes, and a fool of the wit. But do you love me?

Sol. When thou seest one of our speakers, dancing a jig at a country wake; when thou beholdest the brethren take off their beavers, and bow their bodies, or hearest them swear, then believe I love thee not.

Flo. A very pompous speech, upon my word.

Sol. An ill phrase may come from a good heart: but all men cannot do all things; one getteth an estate by what another getteth an halter; a foolish man—

Flo. Talks just as you do now. But will you do a little favour I have to beg of you?

Sol. Slaves obey the will of those who command them.

Flo. There is a young man who has been used ill—

Sol. 'Tis very like; kind words are easier met with than good actions; charity seldom goeth out of the house, while ill-nature is always rambling abroad.

Flo. His name is Lubin, and I want you to inquire him out, and appoint him to meet me to-morrow morning, very early, in the row of elms at the bottom of the garden.

Sol. But shall I not in this offend my master?

Flo. Never mind him: suppose if he should find us out, and scold us a little—

Sol. True—high words break no bones. But wilt thou give me a smile if I do this for thee?

Gil. Ay, that she shall, Mr. Solomon, and I'll give you another.

Sol. But wilt thou appoint the spousal day?

Flo. You are so hasty, Mr. Solomon.

Sol. And with reason; a man may catch cold while his coat is making. Shall it be to-morrow?

Flo. Must I promise?

Sol. Yea, and perform too; 'tis not plums only that maketh the pudding.

Flo. Well, well, we'll talk about it another time.

Sol. No time like the time present.

Flo. Nay, nay, but go, Solomon.

Sol. An egg to-day is better than a chicken to-morrow. Many things fall out between the cup and the lip.

Flo. Pray, now, go.

Sol. Yea, I will. (*Going, returns.*) A bird in the hand is better than two in the bush.

[*Exit*

Gil. What a fright of a creature it is! How good you are, Floretta.

Flo. I could not bear to see you used in such a manner; and when I reflected on it, it went to my heart.

AIR.—FLORETTA.

I said to myself, now, Floretta, says I,
Supposing the case were your own;
Would you not be the first every mished to try,
To get rid of this canting old drone?
You well know you would, and you're worse than a Turk,
If one minute you hesitate whether
In justice you should not your wits set to work,
To bring Lubin and Gillian together.

To be certain, old Formal will frown and look blue,
Call you baggage, deceitful, bold-face,
With all manner of names he can lay his tongue to,
And perhaps turn you out of your place.
What of that! Let him frown, let him spit all his spite,
Your heart still as light as a feather,
With truth shall assure you, 'tis doing but right,
To bring Gillian and Lubin together.

[*Exit.*

Gil. I wonder what they plague us poor girls so for? Fathers and mothers in this case, are comical folks; they are for ever telling one what they'll do to please one: and yet, when they take it into their heads, they make nothing of desiring us to be miserable as long as one lives. I wish I could be

dutiful and happy too. May be, Floretta will bring matters about for me to marry Lubin with their consent; if she does, lord, how I shall love her!

AIR.—GILLIAN.

The captive linnet, newly taken,
Vainly strives and vents its rage;
With struggling pants, by hope forsaken
And flutters in its golden cage;
But once releas'd, to freedom soaring,
Quickly on some neighbouring tree,
It sings, as if its thanks 'twere pouring,
To bless the hand that set it free.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Wall at the back of the Quaker's garden.*

Enter LUBIN.

Lub. 'Tis all true, 'tis all true; there's not a soul in the whole village that has not had something to say to me about it. Some pity me, others laugh at me, and all blame me for making myself uneasy. I know, if I did as I ought to do, I should get me back, and think no more concerning them: but instead of that, here am I come creeping to the garden-gate, to see if I can get a sight of her. Who comes yonder? Oh! 'tis her father and the old Quaker. I'll listen and hear what they are talking about.

(*Retires.*)

Enter STEADY *and* EASY.

Stea. Friend Easy, hie thee home to thy wife; tell her to hold herself ready for to-morrow, and say unto her, that when the youth who gains the customary dower shall receive from me the hand of his bride, I will from thee receive the hand of thy daughter.

Lub. Why, I must be turned fool to hear all this and not say a word.

(*Aside.*)

Stea. Get thee gone friend.

[*Exit Easy.*

Enter SOLOMON.

Stea. Where art thou going?

Sol. The truth is not to be spoken at all times. (*Aside.*) Into the village about a little business for Mrs. Floretta.

Stea. Verily, I do suspect thee to be in a plot against me. I will not have thee, therefore, to do this business: stay here by me.

FLORETTA *and* GILLIAN *look over the garden wall.*

Flo. I wonder whether Solomon is gone.

Gil. Oh, dear Floretta, as sure as you're alive yonder's Lubin!

Flo. So there is. And see on the other side the old fellow talking to Solomon.

QUINTETTO.

Stea. *Regard the instructions, I say,*
Which I am now giving thee——

Sol. *Yea.*

Stea. *Speed betimes to friend Easy, and bid him take care,*
The minstrels, the feasting, and sports to prepare.
He must keep away Lubin too.

Lub. (*Peeping.*) *Can I bear this?*

Gil. *Won't you call to Solomon presently?*

Flo. *Yes.*

Stea. *And do thou attend with thy dobbins of beer,*
And see that our neighbours and friends have good cheer:
Make the whole village welcome, and—

Flo. *Solomon!*

Stea. *Stay.*

Flo. *You blockhead, come here,*

Stea. *Dost thou notice me?*

Sol. *Yea.*

(*Here as often as Solomon tries to speak to Floretta and Gillian, he is prevented by Steady.*)

Stea. *Stand still then.*

Flo. *Friend Solomon!*

Lub. *Is it not she?*

Flo. *Mind the oaf.—*

Gil. *Ha, ha, ha!*

Lub. *They are laughing at me.*

Stea. *See that garlands are ready—*

Gil. & Flo. *Ha, ha, ha!*

Lub. *Again,*
Oh, Gillian! thou falsest of women, since when
Have I merited this?

Stea. *So that when on the lawn—*

Lub. *But I'll speak to her:—*

Gil. *Look, look, he sees us!—*

Stea. *Begone.*
But hark thee—

Lub. *Oh, Gillian! how wicked thou art!*
Thou hast fool'd me, betrayed me, and broke my poor heart,
But henceforth with safety in infamy reign,
For I never, no never, will see you again.

[*Exit.*

Gil. *He's gone! Now, lord, lord! I'm so mad, I could cry!*

Flo. *Here, Solomon!*

Stea. *Go where I told thee—*

Sol. *I fly!*

Stea. *Well, do then, and tarry no where by the way.*

Flo. *Quickly run after Lubin.—*

Gil. *Do, Solomon.—*

Sol. *Yea.*

Stea. *What, Gillian, art there?*

Gil. *Yes, I am!—*

Stea. *Why dost sigh,*
When the hour of thy happiness waxeth so nigh?

Gil. *Why, you know well enough.—*

Stea. *Come, come, do not sorrow.*

Gil. *Go along: get away!—*

Stea. *By yea, and by nay,*
Thy mind shall be easy, believe me, to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.*

Enter LUBIN.

Lub. What a plague have they brought me here for? I am in a rare humour; they'd better not provoke me; they would not have set eyes on me again, if it had not been that I want to see how she can look me in the face after all this.

Enter FLORETTA.

Flo. There he is.

(*Aside.*)

Lub. She shall find that I am not to be persuaded into anything.

(*Aside.*)

Flo. We shall try.

Lub. And if her father and all of them were at this minute begging and praying me to marry her, they should see—

(*Aside.*)

Flo. That you would consent to it with all your heart.

(*Aside.*)

Lub. I'll just abuse her heartily! tell the Quaker what an old fool he is; call her father and mother all to pieces for persuading her to marry him! then get me down to my farm, and be as careful to keep myself out of love, as I would to keep my wheat free from tares, a fox from my poultry, or the murrain from my cattle.

(*Aside.*)

Flo. If I should make you alter your tone now!

(*Aside.*)

Lub. I remember the time, when 'twas who should love most: but what a fool am I to think of that now; no, no, she shall find I can forget her, as easily as she can forget me.

(*Aside.*)

Flo. That I firmly believe.

(*Aside.*)

DUET.—FLORETTA *and* LUBIN.

Flo. *How! Lubin sad! this is not common;*
What do ye sigh for?

Lub. *A woman.*

Flo. *How fair is she who on your brow*
Prints care?

Lub. *Just such a toy as thou.*

Flo. *What has she done?—*

Lub. *For ever lost my love.*

Flo. *That's sad, indeed! And can no prayers move?*

Lub. *None: 'tis too late, that folly is o'er;*
My love's turn'd to hate, and I'll see her no more.
The time has been when all our boast
Was who should love the other most,
How did I count without my host!
I thought her mine for ever.
But now I know her all deceit;
Will tell her so whene'er we meet,
And were she sighing at my feet—

Flo. *You would forgive her.*

Lub. *Never.*

Flo. *Then I may e'en go back, I find;*
To serve you, sir, I was inclin'd;
But to your own advantage blind,
'Twou'd be a vain endeavour.
'Tis certain she does all she can,
And we had form'd a charming plan
To take her from the Quaker-man.

Lub. *Nay, pr'ythee tell it—*

Flo. *Never.*

Enter. GILLIAN.

Flo. Here she is; now let her speak for herself.

Gil. Oh, Lubin! why would you not hear me speak to you yesterday? I did not sleep a wink all night for thinking on't.

Lub. Why, had I not reason, Gillian, to be angry, when every one I met told me what a fool you had made of me?

Gil. Why, what could I do? Floretta here knows that I have done nothing but abuse old Steady from morning till night about it.

Flo. Come, come, don't let us dispute about what's past, but make use of the present opportunity; we have not a moment to lose. Get you to my master, make up a plausible story how ill you have been used by an old fellow, who has run away with your sweetheart; and tell him, that you come to complain to him, as you know 'tis a custom for every body to do when they are used ill.

Gil. What a rare girl you are, Floretta. But are you sure he won't know him?

Flo. Yes; I heard your father say, he never saw him in all his life.

Lub. That's lucky; leave me alone for a plausible story.

[*Exit.*

Enter SOLOMON.

Flo. Here comes my formal messenger. Well, Solomon, where's your master?

Sol. In the great hall, awaiting your approach.

Gil. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Solomon.

Sol. Words cost us nothing. If I have done thee service, thank me by deeds.

Gil. Oh! what you want me to coax Floretta to marry you?

Sol. I do.

Flo. Solomon has it very much in his power to make me love him.

Sol. How, I pray thee?

Flo. Why, I have said a hundred times, that I

never would marry a man who has always a proverb in his mouth.

Gil. So you have, Floretta. I have heard you.

Sol. And thou would'st have me leave off mine; a word to the wise; thou shalt hear them no more.

Flo. Why, that sounded something like one.

Sol. It must be done by degrees. Word by word great books are written.

Flo. Again.

Sol. I pray thee to pardon me. I shall soon conquer them; but Rome was not built in a day.

Flo. Oh! this is making game of one.

Sol. I protest I mean no ill. I shall forget them, I say. 'Tis a long lane that hath no turning.

Gil. Poor Solomon, he can't help it.

Flo. Have you any desire to marry me?

Sol. Ask the vintner if the wine be good.

Flo. Because I will have my way in this; and I think it very hard you won't strive to oblige me.

Sol. I protest I strive all I can—but custom is second nature; and what is bred in the bone,—verily I had like to have displeased thee again.

Flo. Oh! what you found yourself out, did you? then there's some hopes of amendment.

Sol. It shall be amended. A thing resolved upon is half done; and 'tis an old saying—but what have I to do with old sayings?

Flo. Very true.

Sol. But I must attend on the green.

Flo. Well, go; and by the time I see you next, take care that you get rid of all your musty old sayings. I wonder how so sensible a man as you, could give in to such nonsense.

Sol. Evil communication corrupts good manners; and a dog—pise on the dog! well thou shalt be obeyed, believe me. Pise on the dog!

[*Exit.*

Gil. For goodness' sake, what excuse do you intend to make to him, when he has left off his proverbs?

Flo. Why, desire him to leave off something else; and at the rate of one in a month, he won't have parted with all his peculiarities in seven years.

Gil. Well, how we do use men in love with us, when we take it into our heads!

Flo. And yet they are fools to be used so by us. But I am sure you will never use Lubin ill; he will make you the happiest girl in the world.

AIR.—FLORETTA.

The face which frequently displays
An index of the mind,
Dame Nature has her various ways
To stamp on human kind.

Pure'd brows denote the purse-proud man.
Intent on some new scheme;
Clos'd eyes the politician,
For ever in a dream.

But features of ingenuous kind,
Which semblance bear of truth,
Display, methinks, in face and mind,
The portrait of this youth.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall.*

Enter STEADY *and* LUBIN.

Lub. Your servant, sir.

Stea. Thine, friend.

Lub. I hope, sir, you'll excuse my rudeness.

Stea. I don't perceive thee guilty of any.

Lub. May be not; but I made bold to ask, if I might not trouble your worship about a little affair, concerning my being sadly ill-used.

Stea. Speak freely.

Lub. Why, there's a covetous old hunks, an't like your worship, that because he is rich, would fain take away a young woman that I was to be married to, without her consent or mine.

Stea. Has the old hunks, thou speakest of, the consent of her friends?

Lub. They have no consent to give, an't please you.

Stea. And why, I pray thee?

Lub. Because, as I take it, if anybody gives a thing, 'tis not theirs any longer; and they gave me their consent long ago.

Stea. Thou speakest the truth, but what wouldst thou have me to do in this business?

Lub. Why, please you, sir, I have often heard it said of your worship, that there were three things you'd never suffer in our village, if you could help it; the maidens to go without sweethearts; the industrious without reward; and the injured without redress; and to be sure, it made me think, that if you were once acquainted with the rights of this affair, you would not suffer it to go on; "for," says I, "set in case it was his worship's own concern, how would he like to have the young woman taken away from him, that he is going to marry?"

Stea. There thou saidst it.

Lub. Why yes, I thought that was bringing the case home.

Stea. Well, attend on the lawn; make thy claim known, and if the parties concerned are present deliver to them what I now write thee for that purpose. (*Writes.*)

Lub. This is better and better still; how they'll all be laughed at! he little thinks he is signing his consent to part with Gillian. (*Aside.*)

Stea. Do thou direct it, (*giving him the paper.*) thou knowest to whom it is to be given.

Lub. Yes, I am sure the person will be upon the lawn.

Stea. And fear not to tell him thy mind.

Lub. I sha'n't be sparing of that, I warrant you.

Stea. Urge thy ill usage.

Lub. Never fear me.

Stea. And tell him, that by endeavouring to prevent thy happiness, he hath done thee an injury he can never repair. For that riches are given to us to comfort, and not distress those beneath us.

AIR.—LUBIN.

With respect, sir, to you, be it spoken,
So well do I like your mimics,
He shall have it, and by the same token,
I don't much intend to be nice.

There's something so comical in it,
I he'er was so tickled by half!
And was I to die the next minute,
I verily think I should laugh.

Affairs happen better and better,
Your worship,—but mind the old put,
When First he looks over the letter,
I say, what a figure he'll cut.

[*Exit.*

Enter GILLIAN *and* FLORETTA.

Flo. Yonder he goes; I wonder how he succeeded.

Stea. Come, Gillian, I was anxious to see thee; the time draweth near, and the sports will shortly begin on the lawn.

Gil. I long to be there as much as you do.

Stea. I doubt it not; and when thou seest thyself the queen of such a set of happy mortals, I know thou wilt consent that this shall be thy bridal day.

Flo. Yes, sir, if you'll consent to her having Lubin.

Gil. And I can tell you he's to be there.

Stea. Lubin, I'm sure, will not oppose what I decree.

Gil. I'm sure he won't part with me quietly.

Stea. Thou shalt see that he will not dare to murmur at my will and pleasure. But come, we are expected. Verily, I find myself exalted even to transport, in that I am going this day to make thee a bride.

AIR.—STEADY.

In verity, damsel, thou surely wilt find,
That my manners are simple and plain;
That my words and my actions, my lips and my mind,
By my own good-will never are twain.
I love thee—umph!
Would move thee—umph!
Of love to be a partaker.
Relent then—umph!
Consent then—umph!
And take thy upright Quaker.

Though vain I am not, nor of fopp'ry possess'd,
Wouldst thou yield to be wedded to me,
Thou shouldst find, gentle damsel, a heart in my breast
As joyful as joyful can be.
I love thee, &c.

[*Exit*

Gil. Why, I don't see but that I am as bad off as ever, Floretta.

Flo. I don't know what to make of it myself; but, however, if the worst comes to the worst, you must downright give them the slip, and run away.

[*Exit.*

Enter LUBIN.

Lub. Gillian, I have just watched the old Quaker out, and slipped back to tell you that every thing goes well. I have got his consent under his hand to marry the young woman.

Gil. And does he know 'tis me?

Lub. Not a bit; but you know he never forfeits his word, so that we have him safe enough. But don't let us be seen together. I am going to the lawn; we shall have fine sport, I warrant you.

[*Exit.*

AIR.—GILLIAN.

Again I feel my bosom bound,
My heart sits lightly on its seat;
My griefs are all in rapture drown'd,
In every pulse new pleasures beat.

Upon my troubled mind at last,
Kind fate has pour'd a friendly balm;
So, after dreadful peri s past,
At length succeeds a smiling calm.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Lawn, with a May-pole.*

STEADY, EASY, LUBIN, SOLOMON, GILLIAN, FLORETTA, CICELY, *Country Lads and Lasses, discovered.*

Stea. Friends and neighbours, it hath been my study since I first came among you, to do whatever might procure me your love and esteem. I have instituted a custom, the salutary effects of which I view with great gladness; and each is well entitled to the reward he has received. I will now propose to you a question, to see which of you can make the most ready reply. What, of all things in the world, is the longest and the shortest, the swiftest and the slowest, the most precious, the most neglected, and, without which, nothing can be done?

First Coun. The earth.

Stea. No.

Second Coun. Ah! I knew you would not guess it. Light, an't please your worship.

Stea. Thou art as much mistaken as he, friend.

Lub. 'Tis my belief 'tis time. Nothing can be longer, because 'twill last for ever; nothing can be shorter, because 'tis gone in a moment; nothing can go slower than it does, when one's away from her one loves, and nothing swifter when one's with her. 'Tis an old saying—

Sol. Friend, I hate old sayings.

Lub. That 'tis as precious as gold; and yet we are always throwing it away. And, your worship, as a proof that nothing can be done without it, if the old gentleman we were talking about to-day, had not had the opportunity of my absence, he could not have run away with a certain young damsel.

Stea. Thou hast solved my question aright, and art indeed an ingenious youth. If thou goest on as thou hast begun, I foresee that thou wilt win the dower. Give me now your several claims, sealed up as usual, and go on with the sports while I peruse them.

A Dance.

Stea. Hast thou nothing to give, young man? (*To Lubin.*)

Lub. Why, yes, please your worship, I have.

Stea. This is addressed unto me! let me view the contents; how! my own hand! Thou expectest, I find, to receive this damsel for thy wife; and thy plot, which thou didst so artfully carry on, was contrived to make my neighbours laugh at me.

Lub. No, with respect to your worship, 'twas to keep them from laughing at you.

Stea. How is this?

Lub. Why, you know, you advised me to tell the old gentleman a piece of my mind.

Stea. Thou shalt see the revenge I will take upon thee for this. I will comply with the contents of this paper to the utmost. Here, read this aloud. (*To a Countryman.*)

Coun. "If the youth Lubin—"

Stea. Thou seest I knew thee then.

Lub. I am afraid I have been too cunning for myself.

Stea. You see, neighbours, how I am treated; and I request of you to be witness how much I behoveth us to resent such injuries. Go on.

Coun. "If the youth Lubin, will faithfully love and cherish the maiden, called Gillian, and make her a good helpmate, I do freely give my consent

to her becoming his wife, and request her friends to do the same."

Lub. How is this?

Stea. This is my revenge. By thy ingenuity thou hast won the dower; and by thy truth and integrity my friendship.

Lub. Was ever the like?

Gil. I never could abide you before, but now I shall love you as long as I live.

Stea. Verily, my heart warmeth unto you both; your innocency and love are equally respectable. And would the voluptuous man taste a more exquisite sensation than the gratifying his passions, let him prevail upon himself to do a benevolent action.

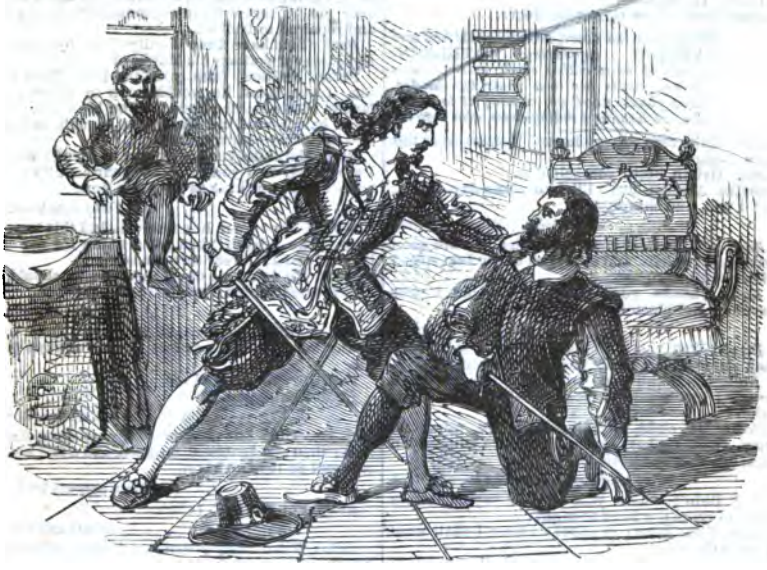
CATCH.

Let nimble dancers beat the ground,
Let tabor, flageolet, and fife,
Be heard from every bower;
Let the can go round:
What's the hea'th? long life
To the donor of the dower!

[*Exeunt severally.*

JOHN FELTON.

A PLAY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY EDWARD STIRLING.



Buckingham.—"DOG, LET THIS TEACH YOUR TONGUE."—*Act* i, *scene* 2.

Persons Represented.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.	OLIVER.	OFFICER OF BASTILE.	ANN OF AUSTRIA.
DUKE DE SOUBISE.	KIRBY.	THE GRIFFIN.	MADAME DE HAULEFORT.
EARL OF CLEVELAND.	DR. LAME.	OFFICERS, GUARDS, SERVANTS, VILLAGERS, SAILORS, WORKMEN.	KATHLEEN.
SIR THOMAS FEYER.	TIPPERY TIBBS.		DAME ALLNUT.
JOHN FELTON.	FLIBBERTIGIBBET.		MOG.
NOLL ALLNUT.	MONSIEUR PIPI.		

First performed at the Royal Surrey Theatre, London, 1852. (Licensed.)

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Hostelrie of ye Swan, Lambythe Ferry, 1625.—The interior of an ancient inn, with large Bay window looking on the Thames. A staircase, a rude fire-place, settle, chairs, &c., bottles and glasses painted on scene. The sign of the Swan seen on a pole through the window. A storm of thunder and lightning.* THE GRIFFIN (*a half-idiot serving-man or tapster*) *lying before the dying embers of the fire. A light red glare over his form. Lightning seen through window.*

(*Music. Voices heard.*) House! ho! hoy! hoy! hoy!

(*Griffin snores oudly. Blows heard on the door.*)

Griffin. (*Half asleep.*) Ho-hoy, till you're tired—ha—(*Blows at door.*) Ah! Strike away. Griffin's too well used to hard knocks to heed.

(*Thunder. Blows increased.*)

Felton. (*Without.*) Patience, good sir; we have been bawling against the wind, which I need not say hath beaten us hollow—let us try another experiment.

(*Fires pistol.*)

(*The Griffin starts up hurriedly—Screams heard within;* OLD NOLL ALLNUT *and* GRACE (*his wife*) *rush down stairs, speaking together. Dame Allnut in night-dress.*)

Old Noll. The saints preserve us! what is it?

(*Mog, the cook wench, a grotesque girl, with red hair, and oddly attired, tumbles down stairs, bawling.*)

Mog. Murder! robbery! oh, master! oh, missus!
Buck. (*At window.*) Halloa!
Griffin. Who are you?

(*Yawning.*

Felton. Travellers—
Buck. Quick, man, open your doors.

(*They open the doors,* BUCKINGHAM *and* FELTON, *supporting* KATHLEEN, *wrapped in a riding cloak, enter. Dame Allnut assists her to a chair by the fire. Mog places wood on, causing it to blaze. Buckingham in a riding-dress, also Felton.*

Buck. Take care of my horse. I must cross the ferry to-night.
Moll. Griffin, bestir yourself, dog.
Griffin. Always dog. I'll bite some day, ha, ha, ha! I will, and sharply too.

[*Aside. Yawns and exit.*

Dame All. My dear young lady, the fire will soon revive your spirits, and a flaggon of my best spiced wine put all to rights.
Kath. Thanks, good dame. I am but a poor traveller, and blush to cause this trouble.

(*Mog spreads table.*)

Dame. Will you go up-stairs, sweet lady? In such a storm, no wonder you're wet through.
Kath. No, thank you. My father insisted upon covering me with his cloak. Will you change, father?
Felton. No, child. Nothing hurts me, rain, hail, snow, frost, or heat, makes no more impression upon me than upon this leather.

(*Touching portmanteau he brought on.*)

Noll. Didn't I hear your honour say you were going to cross the ferry to-night?
Buck. Thou didst; in about an hour I shall want to cross the river.
Noll. And you, friend?
Felton. I purpose remaining here, if you can accommodate me and my daughter; we are fatigued.
Dame. Ay, that will we, I warrant. Now, supper's ready—fall too, masters.
Buck. We will, Dame—a long ride and a cold wind are famous whetstones to a journeyer's appetite.

(*They sit and take supper.*)

Fill a flaggon, master host, let it overflow, I am thirsty.
Noll. Ale?
Buck. Ale! a murrain seize the ale; hast no wine, man?
Dame. Some of my own making, sir. The best elderberry that was ever in bottle.
Noll. And some fine hollands brandy.
Buck. Let us have brandy—come, quick, now! (*Noll pours brandy out.*) May I ask if this is the first time you have visited London?
Felton. It is not.
Buck. Long since?
Felton. The year of the Powder Plot.
Buck. Have you ever served in the army?
Felton. Yes.
Buck. Commissioned, of course.
Felton. No; only a poor Lieutenant. Promotion goes by favour in these times; and 'tis not every one that has the luck of a Buckingham, the pampered puppit.
Buck. (*Starting.*) No!
Felton. After serving five-and-twenty years, and shedding my best blood in the service of King James, I was refused a Captaincy in the regiment to which I belonged, though it was my right. One of the Duke's creatures, a mere stripling, was set over me. I threw up my commission in disgust, and repaired to Ireland.
Buck. You have been hardly dealt by, indeed. Did you ever petition his Majesty?
Felton. Petition! faith, you little know John Felton, if you think he would stoop to solicit as a favour that which he knows to be his right. No, no; I have served the King long enough, and will now serve my country. (*Rising.*)
Buck. Methinks you are over nice, friend; nor do I see clearly how you can serve your country without serving your king at the same time.

(*Noll pours brandy.*)

Noll. I hope your honours will find this to your taste. The "Swan" has got a name for ale and liquors, and I'll swear this is neat.
Buck. No doubt, no doubt; every man should be able to swear to his own christened child.

(*Drinks and rises.*)

Dame. (*Giving a horn to Kathleen.*) Take this, young lady; it will comfort you—it always does me.
Mog. (*Grinning.*) And me.
Kath. Thank you.

(*Mog drinks, then replaces horn.*)

Felton. Thou hadst better retire at once, Kathleen; thou art, doubtless, fatigued, and a few hours' rest will do thee no harm.

(*Kathleen approaches him.*)

Kath. Thy blessing, father.

(*Embracing him.*)

Felton. Thou hast, a cushla. Heaven bless and preserve thee from harm!
Kath. Father, there is a tear in thine eye! Why is this?
Felton. Bid yon stranger good night, girl, and get thee to bed.
Kath. (*Going towards Buckingham.*) Good night, fair sir.
Buck. (*Taking her hands and kissing them.*) Good night, fair maid of Erin! I loved thy country before, but I shall henceforth love it better for thy sake! Good night! (*Aside.*) How beautiful she is!
Dame. Come this way, lady; Mog, carry the light.
Mog. Yes, missus!

(*Runs upstairs and falls.*)

Dame Allnut conducts Kathleen up, at the moment OLIVER, *the ferryman, enters, seeing Kathleen's receding figure.*

Noll. My son, an't please your honours—my son Oliver. I told him he would be wanted to ferry your honour across the river.
Oliver. And I am come to say the boat's ready, sir.
Buck. And I am both ready and willing. Order the horse out.
Felton. Do you journey far, fair sir?
Buck. To Windsor.
Felton. Windsor! The Court is there. Do you chance to know his Grace the Duke of Buckingham?
Buck. I have seen him often.

Felton. Heaven send him a wiser and better head, or he may rue the consequences. May I ask who it is I have journeyed with, hither?

Buck. George Beaumont, at your service. (*Bows.*) If you wish to see the Duke of Buckingham, I may be able to assist you, being attached to the Court.

Felton. Thank you, should I need it, I shall not forget your name.

Buck. Nor I yours. But come let us hob-and-nob together.

(*Pours out brandy.*)

Felton. Right willingly.

Buck. Health to you, and a good husband to Kathleen.

Felton. Amen, with all my heart, when she needs one.

Buck. (*Throwing money on the table.*) Success to you, Lieutenant, in your suit to his Grace of Buckingham; commend me to your daughter in the morning; and now, good Master Tapster, lead the way.

[*Exit.*

Noll. A fair journey to you, brave sir—fair journey.

Enter THE GRIFFIN *bowing, as Buckingham leaves, The Griffin stares at him.*

Griffin. It is he, I know. (*Chuckles.*) I know him in spite of his rare disguise, ha, ha! (*Rubs his hands and retires up to the fire.*) The Griffin can see as far as wise folks. My claws shall fasten on his delicate throat! I'll strangle him!

Nell. I wonder who he is, he pays like a lord.

(*Counting money.*)

Felton. (*Smiling.*) One of the Court daws. One who has more gold than wit, and makes bad use of both.

Noll. I'd a mind when I heard him talk about the Court, to ask him if he would speak a word to some of the lords, to get our boy Oliver forward, he has great parts, and might come to be a duke.

Felton. Or to be a head shorter.

Re-enter DAME ALLNUT.

Dame. Gad-a-mercy! what! cut my boy's head off!

Felton. If you love your boy, keep him clear of these jackanapes in their scarlet and gold bravery; a set of peacocks, mark you, who peck and screech at all such as are not in fine feathers like themselves.

Dame. Sure the gentleman speaks like a book Oliver shan't be a duke.

Felton. Better far that he earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and the labour of his hands, than by wearing the livery of the great. It brings the fire into my cheek, when I see a fine lusty fellow whose head is six feet high in the air, garnished with gold and silver, running hither and thither, like a spaniel dog at the whistle of a coxcomb whom he styles master.

Dame. If all were of your way of thinking, who should serve the great folk?

Felton. Faith, dame, if all were of my thinking, the great folk would 'een have to serve themselves. I have now a word or two to say, which concerns us all. I know not how long I may remain in these parts, and fain would take up a lodging where I alone (an old soldier) could be easily accommodated, but I have a daughter.

Dame. A sweet girl.

Felton. And a good one. I fear I shall find some difficulty in settling upon a proper place, for I may e'en have to absent myself awhile—and 'tis no small trifle to leave a handsome girl within reach of the gay gallants of the town. Will you, Dame, shelter my child for a fair consideration?

Noll. Never fear, sir, never fear for her. If you can make yourself at home with us, do it in all welcome.

Felton. I am not rich, yet I will give earnest in advance.

(*Offers purse.*)

Dame. Nay, but you sha'n't, it will be enough to pay the reckoning when it's due.

Noll. And I warrant we shall never fall out.

Re-enter OLIVER.

Noll. Well, lad, have you placed the stranger in safety across the ferry?

Oliver. Yes, father, and a well-spoken gentleman he is; and giveth largess like a duke.

(*Throws purse on table.*)

Felton. Like a fool! and he earned it, he wouldn't throw it away so readily.

Dame. Did you discover who and what he is, boy?

Oliver. All I know is—that his name is George Beaumont, and that he calleth himself a page at Windsor, moreover hath promised me his fair word, an' I choose to seek service there.

(*A bugle sounds, and a troop of men-at-arms march past the window; part of them remaining before it with torches, arms, &c.*)
Enter Officer and four Soldiers.

Dame. Gad a mercy, sir! what's all this. Soldiers?

(*All appear surprised. Griffin watching.*)

Officer. (*Reading a paper.*) One John Felton, late Lieutenant in Sir John Ramsay's regiment of Foot, is here, I believe.

Felton. You believe right, sir, I am the man.

Officer. You are the king's prisoner, and I am commissioned to arrest you.

(*Griffin runs up stairs.*)

Griffin. Prisoner! jail! irons? Ha, ha, ha! I know—rare fun. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*

Felton. Of what crime am I accused?

Officer. My orders are to apprehend your person.

Felton. I know my duty as a soldier, and obey, though I do protest myself innocent of any crime against his majesty.

Dame. That I'll be sworn.

Noll. And I'll go bail, too.

Felton. Take care of my Kathleen, Dame.

KATHLEEN *rushes down stairs, followed by The Griffin, pointing to the Soldiers.*

Kath. Father, dear father, what will they do with you? why are you taken from me thus? (*To officer.*) Oh, sir, he cannot have done wrong—so good, so just, so generous—why molest us?

Officer. I have my orders.

Kath. To do ill, and break the spirit by fetters and slavery. Oh, sir, be merciful, and leave us to ourselves. You are deceived — what evil can a poor, humble man, like my father, do against the state. I'll stake my life—nay, more, that which is worth a *thousand* lives, my honour, on my father's innocence and loyalty.

Felton. This is useless, child. If I resist—

Officer. I employ force. (*Soldiers raise their arms.*) My orders are not to delay.

Felton. Farewell, child, you shall speedily hear of me again.

Kath. Let me go with you, to share the dangers that threaten you; fear not for my courage, I can endure patiently, silently. A dungeon's gloom would be far more preferable to my heart, with thee, than the luxury of a palace separated from a dear, dear father's love.

(*The Officer motions — Soldiers form round Felton—Dame takes Kathleen.—Picture.*)

Officer. To York House.

Griffin. (*Aside.*) I'll go too. Ha, ha, ha! (*Rubs his hands.*) The boat, the boat!

(*Music*)

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in York House, the palace of the Duke of Buckingham, Strand, with a bay-window, looking on the Thames, and water-gate.*

Enter DOCTOR LAMB, *an astrologer and emissary of the Duke.*

Lamb. Baccho! what a night. (*Looking from window. Lightning.*) There again. Brighter, and more blinding than the noonday sun. More mischief to work for his grace the duke of Buckingham. In my assumed title of doctor, I have to aid him in all the trickeries into which his wilful passions lead him. To-day, a love philter—to-morrow, a secret arrest, perhaps, a life sacrificed. Should I refuse, I may perchance be hanged, or burnt for a wizard —for such am I accounted—as a student in alchemy and the occult sciences. (*Smiles.*) Such is the force of prejudice and unlettered ignorance.

Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. *Lamb bows.*

Buck. Ensconce thee, grave doctor, our sturdy captive comes. While I deal with the parent bird, do *you* seek the nest of my pretty dove, the daughter. Seek opportunity to give her this letter, telling her how devotedly her slave is George Beaumont. Use despatch, good doctor, and a golden guerdon shall reign upon your devoted head—away, away. The "Swan" at Lambythe conceals the fairest light that ever shone on our poor world. Win me her favour and regard, and by the mysteries thou dealest in, Buckingham will ever live thy debtor.

Lamb. Your grace's bidding shall be done. Doubt not my zeal.

[*Exit, being hurried out.*

Buck. I do not, most learned doctor, especially quickened as it is by your interest. Golden ointment is a marvellous salve for defective visions. The girl, at every risk, shall become my prize. Yes, even despite the opposition of her stern sire. Her bright glances have stricken a deeper wound here (*Touches his heart.*) than the well-directed glances of all the court beauties levelled *en masse* at my poor self, ha, ha, ha!

Enter the Officer. He salutes.

Well, Kirby, have you made the arrest without resistance?

Kirby. Yes, your grace, the prisoner surrendered without a blow.

Buck. And he is——

Kirby. Waiting, without, your grace's commands.

Buck. Admit him instantly.

[*Exit Kirby.*

Now to probe the malcontent, and if deserving, to tender justice. Promotion might shut his eyes and mouth, and carve a road to Kathleen's heart.

Re-enter KIRBY *with* FELTON. *He starts on seeing Buckingham.*

Felton. The stranger!

Buck. Leave us. [*Exit Kirby.*] Well, Master Felton, what might be thy message to his grace? Nay, man, untie thy tongue; thou did'st need, said'st thou, no commendment. Speak, now, *I* am the duke.

Felton. (*Surprised.*) If, indeed, thou be the duke, I stand in the presence of England's scourge.

Buck. Thou art no friend, I see; yet in what hath he done *thee* wrong?

Felton. You know well what wrongs are mine, and to whom I owe them. Why am I dragged here thus suddenly?

Buck. To serve thee. This arrest was a *ruse* to gain speech of you—to redress your wrongs. In what have I offended John Felton?

Felton. Did you not set a smooth-faced boy to command grey beards?

Buck. An thou art one of these, thou should'st e'en have the wisdom of one; but I will make amends. A vacant colonelcy is in my gift. It shall be yours.

Felton. And step over the head of some brave soldier whose greater right it is? No, my lord duke, remove thy minion from that rank which of right is mine, and raise me to it.

Buck. Harkye, sir. I might have left thee to prate of injustice, nor was I bounden to redress it; but I choose to offer you a superior rank. Decide—think well on't, ere you refuse.

Felton. I am not like a woman with half-a-score of wills. *I have* decided—to refuse your offer.

Buck. Be it so. You said you had a message for me to be delivered alone. What is it? To thy business. It is—

Felton. It *was* thy death! Thy life was in danger

Buck. My life—

Felton. Ay, and *mine* the hand that was to take it.

Buck. And your motive?

Felton. Private wrongs and a hatred of your tyranny. An hour since, your life was not worth the purchase, For this I came from Ireland. But you have now done me a favour, and you are safe. Reform thy ways—learn to do good instead of evil —and folks will honour, not despise thee.

Buck. (*Laughs.*) Marry, 'tis long since I was so lectured. Know you not you life is in my hands for the treason you have confessed?

Felton. I know it.

Buck. Thou art a bold man.

Felton. And *thou a duke.* To *thee*, my lord, I say *thou* dost oppress the poor, and the poor do curse thee for it. You act the tyrant, when it should be thine to play a gentler part; and thy injustice 'twas that incited me to do a murderous deed in *thought*, that unless you become a wiser and better man I will yet do in act.

Buck. Threaten me!

(*Placing his hand on his sword.*)

Felton. Warn you.

Buck. Another breath of defiance, and your carcase shall grace the gallows.

Felton. A thousand words, an' I like! Proud man, beware; or my sword shall teach you forbearance and mercy.

Buck. Hound! fool! your doom is sealed. Love and vengeance shall feed on the same dish. A word—a look, and a dungeon receives thee!

Felton. It receives an honest man; but that's a thing your grace knows little of.

Buck. (*Striking him with sword.*) Insolent braggart!

(*Felton rushes on Buckingham; a struggle; Felton is forced on one knee. Buckingham holds his sword to his throat.*

Felton. Strike! you know I am unarmed.

Buck. Dog! let this teach your tongue——

(*Raises his arm.*)

THE GRIFFIN *jumps through the window, and wildly catches Buckingham by the throat.*

Griffin. Run, master, run! A boat is under the window. I followed and watched. The Griffin never sleeps when mischief's abroad. Ha, ha, ha!

(*Felton runs to the window.*)

Buck. Take your hands off, ruffian—I shall choke!

Griffin. Choke! ha, ha, ha! capital!—Away, master, away! If he cries for help, or moves—I'll cram my fist down his fine throat! The Griffin has claws—ha, ha, ha!

Felton. We shall meet to settle this account, my lord. Reform your ways, and speedily, or the balance will not be in your favour.

[*Exits through window.*

Buck (*Striving to call.*) Help ——

Griffin. I'll help you, an' you cry, to a souse in the Thames. Dost remember me? I have an old grudge to settle with the great Buckingham. I, the poor rejected outcast, without coat or serving man, house or coin, have your life in my grasp. (*Shakes him.*) Dost know me, eh? Dost remember last Hampton revels, how you ordered your pampered serving men to whip a friendless, helpless boy from the green, for mere sport; and when he cried, and begged for pity, laughed and struck him with your riding whip—eh? dost remember it? Oh, it was a gallant feat, and well becoming thy rank, and bravery. I've cherished this deed here —(*strikes his heart*)—vowed to repay it! To-night, in spite of disguise, I knew thee. When your soldiers seized that man, I followed in our boat, under that window heard all, and now——

Buck. What seek ye, rascal?

Griffin. A dip in the Thames, ha, ha, ha! You shall swim for your life, worthless as you are! Come, come!

(*Dragging him towards window.*)

Buck. Villain, would you drown me?

Griffin. Ay, would I! So drown, drown! Ha! ha! (*Drags him to window.*)

(*Music.—Jumps into the river with Buckingham.*)

SCENE III. — *Lambythe Wells in 1625. May-day sports; a May pole, Rustic tables, chairs, &c. The scene very gay with streamers and garlands—various groups of Holiday visitors — some dancing to the sound of pipe and tabor, as the scene opens. Music — the figure of a man dipping a pitcher into a pool, and words,* "*The Lambythe Wells.*" DAME ALLNUT, NOLL ALLNUT, *and* MOG, *their maid, all dressed very fine, dancing.*

Dame. This is brave, another foot—marry, I have a merry foot.

(*Dancing furiously, she falls, all laugh.*)

Dame. Where's Oliver and Kathleen.

Mog. Gone a courting under the gooseberry bushes. (*Laughs.*)

Noll. Silence, prate a-pace! 'tis time our boy took him a wife, his heart inclineth to this stranger.

Dame. Dost think he hankereth after her?

Noll. Faith do I, and I have said as much to her.

(*Loud laughing heard, and trumpet. Mog runs down the stage clapping her hands.*)

Mog. He's coming! Oh la!—oh dear! The wonderful wonders. The great Chinese Doctor from the moon.

Noll. Ha, ha, ha! It's the renowned Signor Quang Fong Von Hook, from outlandish countries far over seas, that sells nostrums, and cures all disorders but empty pockets.

(*Loud laughing, and* DR. SIGNOR QUANG LONG VON HOOK *is drawn on in a travelling mountebank medicine temple, with a Merry Andrew blowing a horn. The Doctor is dressed most grotesquely, half Chinese and half English, high cap, long beard and wand. Mob following, all form a circle round.*)

[*Exeunt Dame and Noll.*

Von Hook. Hear, hear, all nations and people, high low, Jack and game, the great, noble, original, illustrimous, industrissimous, not to be approached, Dr. Signor Quang Long Von Hook is arrived from celestial countries beyond the moon to cure all possible and impossible diseases. Makes the old young, the blind see, and those that never had legs run a race and wear Jack boots. (*Shews medicine bottles. Trumpet blows.*) Only one silver piece. The grand compound, Elixir of Life, take twenty drops, fasting every morning cataplasm, and you'll live till you die. Double the quantity before you wake, and you'll double your age, and so on as long as you like. Now, my worthy citizens of London, I am going to make every mother's son of you a present of a crown each, I love you so greatly. (*Mob huzza.*) Let all persons willing to accept my magnanimous offer stand forward. (*All run over.*) Very good. (*Takes up a phial.*) You observe this liquid, it cures the spleen, high living, low wages, weak eyes, and doldrums. The price is two crowns, cheap as dirt. Now you shall have it for one, thus I make you a clear present of the other crown, and all for love. Step forward, this way, only a crown. (*All walk away and groan.*) Selling off, under prime cost, awful sacrifice. Young woman, what are you looking for—a sweetheart, here's the coaxing powder, to soften hard hearts—only a penny.

Mog. (*Laughs.*) Law, sir, I want a bumping pennyworth, please, sir.

Von Hook. Here's a woman for you, boys; an honour to her sex, and a glory to her country. When taken to be well shaken; if one pennyworth won't do—take more, the goodness all lies at the bottom. (*An old man whispers to him.*) Oh! something to cure your wife's bad temper. (*Gives a stick.*) This ointment applied twice a day for a week. Use this morning and night, if one dose doesn't do double it. (*Shout.*) Now young woman, here's your pennyworth of love, take it daily mixed with five hundred pounds of deceit, and an equal quantity of nonsense, and flattery, mix them all up together, sweetening it with angel, charmer, goddess, and the like. (*All laugh.*) If that don't cure you, the devil and Doctor Faustus must.

Mog. Take it all, doctor?

Von Hook. All, and as much more, if you can pay for it. Any gentleman's son want his fortune told, by hocus, and pocus, Jemmy Nokus, or the rules of Higgledy, Jigledy, riggledy, piggledy? For copper, I can tell you but little; for silver, I can tell you little more; but for gold, I can tell you more than you want to know. No customers? (*To Mog.*) Shall I tell you yours, my little darling?

Mog. Yes, an' it please you, learned doctor; but you must trust me the money.

Von Hook. Can't do it. No pay, no pipe. I dare not. Capricornus, the horned goat, won't let me; and Taurus, the bull, would give me a toss up, if I trusted a groat. No money, no luck. (*Music heard of pipe and tabor. All run off.*) Dancing has enticed my customers away. Shut up the shop, and stop the trumpet, Flibbertigibbet. We'll cut a caper on the green with the best of 'em. Will you dance with the illustrious Von Hook?

Mog. 'Faith, will I, an' the Horned Goat be not offended, and the Bull rampagious at the liberty.

Von Hook. (*Kissing her.*) Hang the goat, and drown the bull. Off we go.

(*Dances her up stage.*)

Flibber. The blue pills, Master Doctor—the blue pills; (*following*) what am I to do with them.

Von Hook. Take 'em with a black draught, you rogue. Be merry, or I'll make you swallow the shop.

[*Exit with Mog.*

Enter OLIVER *and* KATHLEEN. THE GRIFFIN *is seen watching and stealing after them. He secretes himself behind a bush. They sit on a bench.*

Oliver. Kathleen, at the risk of your displeasure, I have a confession to make, which I cannot longer withhold.

Kath. A confession to me?

Oliver. I am plain of speech; and if what I may say give you offence, do thou in candour tell me so.

Kath. I promise it.

Oliver. Then, as heaven is my witness, I do love thee in all truth and in all honour. Oftimes hath it been upon my lips to tell you, but fear held my tongue tied. Thy coldness choked the words as they rose; I believed you despised me.

Kath. You did me wrong. Wherefore should I despise you?

Oliver. I meant not myself, but my love. 'Twas *that* I feared thou would'st scorn.

Kath. Forbid that I should scorn a love so pure, or despise thee for giving utterance thereto. No, Oliver, no; I do neither scorn thy love nor thee. But you did beseech that in candour I would answer you, and e'en so will I. Forget thy love for me, then, for indeed—indeed, our fate is not to come together. (*Rising.*)

Oliver. 'Tis as I suspected. You love this Beaumont—you cannot deny it.

Kath. I seek not to deny it; but you alone know my secret; not for worlds would I that *he* knew it.

Oliver. Is there no hope for me? You are the first maiden that e'er kindled love in my breast. I could worship thee—nay, give up my life. Say not, then, that all hope is lost.

Kath. It pains me to hear you talk thus. Indeed, I am unworthy a love so pure as thine, for I feel humbled within myself that I should incline to a stranger. I would, but I cannot, cast him off.

Oliver. Shun him, Kathleen—shun him. I fear he is a dangerous man.

(*The Griffin conceals himself.*)

Kath. I feel it impossible to take your counsel.

Griffin. (*Loud.*) Fool, fool! Ha, ha, ha!

Kath. We are watched. Let us seek your father.

Oliver. Think of the danger you rashly venture into, loving this Court gallant.

Kath. My father is a soldier. Think you a craven spirit befitting a soldier's daughter?

[*Exeunt.*

(*The Griffin slowly emerges from concealment.*)

Griffin. Madam Kathleen's head is cracked with folly, and love for an evil doer. I wot she knows not the kite she hankereth after. I spoilt his fine plumage in the Thames. How bravely he swam—each stroke for his life; and as the waters ruffled, and played round his head, he vowed to give me to the gallows for the trick I played him; as he strove to seize me, I dived, and passed his grasp. He learnt not to swim with the mallard and wild swan, who searches the sedgy banks, and the nests of the water-fowl, at all times, midst storm and sunshine, like The Griffin. I can tell where the cunning fowler lays his nets, and the fisher seeks his speckled prey, where the brave green rushes lift their heads, and the banks where the trout basks 'i the sun. Oftimes when the moon sleeps, I wander forth with whoop and joy far over meadow and mead, alone—alone, none to scoff, or strike, or chide, for what master calls my folly. Who ever taught me to be wise? Passengers at the Ferry call me "Poor fool," and throw me pence, with a curse or a blessing—more often the curse. (*Sighs.*) No mother ever spoke kindly or sheltered me! I am fatherless! I wonder if the bright stars are fatherless.

Buck. (*Heard speaking.*) Out with it.

Griffin. More mischief afield. Up—up and be doing, Griffin. If ye are caught, more stripes or hempen cravat for the moonlight ride on the Thames.

(*Climbs a tree, and looks out.*)

Enter BUCKINGHAM *with* DR. LAMB.

Lamb. I pray your Grace to hear me. 'Tis true I did not see the girl, but I failed not to learn of them a thing or two of import to your Grace.

Buck. Out with it, in the name of the imp thou lovest most.

Lamb. I have heard the girl is here, Maying at the Wells

Buck. Alone?

Lamb. The young ferryman, Oliver, attends he Report says he is deeply smitten with her charms

Buck. I fear him not. She looks on me with

beaming, loving eye, and blushing cheek. Is the boat prepared?

Lamb. It is moored off the garden. We have not been able to trace the boy that so rudely assaulted your Grace. He is described by his master as half an idiot. Soldiers are still searching for him.

Buck. The our shall surely die for his insolence.

Griffin. (Looks out.) When you catch him. Ha, ha, ha!

Lamb. It were easy to carry off the girl during the revel.

Buck. Such is my intention. Do thou follow her steps. Give me intelligence if she leave the Wells. Let my servants be near, if required to aid me.

Lamb. I shall obey your Grace's orders.

[*Bows and exits.*

Buck. The fates smile on my star—the crowning of my hopes approaches. My embassy to Paris—the bright image of the Queen of France, rises up before me, and well-nigh chases all thoughts away of this Irish lass.

(*Sits on bench.*)

Re-enter DOCTOR VON HOOK, *singing and dancing.*

Von Hook. Lilly lal loo ral li sing pip. Capital Hollands, particularly when other folks pay for it. I have sold ten bottles of love, tender vows and faithful hearts, at cost price, ha! currant juice and water. For my wonderful never-die lotion, to make old gaffers young again, I mix brickdust and salt; ha, ha! how they swallow it. A roaring trade this same nostrum and philter making, all profit—no loss. Much better than turning a spit or waiting on greasy citizens, as a tapster, by cock and pye. Pills are the only true way to Eldorado. A guinea for pills blue, peach, or green.

(*Buckingham advances.*)

Buck. Friend?

Von Hook. Do you want bleeding, blistering, or phlebotomy, I'm your man.

Buck. Neither, most worthy mediciner. *(Takes purse out.)* I merely want the loan of your gown, beard, and cap for a few minutes. This shall be the consideration.

Von Hook. Lend my cap! Sir, sir, all my wisdom lies in the cap, my skill in the beard. What's a peacock without a tail, a woman without her tongue, or a doctor without his wig? Besides, how do I know that you don't want to sell a new pill under price, and ruin my trade?

Buck. 'Tis for a masquerading folly.

Von Hook. That's another sow by the ear. I am for you, brave sir, here's my hand this is my skin. (*Takes off beard, cap, and gown. Buckingham gives purse.*) I'll wait your return in the wells, and drink success to your frolic; will you have a few boxes of pills, and a love powder? You'll find 'em useful. (*Buckingham shakes his head.*) Very good; if ever you need a ready hand, I Doctor Quang Long Von Hook, from the colleges of Constantinople, Adrianople and the North Pole, grand pill and plaster maker to the Soldan of Turkey, and doctor to the Emperor of the Moon. (*Bows.*) Come to my shop, and I'll physic and bleed you for nothing.

[*Exit.*

Buck. (*Putting on things.*) Now to follow my sweet Kathleen unsuspected and unobserved.

[*Exit slowly, The Griffin descends cautiously.*

Griffin. Not so fast, great sir, I'll watch and wait for you, ha, ha, ha!

(*Music. Exit slowly.*

Re-enter OLIVER *and* KATHLEEN, *followed by* BUCKINGHAM, *in disguise.*

Oliver. Why do you follow us? We seek none of your wares, good man.

Buck. I am gifted, and read the stars. There is one that loves you deeply, fairly, and he longeth for a happy meeting in return for his love. (*Whispers to her.*) Beaumont.

Kath. Beaumont! *(Starting.)* Where is he?

Buck. At your side.

(*Aside to her.*)

Oliver. Good night, sir, we walk this way.

(*Going.*)

Buck. I'll 'een take leave to walk with you.

Oliver. We seek no fellowship with a mountebank.

Buck. Or I the companionship of a clown.

Oliver. Begone, fellow, or my hand shall punish your insolence.

Buck. Weak words ever rise from a proud stomach.

Oliver. Will you go forward?

Buck. No!

Oliver. Or backwards?

Buck. No, I move as you move.

Oliver. (*Seizing his beard.*) Rascal! I'll souse you in the Thames. (*The beard comes off.*) A trickster! Since when has Master Beaumont learnt the arts of stage player and juggler?

Buck. Ha, ha, ha! fairly caught, gramercy; good. Look not so black, we will drink to our success in love in a stoup of wine, rivals though we be, for the fair Kathleen's smiles.

Kath. I pray you speak one another fair—an' Master Beaumont do wish to walk with us, the road is free to him as to us—let us hasten our steps.

Oliver. So you may be freed from my presence.

Kath. Nay, not so.

Oliver. Yes, yes, 'tis too evident. My dream of happiness is past, vanished for ever. You have cast aside a true heart, albeit a rough one, for a silver tongue, and a fair hand. Heaven grant it prove an honest one.

(*Rushes out.*)

Kath. Oliver! Oliver!

(*Strives to follow him, when Buckingham detains her.*)

Buck. I crave pardon for causing these tears. Yon clown is uninstructed in the common forms of breeding.

Kath. Speak not so of him—his behaviour is ever gentle towards me.

Buck. He hath a warm advocate in thee.

Kath. Not more than friendship such as his deserveth.

Buck. Friendship is near kin to love. A truce to this. I have much to say. (*Music.*) The dancers are returning. Let us stroll towards the river, sweet.

[*Places his arm round her waist and exits.*

A party of Morris Dancers, accompanied by DAME NOLL, *and headed by* VON HOOK *and* MOG, *enter, dancing.*

Von Hook. Strike up! Ten powders and a pill-box for those that dance longest, free—gratis!

(*A Morris dance, or garland dance. Mog faints, and the Doctor pours medicine down her throat: she makes horrid faces.*

Von Hook. Oh! I've given her the wrong dose—a horse mixture instead of a cough mixture!

(*Runs up stage.*)

Mog. Murder! murder! The doctor!

(*All run after him.*)

Dame. Mercy, she is dying!

Noll. Seize the vile poisoner!

(*Mob bring back the Doctor.*)

Von Hook. Mercy, good people—it's only a little mistake. She's merely swallowed a few rusty horse nails.

Noll. Make him swallow his own shop.

(*Mog screams.*)

Von Hook. Fixtures and all! I'll shave your heads for nothing! Let me go—I'm no Doctor—only a poor serving man, without wages—one Tippery Tibbs, of Newington Butts! Pity my ignorance in pharmacy-occult sciences.

Mob. (*Shout.*) No! no!

[*They drag him up the stage; he knocks several down, then climbs up the Maypole. The mob laugh, and pelt him with boxes, turfs, hats, &c.*

SCENE IV.—*Caney Lane—now Lambeth Walk. A set clump of trees. Twilight.*

BUCKINGHAM *and* KATHLEEN *enter, followed by* DR. LAMB.

Buck. (*Whispering to Lamb.*) Quick, man, to the boat. Bid Wilton row towards the gate. [*Exit Lamb.*] Little truant! (*To Kathleen.*) Why did you not meet me last night as thou promised?

Kath. Not of mine own will did I deceive thee; my father, our father detained me.

Buck. And what says our father, dearest?

Kath. He is about leaving me for France, on a journey to seek service in the army of King Louis. It grows dark; let us walk homewards.

Buck. Yet a word with thee: have you forgotten the conversation we held together but a few evenings since?

Kath. Forgotten! Oh, George, how can'st thou speak thus? and wherefore this question?

Buck. Because, sweet girl, 'tis time you decide; circumstances have occurred to-day which compel me to urge you at once to fly with me. Ere long, my duties will cause me to leave the country, and before I depart I would call you mine.

Kath. As far as concerneth myself, I have decided to be for ever thine—but my father's consent, his blessing, let me receive them first.

Buck. He will not refuse his blessing, even if you are mine without his consent.

Kath. I believe it; yet would I have both; come back with me to our home and ask it.

Buck. You forget my jealous rival, Oliver, is there.

Kath. True. Come, then, to-morrow. I will explain all. Doubt not, he will receive thee as a son.

Kath. No, no; to-night, be mine—delay may give the death-blow to my hopes.

Kath. Forbear. I implore you, give me but till to-morrow.

Buck. To-morrow I may be called away. You dare not trust me, or, why refuse to go hence with me to-night? Ah, if you knew the ardent, burning love that consumes me, you would not thus turn suddenly and coldly from me, and deny my request. Let us fly, dear one, live in each other's joys, share in each other's griefs—why should you hesitate or fear for one whose very existence rests on thee.

Kath. Ah, do not urge me to leave my father thus suddenly!

Buck. Hesitate, and we must part for ever.

Kath. Wherefore should we part? You cannot doubt my love. Then let us at once to my father and ask his consent.

Buck. Kathleen, refuse me not this boon. The present time is ours, the morrow may not be. I have reasons for urging you thus. Must I renounce you? I, who have so ardently—no—no—death were preferable to losing thee. Come, art thou mine?

Kath. Thine only.

(*Sinks on his shoulder. Buckingham uses a small silver whistle, and Dr. Lamb enters, with servants, armed.*)

Buck. Quick, man! Carry the fainting girl to the boat! Away! She is mine!

[*Dr. Lamb takes Kathleen, and is in the act of bearing her off, when* OLIVER *enters suddenly.*

Oliver. Hold, sirs! Set free that maiden!

Buck. Peace, good youth!—meddle not with matters that concerneth thee not. Away!

Kath. (*Faintly.*) Oliver—my father, tell—

Oliver. Release! or I'll tear out your false hearts!

(*Buckingham draws his sword.*)

Buck. Press not forward, or I must spill some of thy hot blood. Back to your pots and pans, young tapster!

Oliver. Villain! Coward!

Buck. Coward! Draw—defend thy life, quickly!

Oliver. You know, full well, I have no sword. I am one of the people, and dare not wear one: I am too poor to avenge insult, or redress wrongs. You are rich and powerful, and may trample on me. I am helpless.

Buck. Valiant champion of virtue, hence! nor dare to cross my path again, or the sword shall quicken you.

[*Going; strikes him with the flat part; Oliver springs upon him; a struggle, and Oliver falls wounded.*

Oliver. Assassin! think not to triumph in your villany. Kathleen's father is aroused, and will avenge me.

Buck. Thank the gods, I have compassion! Take thy life, and learn to live and improve your manners, clown.

[*Exit.*

Oliver. He has gone to triumph in the misery of a broken heart. Who shall carry the news to a bereaved father? Who dare to speak of his daughter's dishonour? Why was I born of lowly birth—denied the privilege of avenging my wrongs? Curses on his sword! I faint from loss of blood! (*Calls.*) Oh! Help, Master Felton! Griffin! Oh!

(*Staunches blood, and faints.*

Enter GRIFFIN, *hastily.*

Griffin. I heard a cry for help—or was it the wind mocking my fleeting senses? (*Sees Oliver.*) Ah! what is this? Oliver asleep? Up!—rouse ye, man! there's mischief afoot. Up, and be doing. Blood!—red gushing blood! ugh. (*Shudders.*) He is dead! Wake up, Oliver,—silent! Who will help me now? who bestow kind words, and look on the outcast

now? None, none, now he is gone! The Court-lord will carry off our sweet bird, now stout Oliver's arm is powerless. *(Calls.)* Help! oh! ho!—this way!—hell! he! he! *(Binds part of his dress round Oliver's arm.)* His eyes open! Ha, ha, ha! Brave Oliver!—come, I will bathe your face in the stream. The hawk has struck down our pretty dove. *(Oliver looks round, rising slowly, supported by Griffin.)* Lean on me; I am strong of heart and limb—though, woe is me—weak of head. *(Noise of voices.)* Hark! the hunt is raised: we'll run down the false lord.

Oliver. Kathleen—where is she?

Griffin. Carried away to the river. I peeped from the rushes, and saw a boat hid. Up, and after her! I'll lead the way; take my knife, and strike boldly. This oaken cudgel shall strike on the great lord's pate.

(Flourishes his staff.)

Enter MASTER KNOLL *and* FELTON.

Noll. She is not here, that's plain, she is, belike, on her road home. *(Seeing Oliver.)* My boy, what ails thee?

Oliver. Nothing, father.

Felton. You are wounded, how is this? Have you seen Kathleen? she is not to be found in the gardens.

Griffin. Seek her on the Thames. She is riding on the bonny stream with a light alone; ha, ha, ha! ask him.

Felton. What does he mean? speak, Oliver.

Oliver. She is carried off by a villain.

Felton. Carried off! heaven grant me mercy—who, who has done this wrong to my child?

Griffin. The dainty stranger of the ferry.

Oliver. The false Beaumont. I strove to prevent him, and he raised his hand against me.

Griffin. And sword! blood—see, see!

(Shows his arm.)

Felton. Which way did the rascal take, tell me, quickly?

Griffin. To the river; a boat lies hid like a water hen in the rushes—I know, I know.

Felton. Luckily, I rowed to the wells; my boat is moored off the gardens. I'll pursue the ravisher, and have his life for this outrage.

(Going rapidly.)

Griffin. Do, do, and I, The Griffin, will help you! Shoot him down, and leave me to stop his wounds. I'll do it, ha, ha, ha! this way, to the boat.

[Exit after Felton.

Oliver. Let me go with you.

(Going.)

Noll. No, no; boy, have a care, if you are killed, who will care for the Swan, and your poor old mother? The customers will run in debt, the beer turn sour, the house go to ruin.

Oliver. Father, do not seek to detain me, go, I must; I have been wronged foully, and will have justice; my heart's treasure is stolen from me. What is life without its chief blessing peace, happiness? Mine is for ever blighted, crushed—the present, a useless void, the future, a hopeless blank. Do not hold me, I will go—my injuries, my honour, urge me onwards. Farewell, farewell, his life or mine!

(Rushes out.)

Noll. Oliver! boy! stay! think of me, your mother—don't peril your precious life and limbs! Boy, hear me, I implore, hear your old, foolish father!

[Exit after him.

Enter DOCTOR VON HOOK, *covered with mud, clothes torn, and rather elevated.*

Von Hook. I'm a dead man, the rascals have made me swallow all my own pills, then ducked me in the mud; a nice reward for curing everybody of everything. I'll give up surgery, and throw physic to the dogs—turn honest, no, I can't, I don't know how—hic. The girl from the Swan behaved like a Christian, and gave me some strong waters, I have had enough of the other sort in the ditch; halloa, the road's running round, and I'm walking on my head, I see double; its all right, ha, ha, ha! *(Staggers against a wing.)* This is my door. *(Knocks.)* Dame, dame, get up, I've forgot the key. The old devil sleeps like a top. I'll try the key of my chest. *(Takes out key and tries it on wing.)* No, I can't find it, the keyhole's gone out to supper. *(Kicks.)* Halloa, Mother Dust, get up, it's the doctor! She won't hear; I'll lie on the step till cock-crow. I'll serve her out for this, put something comfortable in her gruel. *(Lies down before wing.)* This bed's none of the softest. The feathers have never been shook up—hic. I won't stay in England. I'll go to France - another bottle of Canary. Pills, pills! cures for all, if one won't do, take a hundred, ha, ha, ha! They are only bread and putty

(Sleeps gradually, and snores.)

Enter MOG, *staging; stumbles over the Doctor.*

Mog. *(Screams.)* Oh! la—it's a body! *(Stoops down and shakes him.)* The Doctor!

Von Hook. The Black Doctor, *(Yawning.)*

Mog. Dead.

Von Hook. As a herring! Put out the light, tuck me up, and call me to-morrow night.

Mog. He's crazy! Get up; you'll take cold.

Von Hook. I've taken enough cold without already. I want something warm within. *(Rises, assisted by Mog.)* Where am I?

Mog. In Coney Lane, close to the Mill.

Von Hook. The devil! I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls——you're a brave wench, though not fond of physic. Will you see me home? I live at the "Salmon and Saucepan," over against the Green.

Mog. Faith will I, good sir, for missus has discharged me for dancing with a court-serving lacquey.

Von Hook. She has? I'll hire you; no work and good wages.

Mog. No, no. You'll want to repay me in pills.

Von Hook. Kiss me, you little rogue. *(Kisses her.)* Capital! I'll repeat the dose! *(Kisses her again.)* I feel better already. Oh, how I love thee! I'm going to marry—you're the wife I want! Have you got any money?

Mog. A little.

Von Hook. That little will do for me. Kiss me, you devil, and seal the bargain!

[Embraces her, and exits with her.

SCENE V.—*The Thames. Lambythe Palace and Church in the distance.*

A boat is seen advancing slowly in which are BUCKINGHAM, LAMB, *and* KATHLEEN. *Lamb rowing.*

Buck. Make for the opposite shore.

Lamb. Where?

Buck. York House. Quick, man, we are track-

another boat is put off from the gardens. Look up, Kathleen sweet, we are safe now.

(A boat appears in the distance.)

Kath. My father! let me see him!

Buck. They are hard upon us—we lose ground.

Lamb. The tide is too strong.

(Voices in pursuit.)

Kath. What's the matter?

Buck. I fear we are tracked, love—you boat seems to be making for us. Pull, for thy life—put her head about.

Lamb. We cannot evade them.

The boat appears, with OLIVER, THE GRIFFIN, *and* FELTON *in it. The Griffin rowing.*

Felton. Hold! move oar or limb, and I fire.

Kath. (*Loud.*) Father, father!

Buck. Forward—heed him not.

(Felton fires; Kathleen screams, and falls in Buckingham's arms.)

Buck The monster! he has killed her! No, no, only fainted. Pull, pull for our lives.

(The boat moves.)

Felton. Let this reach you.

(Fires. Lamb drops the oars.)

Lamb. I'm struck.

Griffin. Huzza! Shoot again, one for me. Ha, ha, ha!

(Buckingham seizes the oars.)

Oliver. He will escape us yet.

Griffin. No, no!

(Boat moves rapidly, and they join each other.)

Felton. Villain! where is my child?

Buck You have killed her!

(Pointing to her form.)

Oliver. Dead!

(Clasps his hands.)

Felton. (*Springing forward to the other boat.*) Liar

(A struggle ensues, Buckingham draws his dagger, and wounds Felton. He is partially cast from the boat into the Thames, Oliver drags him into their boat. The boats separate.)

Buck. Away, away!

Felton. My child! Save her! stop him!

Griffin. I will, I will!

(He jumps into the water, and seizes Buckingham's boat with his hands, Buckingham strikes The Griffin's hands with his dagger. The Griffin then holds the boat by his teeth, Buckingham's boat is going forward rapidly the Griffin clinging to it. Oliver supporting Felton.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Pavilion da Madame in the ancient Palace of the Louvre, with a secret door.* ANN *of* AUSTRIA, *Queen of Louis the Thirteenth, discovered seated and gazing on a miniature.*

Ann. How great the contrast between these goodly features and the lowering looks of my husband, Louis? Why was I condemned to wear a life of apathy? Forced to exchange my own happy Austria, for this cold France, and its terrible Cardinal Richelieu. The name of Queen is but a mockery. Revenge prompts me to listen to Buckingham's ardent vows, so flattering to my taste. But duty to my husband whispers this suit is dishonest, dangerous, and one the Queen of France dares not encourage. To-night he has our word for an interview, it must, it shall be the last, in duty to myself, and sovereign lord.

Enter MADAME DE HAULEFORT *and Attendant.*

Mad. de H. A page from his Grace of Buckingham craves audience to your Majesty on matters of great import.

Ann. Bid him enter.

(Exit.)

Re-enter MADAME HAULEFORT, *with* KATHLEEN, *dressed as a Page.*

Ann. Your errand, boy?

Kath. Is with the Queen of France.

(Bows.)

Ann. I am the Queen of France; speak freely.

Kath. Alone, so please you.

(Ann waves her hand. Madm. H. Exits.)

Ann. You come from the Duke of Buckingham?

Kath. I do, for justice.

Ann. Justice!

Kath. Yes, great Queen, to you.

(Throws off her cap.)

Queen. A woman?

Kath. A wretched, deceived woman, imploring pity and protection of one whose rank and station can yield it, of one—despite those rich robes of state and pomp—possessing a woman's heart and feeling. Oh, Queen, the false, perjured Buckingham, has wronged me beyond all reparation!

Queen. Wronged you?

Kath. I forsook my home and father's love—a stern soldier, madame, rough and unpolished, but to me, tender as a parent-bird to its helpless young. Year by year, he trained my infant thoughts to piety and good, guided my wayward fancies, was more than father; for I alas! never knew a mother's love. How have I repaid years of patient watching, care, and suffering? By devoted love and gratitude, think ye? No! Fraud and deception have been the reward for his care. A serpent tempted, and I fell; became a curse—a stain to my name and honour.

(Weeping.)

Queen. Calm your feelings, girl. The duke?

Kath. (*Wildly.*) Yes, the duke. 'Tis well to recall me to myself. This proud duke sought my love in base disguise, won my young heart, and—oh, that death had seized me ere I should confess the deed!—bore me from my home. For awhile he was kind, attentive, but the wild burst of passion o'er, neglect and coldness usurped the place of false oaths, and deep affection. I was cast aside like a childish toy. When I reproached him for his baseness towards me, he laughed and scoffed; even now his horrid voice rings in my ears hissing and burning as a scorpion's sting. He, my deceiver, dared cast the ruin he had brought on me, in my teeth, and polluted my ears with a wanton's name, branding my father's race with infamy and dishonour.

Queen, Ingrate!

Kath. Roused my sleeping senses were. I awoke to all the horrors of my guilt. An age of love had passed in one little moment, and I lived but for revenge. I fled the house; cast aside my woman's

garb; and, unnoticed, followed this man to France resolved to seek redress at your hands—the idol of his ambitious desires.

Queen. Have a care, maiden. You utter treason to France. Remember, I am the wife of Louis the Thirteenth.

Kath. Pardon me, lady, but the duke's aspiring passion is whispered through the good city of Paris. Rude jests and gibes are made on the courtly Buckingham and fair Ann of Austria. These idle rumours are encouraged by the duke, to feed his vanity, and add consequence to his pride.

Queen. Does he dare trifle with us?

Kath. He does, on the word of a woman.

Re-enter MADAME DE HAULEFORT.

Mad. de H. The Duke of Buckingham attends your Majesty's commands.

Queen. We will receive his grace. [*Exit Mad. de H.*] Retire! (*Opens door.*) Let neither breath or whisper betray your presence until I summon you. (*Kathleen retires.*) Now, my lord duke, we meet on equal terms—the deceiver and the deceived.

Re-enter MADAME DE HAULEFORT, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *dressed superbly.*

Buck. Words are too powerless to express my thanks for this exalted honour.

Queen. Be brief, my lord. I almost repent me of this imprudence, to grant an interview at such an unseemly hour. Your purpose?

Buck. Devotion!—as respectful as 'tis ardent and sincere.

Queen. The devotion of the lips, I fear.

Buck. The *heart*, madam. When last we sat in this chamber, I dared—yes, dared to breathe in your Majesty's ear the existence of a passion which I have in vain sought to stifle. You tell me it must end dangerously for me; but life of mine, for love of yours, I'd freely give. Let me continue to love you in secret. I will never more importune you with my presence, although the king dislikes you.

Queen. Louis is my sovereign and husband. I owe him duty as a wife—as a subject. You speak treason, my lord duke.

Buck. Your beauty is the greatest treason, for 'tis the cause of my treason.

Queen. You love me—such love as befitteth friends. Give me your promise to abstain from these importunities.

Buck. Never will I forswear myself thus far. I promise nought but to love thee ever; rather than not do so, though hopelessly, I would lose this right hand.

Queen. You promise boldly. Have you *ever* loved me so fervently?

Buck. Ever, as I live.

Queen. Have a care. Is there none other you have shared your heart with?

Buck. None, I swear.

Queen. (*Leading Kathleen forward.*) You swear falsely. Look on these features, traitor! Do not they recall broken vows—plighted faith destroyed? Look well on them, and then if you *dare* trifle with me——

Buck. (*Astonished.*) Kathleen!

Kath. Kathleen!—the despised, forsaken girl has this night destroyed your hopes—exposed your villany—torn from hollow hypocrisy its mask of cunning!

Queen. You hear, my lord?

Buck. Believe not, great Queen. What meaneth this, Kathleen?

Kath. It meaneth that I have discovered your falsehood—your cold-blooded hypocrisy! You stoop to a lie. My cheek crimsoneth for you even more than for my own shame.

Buck. 'Twas not in wantonness I sought thee, but in love. Your virtue I honoured, your heart I prized. I loved thee too well to lose thee. Happiness is yet in store for thee. Away—far away from the turmoil of the world, a cot in thine own greenland, even in the quiet spot you so lately left—all shall be thine.

Kath. Ask forgiveness of heaven, and leave me to my shame. Take thus ring—the pledge of your perfidy, and my false title—*wife!* Take it, and with it the reproaches of an evil deed.

(*Throws it.*)

Buck. (*Takes purse out.*) Gold will repair all, all.

Kath. Gold! will gold restore name, honour and virtue, will it heal a broken heart, or repay a father for his disgraced, and guilty child? (*Buckingham approaches her.*) Will the dross you offer bring peace or content, where virtue is not? Are these sins of men to be atoned, and weighed in the balance with this gold you use so freely? Beware, beware; a day is coming, when good or evil deeds shall be judged, and punished according to their merits.

Buck. Forbear!

Kath. Come not near me. I defy your power. Look well to my father's wrath; avoid him as you would a wild beast. A dagger is suspended by a single hair of your guilty head; a word, it falls, and you die—die like a stain to manhood, a disgrace to man. Beware, beware!

[*Exit.*

Queen. (*At wing.*) Farewell, my lord; I leave you to the pleasant reflections of your foiled intentions. The next time you seek a dupe, be careful 'tis not a queen.

[*Exit.*

Buck. Curses light on my ill-starred misfortune! To be thus wrecked in sight of happiness. In the fiend's name, how came that girl in France, on my track, moving as I moved. Who brought her to the palace? A thousand gold nobles for the hand that will rid me of her. Her threats! beshrew me, I must not encounter her dragon of a sire, ha, ha, ha! Anne shall yet be mine, if I die; yes mine, despite the cardinal and the king!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street near the Palace of the Louvre.*

FELTON *discovered standing under the gate, wrapped in a cloak.*

Felton. The fox is earthed: my prayers have not been in vain, or labour, patient and untiring, bootless. He is in my toils; my weapon thirsts for the villain's blood. Kathleen, child! best beloved, your wrongs cry aloud for vengeance. Wait but a little, and the blow shall be dealt unsparingly. The finger of the dial shall scarcely mark man's downward course to the grave, when this man shall pay the forfeit of sin in death. For this have I crossed the seas—watched, and crouched, fearing the honest

glare of day, coveting darkness as best befitting the deed I am sworn to act. Oh! would she had perished when her mother was taken from me, this bitter hour had been spared, and my name freed from the assassin's stain! But 'tis willed otherwise, and men are but puppets in the hands of fate. (*Clock strikes.*) Another hour; time flies quickly in wanton dalliance. To feast, to die!—such is life! (*Noise heard.*) Disturbed! some drunken revellers returning to their masterless homes. I'm not to be driven from my post; this gate will shelter me from notice. My eyes are there, on thy gicomy palace; my hands here, on this faithful servant, (*Shows dagger.*) ready to sheath it in his corrupted heart.

Retires.

Enter TIPPPERY TIBBS *and* MOG; TIPPERY *disguised in a bear's dress; he is led on by Mog, in a string; she is dressed as a wandering Zingares.*

Mog. Do'ee walk a little faster, dear, do'ee.

Tibbs. Do'ee! How the devil am I to do'ee it? There's nobody by; pull my head off: I can't stand it any longer; I shall be choked.

Mog. (*Takes his head off.*) If it were found out——

Tibbs. I defy fate—better be kicked than smothered; I won't be a dancing bear any more. The natives don't encourage foreign talent; it's a bore being a *bear*. I don't assimilate to the quadruped—

Mog. We shall be sent to prison for cheating the people.

Tibbs. My love! If every professor was sent to prison for cheating, prisons wouldn't be large enough to hold 'em. We'll try some other line of business. It wasn't a bad idea to follow in the grand train of the Duke to France, to teach riddles, and to tell fortunes, eh, and take in the natives?

Mog. And we've saved a pocket full of silver.

Tibbs. But I'm ashamed of it, besides, we may be detected, and a sound whipping the reward of our genius. The last time I exhibited, a fat citizen trod on my tail. I swore—luckily he was deaf, or a bear with a *dam* would have astonished him, (*Laughs.*) rather. (*Laughing heard.*) Hush! I smell mischief. Give me my head; out with the cards. (*Puts head on.*) A party of gallants. All right, wench; to your work, to your work. Put the odd trick on them.

Mog shakes tambourine; a party of gallants enter, laughing.

Mog. Brave gallants! noble messieurs! spend a franc on the great English bear—the learned Bruin! (*Gallants laugh.*) He will tell your age, when you will marry, and the number of infants.

(*Spreads cards with numbers in a circle. Gallants give money.*)

Tibbs. Mog, you're pocketing the money! I can see with my eyes shut. No cheating!

(*He dances.*)

Mog. Ask the questions yourselves, noble gentlemen; the animal is intelligible.

1 *Gal.* My age, most learned Bruin?

(*Tibbs lifts up card marked* 20. *All laugh.*)

1 *Gal.* How many wives am I to be blest with?

(*Tibbs offers card, marked* 12.)

1 *Gal.* Twelve wives! And the number of children? (*Tibbs gives a blank card.*) None! (*All laugh.*) The devil take you!

(*Runs sword into Tibbs.*)

Tibbs. (*Starts up.*) Do that again, I'll—

(*Squares up to him.*)

1 *Gal.* A miracle! a miracle! a wonder! he speaks!

Tibbs. A wonder if I didn't! Run a sword in your——where you sit down upon—and see if you wouldn't call out. Bears have their feelings—(*rubs his back*)—as well as other christians.

1 *Gal.* A cheat! an impostor! (*All draw their swords.*) To prison!

Mog. Mercy! it was all in fun—I'll give you back the money.

Tibbs. (*Takes head off.*) Don't strike a poor helpless animal! Remember who and what I am, though—a British subject, a husband, and a father. Spare my life for the sake of the little ones at home—pity a brother beast.

1 *Gal.* You'll be burnt at the *stake* for this trick.

Tibbs. Then we shall be *done brown!* Cheer up, Mog; never despair. Remember, you are the wife of Master Tippery Tibbs. (*They seize them.*) Use her tenderly, gentlemen. She is innocent of all intention to deceive; in vain she entreated, implored, scolded and swore—I would do it—I would go the whole hog.

(*They are taken off.*

Enter OLIVER *and* THE GRIFFIN.

Oliver. These are the outer walls of the Louvre. You are sure he entered here?

Griffin. Sure! He stole cautiously, wrapped and hid from all gaze; yet, spite his dark cloak and mask, the moon helped me to see him. She woke up from her sleep to light my search, and as she hid behind yon wall, lent me her eyes of light. He's there—there!

Oliver. Never shall he quit with life, if my good arm be true. Should it fail, and I fall, you will avenge me, boy?

Griffin. Avenge! What is that, brother Oliver?

Oliver. Why, slay my slayer—kill him!

Griffin. Faith will I, if he had a hundred lives! His stout soldiers, and their bright swords, should not keep him from my knife. In wood or fell, town or tower, I'd follow——sleep as he slept—move as he moved—until the good chance came! Then would my blade flash on the sun beams, as it searched out his false heart. But fear not: you shall beat down this proud man, or, like a wild cat, I will fasten on his throat—strangle him—ere his hand can draw forth a sword.

Felton. (*Who has listened, advances.*) This must not be, vengeance is mine. I have a father's right. Oliver, is this kind? I bade you remain at our lodgings, till my return.

Oliver. I could not rest contented. Half suspecting your purpose, I resolved to share your perils.

Felton. The right is mine only, my wrongs demand it.

Oliver. Are not my hopes blasted, life hopeless? Is she not stolen from me, my pride, my treasure? Strong as the bonds are, that bind child and parent together, are they stronger or more tender, than those mystic chords of love that bind hearts so firmly that death alone can sunder. Leave me to punish this evil doer. For this I willingly followed you to a foreign shore, forsook home, parents. Your sword may fail, my hand is young and strong.

Felton. (*Draws sword.*) Doubt my hand, boy? Look upon this good blade, with it I have mounted the deadly breach, midst death and carnage. In a

dozen well-fought battle fields, this have I wielded to the terror of the foe. On the plains of Flanders, with one stroke of this right arm, I cut down a standard bearer from chop to chine. Hand to hand have I withstood the Spaniards' strength. Although six fell spears were levelled at my corset, still this good sword cleared the way to victory, scattering the foemen like summer leaves before the tempest wind. Have no doubts, no fears for me, boy, back and leave me to my work.

Griffin. (*Who has climbed the wall.*) Lights are in the garden, the bird comes to the net.

(*Descends.*)

Felton. Leave me, I command!

Oliver. If your life be in danger?—

Felton. Better to die bravely, than live despairing, counting each moment, watching the grains of sand as they tardily drop through life's glass. No, no, give me close encounter, clash of swords, the mortal struggle hand to hand, life for life.

Oliver. I loved Kathleen, and find life unbearable without her. Vainly I seek change to woo my thoughts from her, since she is dead to me.

Felton. (*Taking his hand.*) Let not despair prompt thee to a rash act. She is dead to both of us. The fatal bullet did its work too well. Mine own eyes saw her fall; but as heaven is my witness, it was not against her my hand was directed. Leave me now. Be it your task to avenge my fall.

Griffin. He is here, ruffling in silks and bravery. Hist, hist! (*Steals down.*) Shall I strike?

Oliver. No, no; follow me, we must hence, although it mislikes me.

(*Takes The Griffin up stage.*)

Griffin. One blow, the red blood should gush and bubble, ha, ha, ha!

(*They disappear, door opens in the wall.*)

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and two Servants with torches.*

Buck. I will return alone. (*Servants bow, exeunt.*) Alone! darkness best befits my gloomy thoughts; would the girl and I had never met. Our honeymoon hath been a short one. She hath the spirit of a lion under the fleece of a lamb. The fiend take her for the mischief she has done me with the Queen. I must avoid her father, or his rage may prove dangerous.

(*Crossing.*)

Felton. (*Advancing.*) It will—it shall—your sword, and quickly, or mine, shall reach your false heart. Pluck forth your sword, I cannot play the assassin.

Buck. Felton!

Felton. Here to repay you the bitter obligation you've conferred. A daughter dishonoured. No words; blows shall answer for me.

(*They cross swords.*)

Buck. Hold! you are deceived.

Felton. I am in thee, thou stain to manhood; did you not steal into my daughter's affection in the poor disguise of a base serving-man? This, this to repay your treachery.

(*They fight. A noise of voices, and a drum. Buckingham calls for help. Felton presses Buckingham on his knee, raises his sword to strike, when The Griffin re-enters.*)

Griffin. Fly! fly quickly! Soldiers are on the tramp! They will cut thee down; Oliver is there! Come, come!

(*Conceals himself under the wall. Soldiers, headed by an officer, enter. They hasten down.*)

Buck. Take this wolf from my throat. He would assassinate me.

Felton. Coward! I would have slain thee in fair and honourable fight.

Buck. My life is in danger.

Officer. Your sword.

Felton. Take it, take it with my life.

(*Soldiers charge.*)

Griffin. (*Rushing forward.*) Oliver, Oliver! Quick man!

(*Oliver runs on. A short fight. Griffin fights with a staff. The Gallants return and assist the soldiers. Oliver and Felton are made prisoners. The Griffin escapes up the wall, sits on it, and exults, clapping his hands.*)

Buck. To the Bastile with the dogs.

SCENE III.—*Dungeons of the Bastile.*

Enter TIBBS, *his head and hands fixed in a wooden collar on which is painted "cheat."*

Tibbs. This is bringing my wits to a pretty market, shut up with this wooden cravat round my neck until I'm tried. Tried for what? honest industry, trying to earn a penny. No fear now for the future They've provided lodgings for us, and I find my own *board*, and be d—d to it. Poor Mog put in the stocks, and a gag over her mouth: that'll do her good, her tongue always went too fast. Nothing stops a woman's tongue but death. We shall never see old England again. I'd better have remained a *doctor*. Now they'll doctor me. What a picture I should make, my head's already framed and glazed.

Enter an Officer, with small pitcher and bread.

Officer. Your five minutes for eating, monsieur.

Tibbs. Couldn't you make it five minutes and a half, monsieur?

(*Officer unlocks collar, and shakes his head. Tibbs eats.*)

The grub's too strong for the water. Oh! for a bit of roast beef.

Officer. Ros bif! what is he?

Tibbs. What is he? you ignorant creature. Why the mainstay and nourishment of us Britons. Give us roast beef and strong ale, and we'll fight the devil, and eat him after without salt. This stuff's too watery for my constitution.

Officer. Quick, I must put on the *collar*.

Tibbs. I should like to put a *collar* round *your* neck, my master.

Officer. (*Offering collar.*) Put it on—the time's up.

Tibbs. I wish your time was up, ugly. 'Tis a misfit.

Officer. You'll soon get used to it.

Tibbs. Shall I? Perhaps you can tell me how to wear it comfortably?

Officer. Place your head so, and your hands thus. (*Placing his head and hands in it.*) Nothing is plainer—you can get in so easy.

Tibbs. (*Rushing upon him, and locking the collar.*) How do you *get out?* Ha, ha, ha! you're caught in your own trap. Hurrah! Wear it till I come back. (*Draws his sword.*) Not a word, or I'll chop your head off. Your hat—your cloak—your boots—now your keys. This way, wooden-head, how are you off for collar. (*Drags him into dungeon. Closes do-*

Old England for ever! Britons never will be slaves!

Enter FELTON, *gloomily.*

Felton. This gloomy dungeon is the tender mercy of the Duke. Numbers overpowered my arm. The secret dagger will repay my attempt. Plunged into this accursed den, as a sheep at the shambles, awaiting the butcher's knife. The next turn of fortune's wheel shall place me lower or raise my higher. Life! Life, to preserve whose frail tenure we are wont to truckle and to cringe to a very worm—the fellow of our own poor selves, a very maggot! Why am I thus? I have ventured this very life of mine a score of times, to gain the empty bubble—honour! Pish! life, I have done with it. My child! (*Sighs.*) That name recalls me to my world. I would purchase life with freedom, for one short day, that I might have the chance of doing what is yet undone, and is yet to do—for what must be, must be. Twice hath fortune favoured him—no not fortune; fate. Only a moment earlier, and such a deed had been done, as should have scared all Paris. Oh! there was something more than fortune in this; and my sweet child still unavenged. My Kathleen! thy father thy murderer! thou, so full of beauty, love, and innocence, the image of thy sainted mother. Tears! tears, womanly tears! but wherefore should I check their flow? 'Tis thus afflicted nature casteth off her burthen of sorrows, when the more stubborn heart would quench his yearnings. Oh! wherefore struck that bullet her instead of him—at whose foul life it was sped. My child! murdered by her father's hand. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TIBBS, *leading* MOG. *He is dressed in the Officer's uniform, carrying the keys.*

Tibbs. Hush! don't ask how I did it. Follow, and be silent, or I'll leave you in the stocks, mind. I'm a soldier! Hem! ha! I've *collared* my friend the gaoler. He's grinning through it like a Cheshire cat. If ever we get back to Lambythe, I'll have a collar made to fit you, my dear; it's a rare cure for scolding wives. Listen! Is any one coming? Fe—fo—fi—fum; I smell the blood of a Frenchman. If he be alive—or if he be dead—with my flat I'll crack his head.

[*Exit with Mog.*

Enter KATHLEEN *and* OLIVER, *with Gaoler. At the opposite side the Gaoler exits.*

Kath. Dear Oliver, how my heart leaps to see thee—how kind of you to bring me to this place; but where is my father?—where is he? Is he wounded—dying—ill? Tell me the worst. What prison is this?

Oliver. The Bastile! Master Felton attempted the duke's life.

Kath. Wherefore?

Oliver To avenge thee. We were overcome. I escaped in the confusion, and, by fortune's favours, met with thee.

Kath. Thank heaven you did. I am protected by the Queen. Her orders opened these gloomy portals. My father!—hath he foresworn me for a wanton? and you——

Oliver. Love thee still. To me thou art as pure as ever. Your father still thinks your blood is upon his hands; he fancies he hath pistolled you.

Kath. Lead me to him. Let me share his fate, if it be to die with him.

Oliver. One instant. I will return speedily.

[*Exit.*

Kath. How shall I meet his stern gaze, or bear his just reproaches?

Felton. (Within.) My child—my own dear child—alive!

(FELTON *rushes out. Kathleen screams, and falls into his arms.*)

Re-enter OLIVER, *who stands apart.*

Kath. Father!

Felton. Kathleen! (*Embraces her.*) Again—again, to my bosom, my lost darling—my treasure. I weep for joy—for great joy! My hands are clean of thy blood, and I thank heaven for it!

Kath. Bless me, father; it's long—very long since I had thy blessing. (*Kneels.*)

Felton. I do, I do! fervently, with my whole heart and soul!

Kath. And your forgiveness?

Felton. Yes, forgive thee, for this moment is worth an age of torture. Oh, I have suffered; but whence comest thou?

Kath. Oliver, kind Oliver did all.

Felton. Thy hand, lad. (*Takes his hand.*) My poor deluded girl, here, in this heart, pour forth thy sorrows. Though all the world forsake thee, my lost lamb, in your father's heart, shall you find a fold.

Kath. This will kill me. I merit not such kind words from thee; but, indeed, I have been most foully wronged. Yet am I his married wife; he swore to make me his bride the night I fled from you—this false Beaumont, this Buckingham. I yielded to his prayers, from the time I fell senseless in the boat, until I found myself at the altar; there I did pledge my faith to George Beaumont in marriage bonds. A holy priest, one Father Lamb, made me his wife.

Felton. Thou art no wife of his! 'tis a vile cheat! a forgery! a living lie! This man is a mere tool of the Duke's, a knave, who would cut a throat for a groat.

Kath. Lost, lost indeed.

Felton. Oliver will be to thee as a father, when I am summoned to the block or rope.

Kath. They shall not spill thy blood. I will to the Queen, and on my knees tell her my wrongs.

Felton. 'Tis useless, my hours are numbered.

Kath. Then will we die together—a prison can hold me as well as thee. I will be near to comfort and console. If they drag you hence, so shall they me.

Felton. Listen to reason, child, Oliver will protect you.

Oliver. With my life. I can offer but poor companionship, although a heart is here better to be trusted than the vile Duke's; and for her security, my cudgel shall crack the crown of the man that dare molest thee.

Kath. Let me see you, father. (*To Felton.*) Promise this, and I obey without a murmur.

Felton. Be it so, an' you will.

Re-enter Gaoler.

Gaoler. Time, Lieutenant.

Felton. Dost hear? Bless you, love; if I recover my liberty, I will strike one blow, shall avenge both me and you.

Kath. Father, father, forgive him! heaven will avenge us.

Felton. Go, my child! Take her, Oliver, away; and heaven guard and bless you again and again.

[*Exit Felton into dungeon after embracing Kathleen, she is led off by Oliver, weeping, followed by gaoler, who locks Felton's dungeon. Just as Kathleen reaches wing, a party of soldiers and* DR. LAMB *enter, intercepting them.*

Lamb. Arrest that girl by the order of the King. The man, see beyond the boundaries of the city. If found in Paris within twelve hours, death will be the penalty, for his attempt on his grace the Duke of Buckingham.

(*Kathleen and Oliver are surrounded.*)

Kath. Help! Father!

Lamb. Not a word. Remove them.

(*Music. They are borne off.*)

SCENE IV.—*A dilapidated wooden building overhanging the river., with a mill-wheel Overthe wheel. is a large open chamber, with a small door. A distant view of Paris. Towers of Notre Dame.* THE GRIFFIN *is standing looking in the water.*

Griffin. Merrily the silver moon-beams dance and play hide and seek with the cold, dark waters. Many a stout heart have they swallowed up in silence and stealth. The brave, clear waters of our Thames give me. Would Master Oliver had never left the ferry. I like not these strange lands. Blows and stripes are all the favours a poor lad gets at their hands. They well nigh reached me with their spears, when Oliver and Master Felton was trapped, but The Griffin was swift of foot, strong of limb, and mocked them. A rare chase I led the knaves, over wall and fence, bush and briar; some got well scratched for their pains—away I sped with all hoop and bound; like yelping hounds, they gave tongue and followed. Faster I flew, leapt wall and gate, faster yet; run, run, rogues! Clank, clank went their boots and spears. Dash, splash, a plunge, and I swam the waters of the river! None had courage to follow, but, with heavy oaths, gave up the chase; whilst I mocked with merry laugh, and bade them come, come, ha, ha, ha! Ah! 'twas a brave sight—(*Claps his hands.*)—a rare sight. Ha, ha, ha! But who will feed me now, they have caged Oliver. None? The rich care not to do it, and the poor have too many mouths for their hard crust. If I beg, stocks will be the answer. Should I steal, a scourge will be my lot. Nothing left but death. There, the good minister of Lambythe told me *all* find peace, even *I*, the friendless and weak Folks call me fool! but fools have hearts and feeling. I grow hungered, and can go nofurther. Would this death were come and I slept soundly. How bravely they sleep in the church-yard green; their sleeping-rooms all decked with flowers, and studded o'er with pansies. Oft and oft I've laid me down, the long summer nights, and dreamt sweet pleasant dreams of a far-off land, peopled with gallant forms, in bright, shining robes. One was there called the child. Oh! well, well I remember the bursting joy I felt, the mad delight. I awoke bathed in tears, and calling on the loved name of mother.

(*Falls on the ground. Music. A party of Soldiers with Tibbs, marching, enter. An Officer leads them.*)

Officer. Halt! this is the spot.

Tibbs. And a precious *black* spot it is.

(*The Guard is placed.*)

Officer. Remember the word. Let no one pass the mill without it, Picisini.

(*The Officer and Guard exit.*)

Tibbs. Picanney. There's a name for a father! Nice thing I've jumped into now: out of the fat into the fire. Just as we were leaving the prison, the Guard came and I was ordered to *fall in*, when I wanted to *fall out*. They mistook me for the gentleman I'd *collared* and locked up. Poor Mog jumped down a well and I hope *kicked the bucket*, or she's lost. I'm to guard this old mill; the Serjeant said it was haunted—let it be—I'm fond of *spirits*; stop anyone that passes without the word, I shan't *stop* long *myself*. I'm too civil for a military post. (*Griffin rises slowly.*) Who's there? Speak, are you a hobgobblin? (*Griffin advances.*) Murder! Go back to your grave. It's the murdered miller coming to give me the sack. (*Falls on his knees.*) Mercy! I'm only a make-believe soldier.

Griffin. (*Takes gun.*) Thy wits are scared by an owl.

Tibbs. I never had any master, ghost, my father was silly, and my mother was a fool. (*Looks up.*) A man! who are you? where do you come from? and what do you want?

Griffin. Food.

Tibbs. What a pity; I've just run away from board and lodging. Your name?

Griffin. Griffin.

Tibbs. What, the English Griffin?

Griffin. Aye, friend, from Lambythe.

Tibbs. The old original Griffin! Come to my heart, my lion-hearted son! I hope you've got plenty of money to spend?

Griffin. Not a penny.

Tibbs. Horrible fact. Where are your friends?

Griffin. I have but one—Oliver, the ferryman, and he is——

Tibbs. Trapped! I saw him walk *into* prison as I walked *out*. I'll befriend you. You want a job. Will you work?

Griffin. Readily! I am hungry.

Tibbs. (*Takes off cloak, hat, &c.*) Put on these: you shall take my place. You'll have eating, drinking,—(*aside*)—and flogging! (*Dresses Griffin.*) Now, march up and down; if any one passes, shoot 'em, unless they cry out *pepper*—that's the word—if they don't *give it you*—give it to *them*. Never speak, only shake your head; a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse. Farewell! if ever we meet in Old England, I'll treat you to a can of strong ale—and you shall pay for it! [*Exit.*

Griffin. Would I had some of the food the stranger spoke of. Hunger is a foul fiend to bear lightly. (*Boat appears in the distance.*) A boat nears the shore. Down and watch. A woman? Thy hand to the trigger. If she need help, send a bullet to her aid.

(*Crouches down.*)

Dr. Lamb and Kathleen in a boat near the shore. A Boatman rows.

Lamb. Pull towards the old mill. (*Boat nears it.*) Return for me when the chimes strike the quarters. Assist me with this wayward girl, my daughter; she would fain fly from me to her paramour's arms. 'Tis for this I bring her to this place. Solitude and hard living may cool her blood.

(*They carry Kathleen up the steps, and appear in the room over the mill wheel.*)

Griffin. Some guilty deed, or why should it be in darkness?

(*Boatman descends, and runs off.*)

Griffin. Have a care, man, or——

(*Aims gun.*)

Lamb. Rouse ye; we have no time for courtesies or idle compliments, or complaints. (*Kathleen looks round.*) This will be your biding place for a time.

Kath. Why bring me hither?

Lamb. You have grievously offended his Grace of Buckingham by your unbridled tongue. It is his pleasure that you be kept here until his departure from France.

Kath. Release me! Let me return to my father. I am a free born woman - a subject of England, and demand it. By what right am I placed in this wretched den?

Lamb. The right of might, fair lady. That's an authority never yet resisted successfully. Here you must remain. I, your only guest, as you prove kind, so will I act. Endure patiently the present, and a brighter future may dawn upon you—nay, even love; my heart is not so seared but a pretty face and pouting lip may affect it. The Duke has cast you away; I am willing to accept your love—start not, better be loved by an old man, than neglected by a young one.

Kath. Base pander! Is this the fashion to make grey hairs respected? You talk of love, forsooth! Repent, old man! and if a good deed can find a place in your sinful breast, haste to do it. Restore me to my friends, and seek forgiveness of your past life.

Lamb. What is the past to me? A shadow! Give me the substance—the bright future. You are the sun that warms me with its rays; coyness is worse than useless. Reflect! you are solely in my power; the Duke abandons you for ever to my will.

Kath. No, no; he cannot be so base—so utterly lost to every feeling man is proud of. Abandon me to thee, thou aged, pitiful reptile! Dost not fear death will claim thee, even with the lie upon thy tongue? Leave me to die, if it is so willed, but not in your company.

Lamb. Tush! this is folly, girl—the hour is propitious; I'll tame your haughty spirit. (*Seizes her hand.*) Be mine, and we will flee from hence—to Italy; there state and rank awaits us; for know I, the humble doctor, need not bow before the highest noble. Be mine—my wife.

Kath. Never, never! Death, in any form, rather than consent to bear name of yours.

Griffin. (*Levelling gun.*) A moment and I fire! Ha, ha, ha! the ball shall speed merrily through his heart, and drink his blood.

(*Aside.*)

Lamb. Mine you shall be. I've sworn to.—

(*Pushes on her; she screams.*)

Griffin. To send a bullet through your heart. (*Fires; Dr. Lamb falls.*) Huzza!

(*Dr. Lamb rises slowly, and with a dagger attempts to stab Kathleen.*)

Griffin. (*Dragging him to the mill wheel.*) Down, down; ha, ha, ha. (*Throws Lamb into the stream on the wheel. A figure is seen revolving on the wheel.*)

Griffin. Whirl, whirl, crash, crack; merrily he spins round, and round! 'tis the race of death—ha, ha, ha?

(*Kathleen throws herself into Griffin's arms. Tableau.*)

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*The dungeons of the Bastile, as in Act 2. Enter* QUEEN ANN, *of Austria, disguised in a cloak, attended by* MADAME DE HAULEFORT, *and an Officer.*

Ann. Summon Master Felton to our presence. Here is the king's warrant.

(*Gives warrant, Officer bows and exits.*)

Madame H. Madam, have you well reflected on this step?

Ann. I have, and am resolved to crush the insolent, false duke. He believes himself secure in England, far removed from my just anger; we shall see. Have I not a double motive to remove this ingrate? insult to me, and the aid, he, on the part of England, promises to give our rebel city of Rochelle? Does not that nest of treason hold out against our best and bravest soldiers, in daily hope of the fleet led by Buckingham. Oh! that he were dead! Yes, dead!

Enter FELTON, *Officer precedes him.*

Officer. The prisoner, your Majesty.

(*Officer exits bowing.*)

Ann. 'Tis well, leave us, you also, de Haulefort.

Madame H. Let me——

Ann. Nay, fear not for us; remain within hearing. [*Exit Madame H.*] Yours has been a long imprisonment, Lieutenant Felton.

Felton. (*Bows.*) It has.

Ann. And judging from your appearance, the air of the Bastile, ill agrees with you.

Felton. Stone walls, and damp dungeons, seldom add to a man's health or comfort. But surely your majesty is not here to banter me on my misfortunes?

Ann. Nay, indeed not.

Felton. I am a man of few words. You had a purpose in bringing me hither Madam, what is it?

Ann. 'Tis with men like thee I like to deal. I come to set you at liberty—nay, start not, I have the king's warrant for the same.

Felton. Free! you give me liberty? and the price?

Ann. I have a message to his Grace of Buckingham, and you are the man I have fixed upon to deliver it.

Felton. Your words are plain, but your speech is dark. I could almost understand its import, but I dare not. Speak out, Queen of France.

Ann. (*Producing a dagger.*) This is my message—it is a plain one.

Felton. It is too plain for John Felton to misunderstand it. But I will not become your messenger. Think you I am an hired assassin, lady? no! and yet for liberty—for chance of revenge—Oh! what could I not do?

Ann. The liberty at the price I offer it, Master Felton, were cheaply purchased: who shall know our compact, save ourselves? The Duke hath foully injured thee, and thine. Once before you sought his life. Wherefore are you more scrupulous of shedding his blood now than then? Besides, is not the public voice against him? Doth it not brand him with the name of traitor? If you do not the deed, I know from good source that public impeachment shall bring his head to the block; then where will be your revenge? Smite him to the heart, and your country's thanks will be thine. Let him but die, and Rochelle must fall; he has sworn

to save it, and he can do it with the English fleet. Cut off their hope, and famine will burst open the iron gates of their proud city. These, and others, are my reasons; now what answer you? will you accept of liberty upon these terms?

Felton. I am no willing murderer, no Venice bravo, to do thy dirty work. For liberty, for revenge, I would do aught under heaven, that did not clash with my own conscience. Nay, mine own wrongs are deep enough to reconcile my conscience, even to the deed of murder: yet it would not justify me in slaying for another man. For my country I would do much, but I must be free. To be a patriot I must have no bonds to loose. And for liberty! Oh! how I have gazed at the blue sky, through yon narrow window, until my eyes were blinded. I have drank in the breath of sickly air, that it gave entry, till I myself was sick for more; and had I not cause to sigh for freedom? Those whom I love, where are they? wherefore are they shut out from such poor consolement as sight of me, wasting and rotting in this black dungeon? Take then my answer, Queen; if fate willis that this Duke of Buckingham dies by my hand, he will in spite of iron windows, doors, and stone walls—but if fate says nay, I must e'en be content to leave to heaven a vengeance of which I would rob it.

(Walks away.)

Ann. I merit this rebuke, Master Felton, and stand convicted of an error; and if I shall be no gainer by thy sentiments, I honour them. In my hands is your life and liberty.

Felton. I value life at too small a purchase to risk honour for it.

Ann. Thy life is forfeit to the laws of the land wherein you are now a sojourner; 'tis to spare that life I come hither—I hate this duke.

Felton. And *I*, by my soul, heartily! He is his country's bane, the poor man's curse; he is my deadly, mortal enemy - yet, will I not slay him at your bidding. No, if I strike, it shall be for my own deep wrongs, and they dwell here, here, lady?

(Touches his heart.)

Ann. Your child will—

Felton. Speak not of her; tear not open a fresh, unclosed wound; crush not a broken reed. I ask neither nor sympathy nor your favour—do with me as you please. If I am to be dragged before a gaping multitude to suffer for what, in the world's eye, shall seem a crime, I will not flinch, or fear it. Let this suffice, I am not a man to be turned from the fixed purpose of my soul; revenge for injury, blood for blood; yes, I swear it—if he had a hundred lives in one, but never shall my hand be raised to strike for another.

Ann. Be it so; on one condition you are free. That you remain not in the kingdom of France twenty-four hours. Whither you go I care not, but if you are for a soldier's life again, the English fleet and armament sail from Portsmouth on the twenty-third, so make good speed. Here is gold, 'twill furnish thee on thy way, whichever that may be. Take, too, thy dagger, the roads are not o'er safe. Forget all I have said concerning the duke, I go to bid them open thy prison gates.

Felton. Take up your gold, lady; from thee, I take naught save my liberty, and this dagger, seeing they are both mine own.

Ann. Use it as you will; but remember, within twenty-four hours, you must be beyond the dominions of the majesty of France, or your life is again forfeit.

Felton. I accept the boon, and will strive to merit it. *(Aside.)* Now, let the seducer tremble; a father's just anger shall seek a speedy atonement for his wronged child.

[Exit rapidly.

Ann. If I have knowledge of human nature, the life of Buckingham is not worth a week's purchase. Rochelle will fall, and the insulted Queen avenged!

[Exit.

SCENE II. — *The old church, and church-yard of Portsmouth with adjacent place, with exterior of the King's arms in the distance. Day break.* KATHLEEN *discovered, much altered in appearance, and travel-soiled.* THE GRIFFIN *watching. He exits, slowly.*

Kath. *(Leaning against a tomb.)* I dare not raise my guilty eyes—what bitter recollections of repentance and remorse does yon humble dwelling bring back to me; my prayer has been to reach it, there to ask forgiveness and die. I've followed them from London—where I first met *him*—and traced them here. I had wished all remembrances, save those of detestation, had long since been banished from my bosom; but these hopes are vain. The weakness of my woman's heart still clings too fondly to the *cause* of misery and disgrace. Each tree, every flower, seems to revive again the breath of fondness and devotion *he* so falsely proffered towards me. Memory will cling to the illusion, spite the fatal reality of his cruel perfidy. Many weary miles from a far-off foreign shore have I journeyed hither unaided. Heaven forgive me, not so. One, kind and faithful, has been true, although a witless one. The poor boy, Griffin, after the terrible night he saved me from worse than death, he hurried me from Paris in disguise, and by roads travelled but little, we fled from France, begging our daily bread. Worn in body and spirit, we reached the sea-coast, and crossed in the train of my destroyer. Rags and and poverty were safeguards against all chances of detection. After many days of pain and suffering, I hope to die in peace here. Father, dear, if you now could see the child of your once fond love, how would you pity her.

(Weeps, sinks on grave.)

(THE GRIFFIN *appears, beckoning Oliver, slowly.)*

Griffin. Softly, she is sore broken down, poor thing, by sorrow. Many, many times she prayed to die by the road-side, or in the green woods, and bade me leave her. Ha, ha! No, said I, never, while The Griffin has arms or legs. So, I talked to her of home. Hush!

(They approach Kathleen.)

Oliver. *(Stoops over her.)* Kathleen!

Kath. *(Starting.)* That voice! Oliver?

Oliver. Yes, Oliver, still your Oliver, to protect and cherish you.

(Raises her.)

Kath. No, no; I am past all kindness. Will your mother look upon me? forgive?

Oliver. She does, and bids me welcome you home—our home.

Kath. Tell me of my father, where is he?

heard no tidings since they dragged me from him. Is he living?

Oliver. When I left France he was still a prisoner in the Bastile. After a few days they liberated me with strict orders to quit the country. No tidings have reached me here.

Griffin. Master and missus are coming; we shall have a rare troop in the old church-yard to bid us joy.

Enter OLD KNOLL *and* DAME ALLNUT.

Dame. Where is she? My darling, where is she?

Kath. Hide me; I dare not look upon her.

(*Hides her face.*)

Oliver. Here, mother; we must be cautious; she is ill—very ill.

Dame. Come, come, love; we'll soon make all to rights—a cup or two of my elder wine.

Moll. Ah! or a flaggon or two of my strong XX, will soon make a woman of you.

Griffin. Me, too, master.

Moll. 'Faith! shall you a barrel, an you can swallow it.

Oliver. Hush, father, hush!

(*Points to Kathleen.*)

Kath. Leave me, I implore; I am not worthy of this.

Dame. Not worthy! Marry, I should like to hear another say as much.

Griffin. Or I.

(*Shakes his hand.*)

Dame. Do come into the house; you shall have your own little bed. I've kept it, ever since you went, strewed with fresh lavender. We'll get some flowers, and the learned pastor to talk to you. All will be right again; bygones must be bygones. Oh, I'm so glad you found us out!

Moll. Aye, faith! cheer up a bit, lass! (*They raise her.*) Oliver, boy! let her lean on thy arm; it is stronger than mine.

Oliver. Fear not. All will yet be for the best! here you will find peace.

Griffin. And plenty. Ha, ha! loads of brown bread—fat—cheese, and rare strong ale, that warms men's hearts, and lightens their heads, till they swear and quarrel apace; then set to with stout cudgels, and crack their silly crowns. For what, forsooth? Love and friendship? Folly, and drink! that ever drives wit out, and makes fools of the wise.

Oliver. Lean on me, love; your troubles soon will cease.

Kath. In death.

Dame. A fig for sorrow! Care killed the cat; let's into the house; the night air smells chilly.

Moll. And tastes so, too; I must season it with a glass of hollands.

(*They lead Kathleen.*)

Kath. Good friends, I have not felt such comfort since I left. Your warm words revive my strength, and encourage hope. Father: your presence now would make your orphan blest.

[*Exit, with Oliver and Dame.*

Tibbs. (*Without.*) Pity a poor, worn-out, bullet-battered, timber-splintered seaman, for honour and glory's sake! (*Enters, habited like a Seaman, with a wooden leg, and a patch on his eye.*) Marcy, your honours worship, for one of the wooden walls of old England; that's been blowed out of the precious water, hull upwards, and left to founder.

Noll. A wooden wall?

Tibbs. Yes, my noble commander; look at my leg, ain't this a wooden one? I lost it boarding the Mynheers. My eyes! what an action! I was raked fore and aft with grape and cannister; a shot struck here, another there, and one abaft the binnacle, and doused my top-lights.

Noll. You have suffered, poor fellow.

Tibbs. Blessed if I ain't, commodore, been wrecked seventeen times, cast away a dozen, and water-logged more times than I remember. I lost this leg in Holland, this eye in Flanders, and my left fin among the Turks, fighting yard-arm and yard-arm! Bestow your charity on a British bull dog!

Noll. Are you blind?

Tibbs. Yes, with one eye; and I can't see out of the tother. Give a poor devil a copper. Poor Jack!

Noll. What ship did you sail in?

Tibbs. That's a poser! (*Aside.*) The Royal Jemmy-cum-up, sixty-four pounder; as fine a craft as ever sailed. She went twice round the world, and carried the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh against the Spanish dons. Take pity, sir, on my blind age and helpless fin!

(*Shakes arm.*)

Noll. Come into the "Swan;" you shall have a can of ale and some food. I love a sailor!

[*Exits.*

Tibbs. So do I—at a distance. Catch me going to the "Swan." No, no! I'm not such a goose; they'll smell a rat there, and find me out. Rather a good thing, this sea-going lingo; much better than quack doctoring or dancing bears; it carried me safe out of France. Ha, ha, ha! Nothing better than a tough yarn, and a wooden pin, to catch the greenhorns. Shiver my topsails, and split my binnacle's the lingo to bother their brains; and when I pour in my grape, twenty-four pounders, and red hot shot—la'-a-mercy! how they do fire away their coppers! I've knowed one wreck, and a blow up—fill my hat to the brim! Portsmouth's my mark now. I'll wait till the fleet's sailed, though, lest some of the real Jack Tars smoke me, and take me to sea in earnest. Oh! if they did, how ill it would make me! I can't abide water—'specially salt. Pity a poor seaman—charity for a shattered hulk; bestow a copper, good luck to you! Charity! charity!

[*Retires up.*

[*The morning gradually breaks during the scene.*]

Enter MOG, *dressed gaily, escorted by* MONSIEUR PIPI, *a French Valet.*

Mog. This is my patrier—as you say in the French, Mounseer Pipi.

Pip. Very good—oui—oui—Madame Pip, you are bon.

Mog. How have I longed to see my native land again. You are so kind, mounseer, to bring me to Portsmouth.

Pip. What you calls bring? Si vous plait, Madame Pip.

Tibbs. Here's a foreigner; I'll try him. Charity, your noble glory, for a true British sailor.

Mog. Go away; we've nothing to give.

Tibbs. Not a little copper; for marcy's sake, look at my pin. (*Holds up his leg.*) Ask your noble husband to bestow a tester.

Mog. My noble husband I hope's shot or hung in France.

Tibbs. Here's an affectionate viper!

Mog. And richly he deserved it, for pushing me down a well, and leaving me there; but for this gallant stranger, who pulled me out, I should have been smothered.

Tibbs. Murder! It's my own wife. Your name, marm, may I ask it?

Mog. It was Mog—formerly Mog Tibbs, but now Madame Pipi. This elegant creature is my husband. We come over with the Duke.

Tibbs. Married again! Woman! crocodile! *This* elegant creature is your old husband.

Mog. Tibbs! This precious guy. I shall swoon.

Tibbs. Knocked to pieces for my country, and rule Britannia. False woman! Is this your love for me?

Mog. I never had any love for you, it was all make believe. Didn't you run away and leave me to die? Dear Pip saved me, the darling furiner.

Tibbs. Dear Pip, is he? I'll pour a broadside into him.

Pip. Who shall dis ugly Jack-a-tar be, Madame Pip, eh? Sacre!

Tibbs. Ugly! Thunder and marlinspikes. I'll board you. (*Threatens.*)

Pip. You goes and shakes yourself at the Devil-sacre! (*Threatens.*) Toute de suite, next minutes, directly.

Mog. That's right, Mounseer, don't be afraid; he's a great coward.

Pip. I shall, toute de suite, and run him through (*Draws sword*) wid much pleasures.

Tibbs. You unnatural baggage! Murder the partner of your bosom, will you? Mounseer Pip, that woman's my lawful wife!

Pip. Wife's, eh? Combien, what you means by *him?*

Mog. Don't believe him; we only jumped over the broomstick.

Tibbs. You mean the stick you broke my head with? Didn't I tie the fatal hymenial knot in church, madam?

Mog. And didn't I lend you the money to buy the ring? worse luck.

Tibbs. There, you hear, Pip, she confesses!

Pip. Eh! what you wants, Monsieur Wooden Leg.

Tibbs. My wife?

Mog. Your wife, fool. (*Going.*) Let's alley, Mounseer.

Tibbs. Stop; it's a robbery. She's my house—my goods—my—

Mog. (*Screams.*) Villain, run him through, dear Pip.

Tibbs. Let dear Pip try, that's all, I'll tomahawk his rigging.

Mog. Draw, draw!

Pips. I shalls. (*Draws sword.*) A mort Anglais!

Tibbs. Come on. (*Unscrews his wooden leg.*) I'll fight while I have a leg to stand upon. (*Pulls off his shade.*) There now, you can't get on the blind side of me. Come on, my pippin.

(*Flourishes leg.*)

Pip. Sacre, coquin! I shall kill you twice!

Tibbs. Do it *once* first.

Mog. Do, dear mounseer; but mind he does not come to life again.

(*They fight, Tibbs with his leg.*)

Tibbs. (*Striking Pip.*) Hurrah! Britons strike home, I put my foot in it then. (*Strikes him again. Pipi calls out.*) That's the way to handle my leg. (*Pipi falls.*) Get up again, I never strike a man down!

(*Mog flies at Tibbs and belabours him.*)

Tibbs. Hilloa, raked fore and aft? Huzza. (*Beats Pipi off, and seizes Mog.*) Hurrah! I've fought and conquered. Now, I'll retreat with my baggage.

(*Mog screams. Exit, carrying her off, flourishing wooden leg*)

SCENE III.—*A Room in the King's Arms, Portsmouth. A couch, on which* KATHLEEN *is lying.* OLIVER *is standing by her, her hand in his.*

Oliver. Speak only one word. You will consent?

Kath. Too late, my more than brother. Oh, what bitter regrets might have been spared, if I had listened to your words long since, a life of peace had then been mine; but now—(*Shudders.*) a dark cloud enfolds the past.

Oliver. You may yet recover.

Kath. I am dying. Yon sun will never rise again to bless my sight, or cheer with its golden rays. Think on me, dear Oliver, as with the dead; and sometimes you will—won't you?—dwell on the memory of an erring creature that loved you, alas! too late. (*Clasps his hands.*)

Oliver. Cease, cease this language, Kathleen, or my heart will break. (*Weeps.*)

Kath. Courage, brother, courage. Painful as our separation may be, it is but for a time.

Oliver. Bless you!

Kath. Promise to seek my father. If living, give him this lock of hair, (*Gives it.*) and my dying love. Tell him how I repented, and begged for his blessing and forgiveness. You will do this?

Oliver. I will, if I have life.

Kath. Comfort his old age. Be a son to him.

Oliver. Yes, yes.

Kath. And if despair or trouble bows his head, whisper my name, and bid him haste to join me where there are no more sighs or tears.

Enter DAME ALLNUT, *softly.*

Dame. How does she fare now?

Oliver. I fear the worst, mother.

Kath. The best, Oliver, for me. A release from pain and remorse.

(*Noise of a horse galloping, and voices. Dame Allnut runs to window.*)

Dame. As I hope to live, it's Master Felton, galloping, all covered with mire and foam. He's coming.

Oliver. Hush, hush! (*Points to Kathleen.*) She cannot bear excitement now.

Felton. (*Without.*) Where, where is she—dying?

Kath. Who is that?

Felton. (*Entering hastily.*) My child.

(*Embracing her.*)

Kath. Father! Is it really my own father, once more given to my longing eyes? Oh, yes, yes!

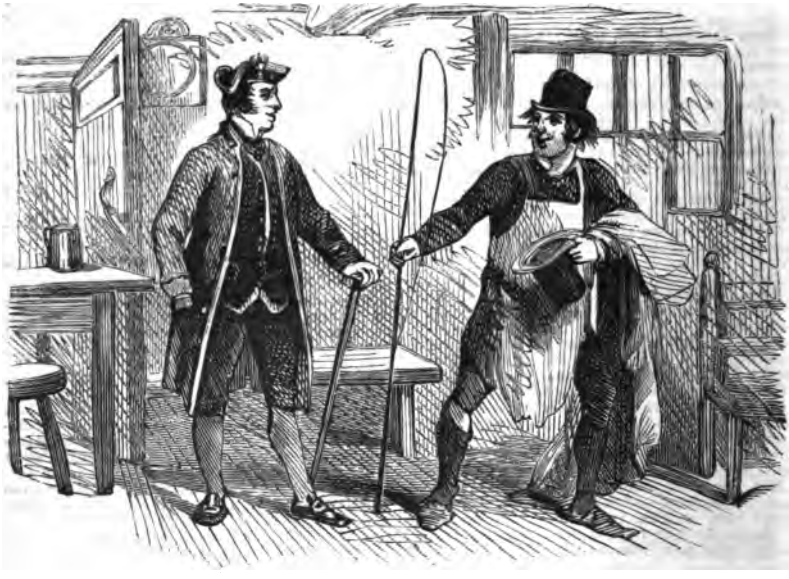
(*Weeps.*)

Felton. Your own true father. From the moment liberty was restored to me, one thought filled my mind; that thought was thee. Night and day I've hastened to thee. Look up, dearest: they tell me you are drooping—dying! 'Tis not so! 'tis but the mind's disease. You will recover speedily; my hand shall 'tend thee; my eyes watch over thee! Again shall we be all—everything to each other.

Kath. Would we might be; yet I scarce repine

THE TURNPIKE GATE.

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY T. KNIGHT.



Joe—"ARE YOU STEADY AT THE HELM?"—*Act* i, *scene* 2

Persons Represented.

SIR EDWARD DASHAWAY.	JOB STANDFAST.	ROBERT MAYTHORN.	PEGGY.
HENRY BLUNT.	SMART.	STEWARD.	MARY.
CRACK.	OLD MAYTHORN.	SERVANTS.	LANDLADY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Public-house, sign of "The Admiral," and a Turnpike and House.*

SMART *discovered, preparing guns for shooting.*

Sir E. (*Within.*) Smart, get the guns ready. Is my new keeper come from the lodge?

Smart. No, Sir Edward. [*Peggy crosses.*] Servant, Miss Peggy. Ugh! A kiss from my master has raised your nose an inch higher, I see.

Peggy. Joke with your equals, man; don't talk to me.

[*Exit.*

Smart. I shall make you remember this. My master is grand Turk here; he monopolizes all the wenches.

Enter HENRY BLUNT.

Henry. Morrow, fellow-servant. Sir Edward stirring?

Smart. Yes; just asked for you. Mind your hits to-day, Mr. Henry: you shot for your place, and won it; but you'd better not outshoot Sir Edward.

Henry. Oh! vain of his abilities that way, eh?

Smart. That way! yes, and every other. I've dropped being his rival some time.

Henry. Sir Edward seems to have a fine estate here?

Smart. Yes, that belonging to the lodge is eight hundred a-year; the Upland farm three; and his estate in Norfolk as much as both.

Henry. The lodge being but at the head of the village, why does he prefer a bed at this public-house?

Smart. Pleasure, sir, pleasure. But here comes one answer to your two questions. Step this way, and I'll give you another.

[*They retire.*

Enter PEGGY, *followed by* ROBERT.

Rob. If that be your mind, Peggy, it can't be helped; if you can't love me, you can't.

Sir E. (Within.) Peggy, my dear, bring my breakfast.

Peggy. Coming, Sir Edward; I've only been to fetch the cream. You hear, Robert?

Rob. Yes, I do hear, and zee, too: I be neither deaf nor blind.

Peggy. The young baronet expects me above.

Rob. 'Tis well, if old Belzebub don't expect thee below; zo, there's an end of that: however, dang it! let's shake hands.

Peggy. Paws off! your hands are rough, man; and I can't bear anything dirty or sun-burnt.

AIR.—PEGGY.

Pray, young man, your suit give over,
Heav'n design'd you not for me;
Cease to be a whining lover,
Sour and sweet can ne'er agree.
Clownish in each limb and feature,
You've no skill to dance or sing;
At best, you're but an awkward creature,
I, you know, am quite the thing.

As I soon may roll in pleasure,
Bumpkins I must bid adieu;
Can you think that such a treasure
E'er was destin'd, man, for you?
No; mayhap, when I am carry'd,
'Mongst the great to dance and sing,
To some great lord I may be marry'd:
All allow I'm quite the thing.

[*Exeunt.*

Smart. (Coming forward with Henry.) Ha, ha! Oh! you bumpkin, I was romping with his sweetheart last night, and he was at me like a bull-dog: the mastiff would bite, sir, but we have muzzled him.

Henry. As how?

Smart. Management, sir: his father lives at that turnpike-house, which, with a small dairy and farm, he holds of Sir Edward. The old fellow has seen better days. The admiral, who died a twelvemonth since, and to whom Sir Edward is heir-at-law, was very partial to him and his daughter; for, during his life, they needed nothing; but, being in arrears for rent, they are all at Sir Edward's mercy. Young Sulky, therefore, must lose his sweetheart; and as to the turnpike beauty, his sister, we've offered her a curricle; and if she do not sport it in Bond Street in less than a month, we don't understand trap.

Henry. What, she encourages him?

Smart. A little coy or so. She's in the dumps, too, for the loss of her "true lovier," a booby sailor; but, I'll bet fifty she's easier had than little Forward here, with all her avarice and vanity.

Henry. And these are the reasons for Sir Edward's lodging here?

Enter ROBERT.

That's the lad who tried his skill with me for the gamekeeper's place. Morrow, brother sportsman; you shoot well.

Rob. Yes, sir; and you better. However, 'twas all fair, and I do wish you joy of the place.

Henry. Nay, this place may be yours yet: I am elected only to trial, and self-recommended; my character may not please Sir Edward.

Rob. Mayhap, you'd please him best with no character at all. You be much in favour, Mr. Smart.

Smart. Eh! Oh!

(*Makes signs of boxing, and exit.*)

Henry. Things are a little changed since Sir Edward came among you, eh! Robert?

Rob. Yes, sir; another lawyer would ha' done less mischief in the parish; but, it is not the first time the devil got into paradise.

[*Exit.*

Enter JOE STANDFAST, *singing, his knee bound.*

Joe. So, Master Blunt, prepared, I see, to give the birds a broadside. (*Looking at sign.*) Ah! there's the old boy who has given our enemies many a broadside. Bless your old phiz!

(*Bows to him.*)

Henry. You're very polite.

Joe. To be sure I am. I strike my maintop to him by way of salute, every morning before I stow my locker. That's the face of an honest heart, Master Blunt: 'tis not, to be sure, done to the life; but what the painter ha'n't made out, a grateful mind can. I fought under him when he was captain, and twice after he was vice. He made me master after our first brush; and, but for this splintered timber of mine, I'd ha' been by his side in the West Indies, when the brave old boy died. Died! I lie, he didn't die; for he made himself immortal! His goodness laid me up in a snug cabin here; made me a freeholder with thirty pounds a year; and when your master, his honour's cousin and heir, steers by the compass of true glory, he shall have my vote for sailing into the port of parliament; if he get it before, d—e!

AIR.—JOE STANDFAST.

Britannia's sons at sea, in battle always brave,
Strike to no power, d'ye see, that ever ploughed the wave.
Fal lal la.

But when we're not afloat, 'tis quite another thing:
We strike to petticoat, get groggy, dance, and sing.
Fal lal la.

With Nancy deep in love, I once to sea did go;
Return'd, she cried, "By Jove! I'm married, dearest Joe."
Fal lal la.

Great guns I scarce could hold, to find that I was flung;
But Nancy prov'd a scold, then I got drunk and sw
Fal lal la

At length I did comply, and made a rib of Sue;
What, though she had but one eye, it pierc'd my heart like two.
Ful lal la.

And now I take my glass, drink England and my king;
Content with my old lass, get groggy, dance, and sing.
Ful lal la.

Enter MARY, *with a newspaper in her hand.*

Yes, yes! the old boy loved the sex, I grant: but, he never hung out false colours to deceive the innocent; and if, in the heat of action, his passions gave a wound, he never rested till he found a balm to heal it again. (*Looking with kindness at Mary.*) Ah! bless thy little tender heart, I wish for thy sake, he had lived to come home again.

Henry. Does she grieve for the admiral, who died more than a year since?

Joe. Why, no; but she's the child of ill luck. Her sweetheart, you see, about four years since, was down at the lodge, when their hearts were secretly grappled to each other. The lad was a favourite of the admiral, and went out to the Indies with him; there he got promotion; and when death struck the old boy's flag, and no will left, this lad, d'ye see, was their sheet anchor; but, returning home, in the very chops of the Channel, they engaged an enemy; and, after three hours hard fighting, the mounseer struck; but her poor lad, Lieutenant Travers, was among the brave boys that fell. Had he lived, he had now been promoted. The newspaper she holds in her hand brought the account but two days since.

Henry. Then you seem to think, spite of your experience, she is sincere.

Joe. Why, if death and disappointment don't make folk sincere, what should? But a braver lad, they say, never kept the mid-watch. (*Mary weeps, and retires.*) Poor wench! no wonder it makes her weep; tough as my heart is, but it almost sets my pumps a-going. But, he died as a British seaman should, in the lap of victory; and his death was glorious! and I dare say he did not fight the worse for loving a pretty girl.

Henry. If you doubt that, hear the story of poor Tom Starboard.

AIR.—HENRY.

Tom Starboard was a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever sail'd;
The duties ablest seamen do
Tom did, and never yet had fail'd.
But wreck'd as he was homeward bound,
Within a league of England's coast,
Love saw'd him, sure, from being drown'd,
For more than half the crew were lost.

In fight, Tom Starboard knew no fear,
Nay, when he lost an arm—resign'd;
Said, "love for Nan, his only dear,
Had saw'd his life, and Fate was kind."
And now, though wreck'd, yet Tom return'd;
Of all past hardships made a joke;
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love—his heart was heart of oak.

Return'd again, Tom nimbly ran
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before, her Tom had died.
With grief she daily pin'd away,
No remedy her life could save;
And Tom arriv'd the very day
They laid his Nancy in the grave.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter OLD MAYTHORN *and* ROBERT.

May. Nay, nay, boy, bridle thy temper. Sir Edward is licentious, hot-brained, and giddy; but so he don't dishonour us—

Rob. Ay, to be sure; let the vox devour the lamb, and say nothing. Peg, at "The Admiral," is marked for un already; and he must have Mary, too, or you'll no longer have the turnpike, farm, or dairy.

May. I don't fear Sir Edward, boy, more than thy temper. I always understood from the good admiral that I was rent-free; yet, Sir Edward claims arrears for years past; and as I have no acquittal to shew, we must take care what we do. Thou shouldst not have beaten his servant last night.

Rob. The rogue's no better than a pimp; and if't wer'n't for bringing you and zister to poverty—

May. There again! I was going to tell thee, boy, that Mary is not thy sister.

Rob. No!

May. No; she's a natural daughter of the late admiral. At three months old, her mother dying, he placed her under my care, to be brought up as my own child; but, as she, poor innocent! must now share our lot, I charge thee, boy, not even to hint it to her; 'twould break her heart.—Hush! (*Mary advances. Robert retires.*) Don't weep, my dearest lamb! heaven's will be done! It is, I own, a woful change!

Mary. Ah! sir, the admiral, whose goodness gave us abundance; whose parental kindness (for such it was) kept me at school, and bred me as his daughter; his loss was heavy to us all; and now my dearest William, too; our only hope; after five years' absence. (*Weeps.*) Oh! had he but survived—

May. Ay, child, had he and the good admiral returned, your union would have been blessed with abundance. Ah! well, we have seen better days! but we must now submit.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR EDWARD, *with gun, &c.*

Sir E. Take out the greyhounds, and give them a course; and let the groom exercise the curricle-horses.

(*Crack slips from behind the public-house.*)

Crack. Sir, I'll exercise the curricle and horses, and I'll give the dogs a course.

Sir E. Are you there, my impudent friend?

Crack. That epithet does not suit me, sir; I'm remarkably modest. Many pretend to do what they can't; such, I allow, are impudent. Now, I can do every thing, and don't pretend at all.

Sir E. And pray, who, are you that are so very officious?

Crack. If you wish to make me your bosom friend, don't puzzle me: but, sir, I believe I am the overseer of all the parish; for I visit all the ale-houses every sabbath-day.

Sir E. Yes, and most other days. I saw you drunk last night.

Crack. Purely out of respect to sobriety; I told

you I was the overseer. My neighbours have weak heads; and as their wives and families depend upon the labour of their hands, rather than they should neglect their duty, I sometimes drink their share and my own too. I saved five from being drunk last night, and that's hard work: however, good deeds reward themselves.

Sir E. Upon my honour, I was not acquainted with your virtues.

(*Bowing.*)

Crack. (*Bowing.*) No, sir, few are; or I should not blush so often as I do, by blowing the trumpet of my own praise.

Sir E. Pray, sir, how do you get your living?

Crack. Sometimes one way, sometimes another. I am first ringer of the bells, and second huntsman to old Tantivy; and though it's not in my power to improve the weak heads of my neighbours, yet I often mend their understandings. (*Points to his shoes.*) Ecce signum!

(*Shewing his apron.*)

Sir E. Anything rather than work, eh?

Crack. Any work, sir, to get an honest penny. Twice a-week I turn pack-horse; I fetch and carry all the letters, packets, and parcels, to and from the next market-town: and t'other day, I stood candidate for clerk of the parish; but—

Sir E. The badness of your character prevented your election?

Crack. No, sir, it was the goodness of my voice: you hear how musical it is, when I only speak; what would it have been at an 'amen'? (*Whispers.*) The parson didn't like to be outdone. Envy often deprives a good man of a place as well as perquisites.

(*A pause. Crack laughs, and then nods.*)

Sir E. What's that familiar nod for?

Crack. It's a way I have when I give consent.

Sir E. Consent! to what?

Crack. That you may give me what you please above half-a-crown. (*They laugh.*) Oh! I'm a man of my word; I'll take care to exercise the curricle and horses.

Sir E. You will! You had better take my box coat, and whip, too, and go in style.

(*Ironically.*)

Crack. Had I, sir? Well, I'm going to market, and can bring back you honour's letters and parcels, at the same time; and, in the evening, we'll all be jolly.

Enter SMART.

Sir E. Who is this familiar gentleman, Smart?

Smart. He's a sort of jack-of-all-trades; but, chiefly a cobbler.

Crack. Well, don't sneer at the cobbler: many of your betters have made their fortunes by cobbling. Sir, I thank you; I'm glad to find you more of a gentleman than your servant. I'll look to your curricle and horses, sir, before I drink your health. I love business, and I hate a guzzler.

[*Exit.*

Sir E. Give this letter to my steward, and tell him, if Old Maythorn can't pay his arrears, he must arrest him. (*Exit Smart.*) The old fellow in confinement, his daughter Mary will gladly pay the price of his release.

Enter HENRY BLUNT.

Have you your character yet from your last place?

Henry. No, Sir Edward; I expect it to-day.

Sir E. Very well. Go to the hill opposite the lodge; should you spring any birds, don't shoot, but mark them. And, d'ye hear? I have a little love affair upon my hands. Keep at a distance. I shall be near the copse; when I need you, I'll fire.

Henry. Oh, sir I know my duty.

[*Exit.*

Enter ROBERT.

Sir E. You, sir, direct my keeper to Barrow-hill; and don't let me hear of your firing a gun again upon my manors, or you'll visit the county goal.

Rob. Shall I? No, but I don't think I shall visit the gaol.

[*Exit sulkily.*

Enter PEGGY *in a bonnet, with a little basket.*

Sir E. Ah! my bonny lass in a bonnet! What you're going a-nutting, I see. The clusters hang remarkably thick in Lower By-field, beneath the copse, in the hedge joining the cut hay-stack.

Peggy. Ah! that's the way you're going to shoot; if I had known that, now, I'd have chosen another place.

MARY *appears.*

Hush! there's Miss Maythorn: she's always on the watch. How do, Miss Mary? I'm sorry to see you distressed. (*Aside.*) Conceited moppet!

[*Exit.*

Sir E. My dear Mary, you seem dejected!

Mary. Misfortune, Sir Edward, has pressed hard upon us, late.

Sir E. The fault, my love, is yours. I wish to be more the friend of you and your family, than ever the late admiral was.

Mary. Do you, Sir Edward?

Sir E. Certainly. I wish your father to be rent free. I long to give you an annuity and a coach; take you to town, and make you happy.

Mary. I doubt, sir, if that would make me so; and if there be fathers whose necessities press them to seek subsistence by the sale of a daughter's virtue, how noble were it in the wealthy to pity and relieve them!

[*Exit.*

Sir E. Stubborn and proud still; but resistance makes victory glorious. Since soothing won't do, we'll try a little severity. She's a sweet girl, and I must have her.

AIR.—SIR EDWARD.

Lovely woman, 'tis thou to whose virtue I bow:
Thy charms to sweet rapture give birth:
Thine electrical soul lends life to the whole.
And a blank, without thee, were this earth.
Oh! let me thy soft power, ev'ry day, ev'ry hour,
With my heart honour, worship, adore:
Thou present, 'tis May; winter when thou'rt away
Can a man, I would ask, wish for more?

In a dream oft I've seen fancy's perfect-made queen,
Which, waking, in vain have I sought;
But, sweet Mary, 'twas you rich fancy then drew;
Thou'rt the vision which sleeping she wrought.
Lovely woman's soft power, ev'ry day, ev'ry hour,
Let my heart honour, worship, adore;
Thou present, &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Public-house.*

Enter CRACK, *with Sir Edward's box-coat, whip, and hat; the Landlady following.*

Land. Don't tell me; I'll not believe Sir Edward ordered any such thing.

Crack. I say he did. "My dear Crack," says he, shaking my hand, "you had better take my riding coat and whip, and go in style. And let me see the man or woman who dare dispute it! Now I'm a kind of Bond Street man of fashion.

Land. You a Bond Street man of fashion!

Crack. Yes, I am—I'm all outside. Where are those idle scoundrels? Oh! I see; they are getting the curricle and horses ready.

Land. By my faith, and so they are! Well, 'tis in vain for me to talk, so I'll leave you. Peggy! (*Calling.*) Where can this girl of mine be? Why, Peggy!

[*Exit.*

Crack. I have often wondered why they drive two big horses in so small a carriage; now, I find, one's to draw the gentleman, and t'other his great coat.

Enter JOE STANDFAST.

Joe. They tell me, Crack, that you are under sailing orders for town, I'm bound so far, d'ye see, on business for Master Blunt, the new keeper; mayhap, you'll give a body a berth on board the curricle?

Crack. Yes, I'll give your body a birth on board; (*Aside.*) and heaven send it a safe deliverance!

Joe. Are you steady at the helm?

Crack. Unless your treat should make me tipsy, in that case, you must steer.

Joe. Me! d—e, I'd rather weather the Cape in a cock-boat, than drive such a gingerbread jincumbob three miles; but for this stiff knee of mine, I'd rather walk. Oh! I see they're weighing anchor yonder. (*Pointing to the stable.*) But what need of this, friend? (*Taking his coat.*) the sun shines, and no fear of a squall.

Crack. Lord help your head! we drivers of curricles wear these to keep off the wind, the sun, and the dust.

Joe. D—e, but I think your main-sheet is more for shew than service.

Crack. Oh, fie! we could not bear the inclemencies of the summer, if we weren't well clothed. But come, let's mount; and if we don't ride in our own carriage, we're better off than many who do: we pay no tax, and the coach-maker can't arrest us.

DUET.

Crack. *When off in curricle we go,*
Mind, I'm a dashing buck, friend Joe,
My well match'd nags, both black and roan—

Joe. *Like most bucks' nags, are not your own.*

Crack. *Paid for, I vow.*

Joe. *Avast! pr'ythee, how?*

Crack. *In paper at six months' credit, or nearly.*

Joe. *No cash?*

Crack. *Oh! that's mal-a-propos.*
We bucks pay in paper, and that is merely—

Both. *Fal lal la, &c.*

Crack. *When mounted I, in style to be,*
Should sport behind in livery
Two footmen in fine clothes array'd;

Joe. *For which the tailor ne'er was paid.*

Crack. *We men of ton—*

Joe. *Have ways of our own.*

Crack. *Plead privilege to lead our tradesmen a dance, sir.*
John, when they call (mimicks) let 'em wait i'the hall.
And two hours after send them for answer—

Both. *Fal lal la. &c.*

Joe. *If this be ton, friend Crack, d'ye see,*
We're better from such lumber free.
No debts for coaches we can owe—

Crack. *Because no one will trust us, Joe.*

Joe. *Then I say still, that no man his bill—*

Crack. *To us for a carriage, with justice, can bring in.*

Joe. *Then mount, never mind,*

Crack. *Leave old Care behind;*

Both. *Or, should he o'ertake us, we'll fall a singing—*
Fal lal la, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A romantic rural prospect; on one side, a hay-stack.*

Enter HENRY BLUNT *and* ROBERT.

Henry. Honest Robert, I thought I had lost you.

Rob. No? I was but just by here, vast'ning a hurdle to keep the sheep from breaking out.

Henry. And Sir Edward, you say, solicits your sister Mary's affection?

Rob. As to affection, he don't care much for that, I believe, so he could get her good will.

Henry. Do you think him likely to obtain it?

Rob. She shall die first.

Henry. And who is Sir Edward's appointment with, here, think you?

Rob. Why, I be inclined to think (but I ben't sure it is wi' Miss Changeabout, at "The Admiral"—Speak o'th' devil, and behold his horns? This way.

(*They retire.*)

Enter PEGGY.

Peg. I heard a rustling, as I passed the copse, I began to think t'was old Nick. That fellow, Robert, does love me a little, to be sure; but the young baronet, if he should make me Lady Sir Edward Dashaway—

(*Robert advances.*)

Rob. (*Aloud.*) Hem! a little patience, and mayhap he will.

(*She screams.*)

Peg. How could you frighten a body so?

Rob. Frighten thee, Peggy! It mustn't be a trifle to do that. Have you set all shame at defiance? I do wonder old Nick didn't appear to thee in thy road thither.

Peggy. Don't you go to terrify me: now don't; if you do, you'll repent it.

Rob. No, Peggy; 'tis you that 'ul repent. However, I do hope zome warning voice, zome invizible spirit, will appear to thee yet, bevore it be too late.

Peggy. You had better not terrify me now, I tell you—you'd better not.

Rob. Take care where thou dost tread, Peggy. (*She trembles.*) I would not swear there is not a well under thy feet. (*She starts.*) D—n un, here he is, zure enow! (*Aside.*) One word more, an' I ha' done. (*Very solemn.*) If in this lonesome place Belzeebub should appear to thee, in the likeness of a gentleman wi' a gun in his hand, look for his cloven foot; repent thy perjuration; and, wi' tears in thy eyes, go whoom again, and make thy mother happy.

(*Retires behind the hay-stack.*)

Peg. Dear heart! dear heart! I wish I hadn't come. I'm afraid to stir out o' my place. Oh, lud! I wish I were at home again.

SIR EDWARD, *having put his gun against the rails of the hay-stack, steals behind, and taps her on her shoulder.*

Peg. Mercy upon me! Sir Edward, I took you for old Nick.

Sir E. You did me great honour.

Peg. (*Looking.*) Are you sure you have not a cloven foot? I was cautioned to beware of you.

Sir E. By young Maythorn, I suppose! I saw the impudent rascal. Upon my soul, you look divinely! (*Takes her aside. Robert shows signs of displeasure.*) Is not that a sweet cottage in the valley! Shall I make you a present of it, Peggy?

Peg. Why, Sir Edward, though I don't think Robert Maythorn is a fit match for me; yet, you know, in losing him—

Sir E. You have found a better match.

Peg. Oh! if your honour mean it to be a match, —(*Sir Edward turns.*)—that is, a lawful match—

Sir E. To be sure I do, you little rogue! (*She repulses him.*) Nay, one kiss of your pretty pouting lips.

Peg. Why as to a kiss, to be sure,—(*Wipes her lips.*)—I hope no one sees.

(*She holds up her face; and, as he approaches, Robert reaches out his hand, fires the gun, and conceals himself again. Sir Edward and Peggy start.*)

Henry. (*Without.*) Mark, mark!

Peggy. *Good heaven, protect me, 'twas old Nick!*

Sir E. *'Tis odd! 'twas, sure, my gun;*
Or, Robert's play'd some devilish trick—

Peggy. *Ah, me! I am undone;*
'Twas, sure, a warning voice that spoke!

Sir E. *A warning voice! oh, no!*

(*Robert steals off.*)

Peggy. *Believe me, sir, it was no joke.*

Sir E. *One kiss before we go.*

Peggy. *Nay, cease your fooling, pray, awhile,*
Your keeper's coming now;
And mother's hobbling o'er the style,
She is, I swear and vow.

Enter HENRY BLUNT.

Sir E. *Eh! what the devil brought you here*
I pr'ythee, man, retire.

Henry. *I thought you told me to appear,*
When I should hear you fire.

Enter Landlady, with ROBERT.

Land. *Where is this plaguy maid of mine?*
A'n't you a pretty jade?
'Tis near the hour that we should dine,
And yet no dumplings made.

Peggy. *To gather nuts for you I've been,*
And cramm'd my basket tight;
But, mother, I old Nick have seen,
So, dropp'd 'em with the fright.

Rob. *With fancy's tale, her mother's ear*
She knows how to betray;
For staying out so long, she'll swear
The devil stopp'd her way.

Sir E. *Come, come, let's home with merry glee,*
On dinner to regale;
And, hostess, let our welcome be
A jug of nut-brown ale.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another rural Prospect.*

Enter MARY.

Mary. The bright evening sun dispels the farmer's fears, and makes him, with a smile, anticipate the business of to-morrow. How different our state! our future day looks dark and stormy, and hope (the sun which gladdens all beside) sheds not for us a single ray.

AIR.

Ere sorrow taught my tears to flow,
They call'd me happy Mary;
In rural cot, my humble lot,
I play'd like any fairy:
And when the sun, with golden ray,
Sunk down the western sky,
Upon the green to dance or play,
The first was happy I.
Fond as the dove was my true love,
Oh! he was kind to me;
And what was still my greater pride,
I thought I should be William's bride,
When he return'd from sea.

Ah! what avails remembrance now?
It lends a dart to sorrow:
My once-low'd cot, and happy lot,
But loads with grief to-morrow.
My William's buried in the deep,
And I am sore oppress'd;
Now all the day I sit and weep,
At night I have no rest.
I dream of waves and sailors' graves,
In horrid wrecks, I see;
And when I hear the midnight wind,
All comfort flies my troubled mind,
For William's lost at sea!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Turnpike, &c., as before. Sir Edward's groom calls* "Gate!" ROBERT *opens it, and the groom crosses the stage with a bag of oats. Enter* JOE STANDFAST *and* CRACK, *with a trunk; Crack a little tipsy, and singing.*

Joe. D—e, shipmate, but you are the worst steersman I ever met with.

Crack. Don't say so; if the horses had not run so fast, we should not have upset.

Joe. Well, be it as it may, we brought home one of the nags safe.

Crack. There you mistake; it was the nag brought us home safe; we three rode upon his back.

Joe. We three!

Crack. Yes; you, I, and the trunk.

Joe. I'm sorry t'other poor devil was left behind.

Crack. You're out again; for, when he broke, he left us behind; and if he continued to gallop, as he began, he's a long way before.

Joe. My head; here comes the groom; get out of it how you can. There's the trunk. (*Lays it on the table.*) And now for a peep at the paper. I'll not be overhauled, d'ye see; and so, friend Crack, I advise you to prepare a good answer.

[*Exit.*

Crack. I never was without one in my life. If the groom won't stand quizzing, I'll be impudent.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Why, that trunk, you, and the sailor, for a light carriage, were a little too weighty, I think, friend.

Crack. Not weighty enough, friend: but, it seems you and your horses' wits jump: they, like you, voted us too weighty, and so unloaded us.

Groom. Unloaded you!

Crack. Yes, if you won't believe me, ask your master's great coat. (*Gives it.*) Brush it, d'ye hear? it has been rubbed already.

Groom. And haven't you brought the black horse back?

Crack. Why, how you talk! the black horse wouldn't bring us back.

Groom. And where is he?

Crack. He's gone.

Groom. Gone! Where?

Crack. He did not tell me where he was going; I was not in his confidence: when you catch him, teach him better manners.

Groom. D—e, if ever I heard the like before!

Crack. No, nor saw the like behind. He winced like a devil! the worst bred horse I ever saw.

Groom. What do you talk of? Not a better bred horse in the kingdom.

Crack. Then the manners of horses are not more refined than their masters: he kicked up, as much as to say, that for you.

(*Kicks up.*)

Groom. D—e, but you seem to have made a very nice job of it.

Crack. If you flatter at hearing half, what will you say when you know the whole? The carriage, you see,—

Groom. Is that run away, too?

Crack. No; but it might, if I hadn't taken good care of it.

Groom. By driving over posts, I suppose?

Crack. No by driving against posts—(oh! you'll find me correct)—by which I took off one wheel, and broke the other.

Groom. And haven't you brought it with you?

Crack. Without wheels! how could I? 'twould have broken my back.

Groom. I wish you mayn't get your head broken, that's all!

Crack. So far from that, I expect to be complimented for my judgment; for if I had not, like a skilful whip, whipped off the wheels, I might have lost the carriage, and all its valuable contents. By being expert, I have saved both.

Groom. Well, friend, you seem very merry under misfortune, and I wish you luck. It was Sir Edward's own doing: he can't blame me. [*Exit.*

Crack. If he should, I'll make a neat defence; for the sake of your nice feelings: d—d hard, if at a battle of brains I could not out-gossip a grumbling groom. Whenever I'm puzzled, I always hum folk: humming's all the fashion.

AIR.—CRACK.

With a merry tale, sergeants beat the drum;
Noddles full of ale, village lads they hum.
Soldiers go out all, famous get in story;
If they chance to fall, don't they sleep in glory?
Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Lawyers try, when fee'd, juries to make pleasant,
If they can't succeed, then they hum their client.
To perfection come, humming all the trade is,
Ladies lovers hum, lovers hum the ladies.
Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Ha'n't Britannia's sons often humm'd mounseer?
Ha'n't they humm'd the Dons? let their fleets appear
Strike they must, though loth, (ships with dollars cramm'd,)
If they're not humm'd both, then will I be—
Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

OLD MAYTHORN *crosses to his own house, very disconsolate.*

Crack. There goes a man of sorrow. I remember him a jester. It may be my turn next. I'll never joke again till I see a—

Enter the Steward and a Bailiff.

Lawyer and bailiff—Gentlemen, your humble servant. I reverence your callings, and I respect your power; for you two are a match——

Bailiff. For what?

Crack. The devil! (*Sings.*) Towdy rowdy, &c.

[*Exit.*

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* I believe, messmate, we have traced him to his moorings.

2 *Sail.* You're right; for there, you see, is the port admiral.

(*Points to the sign.*)

1 *Sail.* House! bring us a mug of beer.

They sit at the table. Enter PEGGY, *with beer.*

A pretty, little, tight wench, i'faith!

Peg. Yes; pretty, but the grapes are sour.

[*Exit with great conceit.*

1 *Sail.* The folk here will hardly guess our errand.

Enter JOE, *in rapture, with a newspaper.*

Joe. Here it is! on board the Turnpike, a-hoy! D—e! here it is! he's alive! the boy's alive! and—but hold, avast! the last paper said he was dead; this says it's a lie: which shall I believe? (*Sees Sailors.*) What cheer, brother sailors? from what port?

1 *Sail.* Portsmouth.

Joe. Whither bound?

1 *Sail.* Can't you see we have cast anchor?

Joe. I say, Bob! Miss Mary!—but avast! mayhap they can inform me. You have had a severe engagement in the chops of the Channel, I hear?

1 *Sail.* Yes, we have.

Joe. And just as the Frenchman struck, she went down? D—e! that was a pity! But we saved many of their hands, they say?

1 *Sail.* Yes; and but it blew a hard gale, we should have saved more. We lost one boat's crew in picking them up.

Joe. Among which, mayhap, was poor Will Travers. Well, d—e! 'twas noble; 'twas a saying of the old buck aloft, "Be devils in fight, boys: the victory gained, remember you are men;" and as he preached, so he practised. This action, my hearties, brings to my mind the one we fought before the old boy had a flag, when he commanded a seventy-four.

1 *Sail.* Mayhap so.

Joe. We are cruising, d'ye see? off the Lizard; on Saturday, the 29th of October, at seven minutes past six, a. m., a sail hove in sight, bearing south-south-west, with her larboard tacks on board; clear decks; up sails; away we stood; the wind right east as it could blow; we soon saw she was a mounseer of superior force, and d—d heavy metal.

1 *Sail.* A ninety-gun ship, I suppose?

Joe. A ninety: we received her fire without a wince, and returned the compliment: till about five-and-twenty minutes past eight, we opened our lower-deck ports, and, as we crossed, plumpt it right into her. We quickly wore round her stern, and gave her a second part of the same tune: ditto repeated (as our doctor writes on his doses). My eyes! how she rolled! she looked like a floating mountain! "T'other broadside, my boys," says our captain, "and d—e! you'll make the mountain a mole-hill!" We followed it up, till her lantern ribs were as full of holes as a pigeon-box! By nine she had shivered our canvas so, I thought she'd have got off; for which she crowded all sail.

1 *Sail.* Let the mounseers alone for that.

Joe. We turned to, however, and wore; and in half-an-hour got alongside a second time: we saw all her mouths were open, and we drenched her sweetly! She swallowed our English pills by dozens: but they griped her d——y! At forty minutes after nine, we brought all our guns to bear at once; bang! she had it. Oh, d—e! 'twas a settler! In less than two minutes after, she cried, "paccavi!" in five more she took fire abaft; and just as we were going to board her, and clap every lubber upon his beam end, whush! down she went by the head. My eyes! what a screech was there! Out boats, not a man was idle; we picked up two hundred and fifty odd, sound and wounded; and if I didn't feel more joy of heart at saving their lives, than at all the victories I ever had a share in, d—e! The old boy above knows it to be true, and can vouch for every word of it. Can't you, my old buck?

(*Flinging his hat up at the sign.*)

1 *Sail.* Why, it is not like the late action; and you'd say so to, if you'd been in it, as we were.

Joe. You in it? you on board?

1 *Sail.* We were.

Joe. Then tell me at once, for I can't believe the papers, is Lieutenant Travers alive or dead?

1 *Sail.* Alive; and promoted.

Joe. I said so: d—e! I knew he was alive. Huzza! Old Maythorn, Mary, Bob! are you all asleep?

(*Hallooing.*)

1 *Sail.* And now give us leave to ask you a question.

Joe. Ask a hundred thousand, my hearty! I'll answer all. Will you drink anything more? Bring out a barrel of grog! Call for what you like, my lads; I'll pay all.

1 *Sail.* Can you inform us of one Henry Blunt?

Joe. Ay, to be sure I can. Why, Bob, I say! (*Calling.* He's hired as gamekeeper here to Sir Edward. What-d'ye-call-him?—Whiffligig. I say, Bob!

1 *Sail.* Hired as a gamekeeper?

Joe. Yes; a d—d good shot—he shot—Old Maythorn!

(*Calling.*)

1 *Sail.* The devil he did! Can you tell us where we can find him?

Joe. Why, he has not slipped his cable, has he?

1 *Sail.* We should be glad to light on him, d'ye see?

Joe. I thought as much; d—e! I knew he was a bastard kind of sailor by his talk: but the lubber, to skulk, to run from his post! Shiver my timbers! I can't bear to hear of a seaman's disobedience; but I'll blow him up. Why, Bob, I say, where the devil are ye all?

Enter ROBERT

Rob. Here be I.

Joe. Bob, you dog, where's your father and mother?

Rob. My mother's in heaven, I hope.

Joe. Psha! d—it! I mean your sister.

Rob. She's at the bailiff's house with father; the steward's arrested him.

Joe. Arrested your father; for what? I'll pay the debt.

Rob. You pay three hundred pounds?

Joe. Ay, d—e! three thousand if he need it.

Rob. Yes; but when?

Joe. Why, now; that is, when I have it. Tell 'em I'll bail him.

Rob. Yes, but you are only one; and though one friend be a rare thing, a poor man in trouble must find two, and both housekeepers.

Joe. D—n it, that's unlucky! Shipmates, are either of you housekeepers?

1 *Sail.* No.

Joe. I feared as much: but no matter; go, tell your sister, her dear William's alive and well.

Rob. Lieutenant Travers alive?

Joe. Ay, you dog; alive and promoted: now you know, go tell her the whole story, every particular. Hop, skip, jump, run. (*Pushing him off.*) Tell her he never was dead. What shall I do for another bail?

Enter HENRY.

I would ask this lubber, but d—e! if I ever ask a favour of a seaman who deserts his country's cause. there's your trunk. Had I known you before, I would not have fetched it. You a seaman? you be —hem!

Henry. What's the matter, man?

1 *Sail.* Oh, here he is. Noble Captain, for so you now are, we have brought——

Henry. Hush, for your lives.

Joe. Eh! what?

Henry. Take up that trunk, and follow me quickly.

[*Exit; Sailors following.*

Joe. Oh, for a douse of the face now! To be sure I'm not dreaming: it surely must—D—e! here goes, in spite of splinters and stiff knees. (*Sings and dances.*) What an infernal blockhead I must be! If the bailiff and attorney won't take my word for the bail, I'll blow up one, and I'll sink the other.

[*Exit singing and dancing.*

Enter CRACK, *from the Admiral, with a mug in his hand, singing.*

Sir E. (*Without.*) Where are all my servants?

Crack. There's Sir Edward.

Sir E. (*Without.*) Get the curricle ready immediately.

Crack. Oh, lord! I shall be blown here. Quiz is the word.

Enter SIR EDWARD DASHAWAY.

Sir E. Now, if old Maythorn is arrested, Mary, I think, is mine. (*Seeing Crack.*) Where did you learn music?

Crack. Nowhere, sir; it's a gift I was always too quick to learn.

Sir E. Yet you seem tolerably knowing.

Crack. Yes, sir, knowing, but not wise: as many have honour without virtue. Come, he does not smoke.

(*Aside.*)

PEGGY *peeps from "The Admiral."*

Sir E. Miss Mary! Sure, there's no one at home.

Crack. No, sir; no one at all: so that there's no occasion for your curricle. And if there were, you you would not get it. (*Aside.*) You see, sir, I am up.

Enter SMART, *hastily.*

Smart. Oh, sir, there's fine work. Joe and two other sailors, and young Maythorn, have rescued the old man, and are all gone to the Lodge in triumph.

Sir E. To the lodge! for what? Is Mary with them?

Smart. Yes, sir.

Sir E. Follow me immediately.

[*Exit with Smart.*

Crack. Yes; we'll all follow to the Lodge, because the ale is good.

Peg. (*Coming forward.*) Hoity, toity! he's very anxious about Miss Maythorn, methinks.

Crack. Yes; he was going to take her to London; but I took up a wheel, and let go a horse.

Peg. Take her to London?

Crack. Yes he was; and you don't like it; your stockings are yellow: you are jealous.

Peg. Jealous! jealous of her! Oh, yes—that—he shall never speak to me again: I'll follow, and tell him so.

1 *Voice.* (*Without.*) Why, gate, I say.

2 *Voice.* Are the folk asleep? Why, gate.

(*Other voices heard.*)

Crack. I think I'll open the gate, and pocket the pence. (*Tries.*) By the lord, it's locked, and the key gone. (*Traveller and horse appear at the gate.*) And here come a dozen pack-horses; an old woman and a basket of eggs, on two tubs of butter, thrown across a fat mare, with half-a-dozen turkeys, and all their legs tied.

1 Voice. *Gate, I say! why, gate!*

2 Voice. *Gate!*

3 Voice. *Gate!*

4 Voice. *Gate!*

Peggy. *Like bells they ring the change o'er,*
One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four.
They can't come through.

Crack. *Pray hold your prate.*

Peggy. *What can we do?*

Voices. *Open the gate.*

Crack. *No, no; we can't; but, if you p'ease,*
You'll go round Quagmire Lane with ease.

Peggy. *Turn by the hawthorn, near the mill,*

Crack. *And if you stick i'th' mud, stand still.*

Peggy. *When got half-way, beyond all doubt,*

Crack. *Each step you take, you're nearer out.*

1 Voice. *I'll be revenge'd! Must I with load*
Be stopp'd here on the King's high road?

2 Voice. *Ee's poor folks may find law, I'm told,*

Crack. *And lawyers, too, if you'll find gold.*
Nay, should you need, you silly elf:
For gold you'll get the Devil himself!

Voices. *For your advice our thanks are due,*
We must go round, we can't get through.

Crack & Peg. *You must go round, you can't come through.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The inside of the Lodge.*

Enter OLD MAYTHORN, MARY, ROBERT, JOE, *and Steward.*

Joe. (*Singing.*) "We'll sing a little, and laugh a little," &c. Your dear William's alive, and well, my sweet girl, with his limbs whole, and his love true, my life on't. So, hang it! don't be sad now the sun shines.

Rob. Oh, 'tis her joy, mun, that makes her sad now. Is not it, Mary?

Mary. And did the keeper kindly say he would satisfy Sir Edward?

Joe. He did, my old friend.

A Sailor enters, and takes Steward off.

You see, I fancy he has sent for the steward for that purpose.

Mary. Oh, Joseph! you are our better angel. Heavens! here's Sir Edward.

Enter SIR EDWARD DASHAWAY.

Sir E. Heyday! what does all this mean?

Joe. Mean! that Mr. Blunt is going to answer your demands on the old man here.

Sir E. He answer? Where's my steward?

Joe. Stepped to your keeper, to overhaul accounts, and prepare a receipt for you, I take it.

Sir E. Without my concurrence. Order the bailiff to take old Maythorn into custody immediately.

Rob. (*Steps before his father.*) No, I don't think he'll do that again.

Sir E. Indeed, sir! and which of these fellows was it who dared to effect a rescue?

Enter HENRY, *in his real character of* CAPTAIN TRAVERS, *dressed in his uniform; Steward follows, with a will.*

Trav. That fellow, sir, was I; and ready to answer it in any way you think proper.

Mary. Heavens! my William!

Trav. My dearest Mary.

Joe. Did not I tell you he was right and tight? Now, then, clear decks. I suppose he won't surrender without a rumpus.

(*Mary is shocked; Old Maythorn and Travers support her.*)

Sir E. So, so! a champion in disguise. And pray, sir, on what authority have you done this?

Trav. On one, sir, paramount to any you possess—a will of the late admiral.

Sir E. A will?

Trav. Ay, sir, a will; by which this lady, and not you, (as you have for some time supposed,) succeeds to his estates. Your attorney, who holds it in his hand, will inform you of particulars.

Sir E. The devil!

Trav. Consult him; and the sooner you give possession the better.

(*Steward solicits Sir Edward's attention; they retire.*)

Joe. Ay, ay, sheer off, or d—e! but you must bear a broadside.

Trav. Pardon, my dearest Mary, this trial of your constancy. The report of my death prompted this stratagem, for which I ask—

Enter CRACK *and* PEGGY.

Crack. By the lord, the folk at the turnpike are all stopped.

Joe. Stop your mouth.

(*Stopping it.*)

Crack. Eh! what? oh! (*Joe takes Peggy and Crack aside, and tells what has happened: Sir E. and Steward advance.*)

Steward. 'Tis even so, indeed!

(*Gives Travers the will.*)

Trav. I hope, Sir Edward, you are satisfied.

Sir E. This is not the place to dispute it, sir. Order my curricle! I'll set off immediately for town.

[*Exit.*

Crack. (*Calling after him.*) You had better go in the mail. They'll be some time getting the curricle ready. Won't you follow your swain, Miss Peggy?

Peg. Pr'ythee, be quiet. I hope young Mr. Maythorn here—

(*Pulling Robert's coat and making a courtsey.*)

Rob. Hem! Paws off, if you please, my Lady Sir Edward Dashaway. It's my turn now. However, if in a year or two's time—

Peg. Dear heart! a year or two is such a long—

Rob. Oh! if you are not content—

Peg. Yes, I am—I am content.

Trav. Ay, ay, contented all; and while friends and fortune continue thus to smile, let us in love and harmony manifest our gratitude.

FINALE.

Trav. *Love's ripen'd harvest, now we'll reap,*
My fancied dream's reality;
Here Mary still the gate shall keep,
I mean—of hospitality.

Mary. *And for the task, the toll I ask*
Still mindful of my lot of late,)
Is from this court a good report,
(To the audience.)
To-morrow, of our Turnpike Gate.

Peg. *We bar-maids, like the lawyers, find*
Words at the bar for tolls will flow;
Some we in cash take, some in kind—
At all toll-bars no trust you know.

Rob. *The doctor, too, 'tis nothing new,*
Will hardly ever tolls abate;
Then give us, pray, on this highway,
Your leave to keep the Turnpike Gate.

Crack. *I'd ask the bachelors of mode,*
And spinsters are you free of toll?
Or you that jog the married road?
Oh, no, you're not, upon my soul!

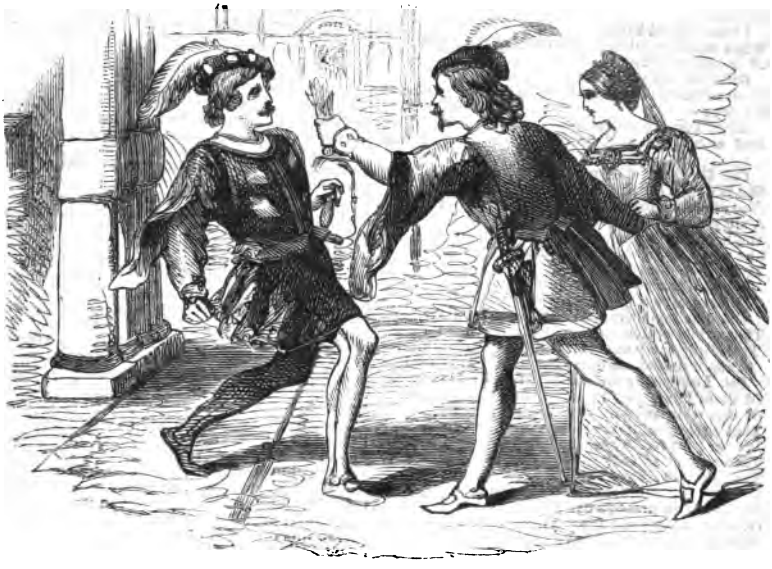
Joe. *Then, since, 'tis clear, most of you here*
Pay swingeing tolls, in ev'ry state;
Grudge not, we pray, the toll to pay
Here nightly at our Turnpike Gate.

[*Exeunt*

EVADNE; OR, THE STATUE.

A TRAGEDY, IN THREE ACTS.

ALTERED FROM RIVERS AND SHIRLEY, BY RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.



Col.—"HA! MY SISTER!"—*Act* ii, *scene* i.

Persons Represented.

KING OF NAPLES.	VICENTIO.	SERVANT.
LUDOVICO.	SPALATRO.	EVADNE.
COLONNA.	OFFICER.	OLIVIA.

SCENE—*Naples.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Palace of the King of Naples.*

The KING, SPALATRO, *and Courtiers, &c., and Guards discovered.*

King. (*Seated.*) Didst say the Marquis of Colonna prays admission to our presence?
Spal. Ay, my liege.
He stands in the ante-chamber, with a brow
As stern as e'er was knitted in the folds
Of ranc'rous discontent.
King. I have noted oft (*Comes forward.*)
His absence from the Court, the which I deem
His envy of our true Ludovico.
Spal. Deem it no little benefit, my liege:
His deep and murky smile; his gather'd arms,
In whose close pride he folds himself; his raw
And pithy apothegms of scorn have made him
Our laughter and our hatred: we are all
Grown weary of this new Diogenes,
Who rolls his hard and new philosophy
Against all innocent usage of the court.

King. We must not bid him hence—he has a sister—
Spal. The fair Evadne!—
King. Fairer than the morn. For her sake
We give him ample scorn—bear his bitter gibes.
Col. (*Without.*) I'll hear no more.
Colonna does not often importune
With his unwelcome presence. Let me pass—
For once I must be heard.

Enter two Courtiers and COLONNA.

My liege!—
1 *Court.* Hold back!
What right hast thou to rush before the sight
Of sacred royalty?
Col. The right that all
Good subjects ought to have—to do him service.
My liege— (*Courtiers retire.*)
King. You are welcome—
And would you had brought your lovely sister, too.
Col. My sister, did you say? My sister, sir?
She is not fit for courts; she would be called
(For she has something left of nature still)
A simple creature here:
She is not fit for courts, and I have hope
She never will: but let it pass—I come
To implore a favour of you.
King. Whatsoe'er
Colonna prays, sure cannot be refused.
Col. The favour that I ask is one, my liege,
That princes often find it hard to grant.
'Tis simply this: that you will hear the truth.
King. Proceed, and play the monitor my lord.
Col. I see your courtiers here do stand amazed.
Of them I first would speak: There is not one
Of this wide troop of glittering parasites
That circle you, but in soul
Is your base foe. These smilers here, my liege—
These sweet, melodious flatterers, my liege—
That flourish on the flexibility
Of their soft countenances—are the vermin
That haunt a prince's ear with the false buzz
Of villanous assentation. These are they
Who from your mind have flouted every thought
Of the great weal of the people. These are they
Who from your ears have shut the public cry,
And with the poisoned gales of flattery,
Create around you a foul atmosphere
Of unresounding denseness, through the which
Their loud complaints cannot reverberate,
And perish ere they reach you.
King. Who complains—
Who dares complain of us?
Col. All dare complain
Behind you—I before you. Do not think
Because you load your people with the weight
Of camels, they possess the camel's patience.
A deep groan labours in the nation's heart:
The very calm and stillness of the day
Gives augury of the earthquake. All without
Is as the marble, smooth; and all within
Is rotten as the carcase it contains.
Though ruin knock not at the palace gate,
Yet will the palace gate unfold itself
To ruin's felt-shod tread.
King. (*Aside.*) Insolent villain!
Col. Your gorgeous banquets, your luxuries, your pomps,
Your palaces, and all the sumptuousness
Of painted royalty will melt away,
As in a theatre the glittering scene
Doth vanish with the shifter's magic hand,
And the mock pageant perishes. My liege,
A single virtuous action hath more worth
Than all the pyramids; and glory writes
A more enduring epitaph upon
One generous deed, than the sarcophagus
In which Sesostris meant to sleep.
Spal. (*Coming forward.*) Forbear!
It is a subject's duty to arrest
Thy rash and blasphemous speech.
King. Let him speak on.
The monarch who can listen to Colonna,
Is not the worthless tyrant he would make me.

(*Spalatro retires.*)

Col. I deem not you that tyrant; if I did—
No! Nature, framing you, did kindly mean,
And o'er your heart hath sprinkled many drops
Of her best charities. But you are led
From virtue and from wisdom far away,
By men whose every look's a lie—whose hearts
Are a large heap of cankers, and of whom
The chief is a rank traitor!
King. Traitor! Whom meanest thou?
Col. Your favourite—your minister, my liege.
That smooth-faced hypocrite, that—
King. Here he comes!
Col. It is the traitor's self—I am glad of it,
That to his face I may confront——

Enter LUDOVICO.

Lud. (*He advances rapidly to the King.*) My liege,
I hasten to your presence to inform you—
Colonna here! (*Starting.*)
Col. The same; Colonna's here!
And if you wish to learn his theme of speech,
Learn that he spoke of treason and of you.
Lud. Did I not stand before the hallowed eye
Of majesty, I would teach thee with my sword
How to reform thy phrase. But I am now
In my king's presence, and, with awe-struck soul,
As if within religion's peaceful shrine,
Humbly I bend before him. What, my liege,
Hath this professor of austerity,
And practiser of slander, uttered
Against your servant's honour?
King. He hath called you——
Col. A traitor! and I warn you to beware
Of the false viper nurtured in your heart.
He has filled the city with a band of men,
By fell allegiance sworn unto himself.
There are a thousand ruffians at his word
Prepared to cut our throats. The city swarms
With murderer's faces, and tho' treason now
Moves like a muffled dwarf, 'twill speedily
Swell to a blood-robed giant!—If my liege,
What I have said doth not unfilm your eye,
'Twere vain to tell you more.
I have said, my liege,
And tried to interrupt security
Upon her purple cushion; he, perhaps,
Will find some drowsy spirit to lay down
Her opening eyelids into sleep again,
And call back slumber with a lullaby
Of sweetest adulation. Fare you well.
Lud. Hold back!
Col. Not for your summons; my good lord,
The courtly air doth not agree with me,
And I respire it painfully. My lord,
Hear my last words—beware, Ludovico!

Lud. Villain, come back!
Col. I wear a sword, my lord.

[*Exit Colonna.*

Lud. He flies before me; and the sight of him
He dares accuse, came like the morning sun
On the night-walking enemy of mankind,
That shrinks before the daylight—yes, he fled;
And I would straight pursue him, and send back,
On my sword's point, his falsehoods to his heart—
But that I here, before the assembled court,
Would vindicate myself—a traitor! Who,
In any action of Ludovico,
Finds echo to that word?
King. I cannot think
Thou hast repaid me with ingratitude.
Lud. I do not love to make a boisterous boast
Of my past services; what I did
Was but my duty. Yet would I inquire
If he who has fought your battles—who oft
Has back to Naples, from the field of fight,
Led your triumphant armies—
He whose hand
Hath lined the oppressive diadem with down,
And ta'en its pressure from the golden round:
If he, whose cheek hath, at the midnight lamp,
Grown pale with study of his prince's weal,
Is like to be a traitor? Who, my liege,
Hath oft transpierced
The hydra-headed monster of rebellion,
And stretched it bleeding at your feet? Who oft
Hath from the infuriate people exorcised
The talking demon, *liberty*, and choked
The voice of clamorous demagogues? I dare
To tell you 'twas Ludovico!
King. It was.
Lud. And yet he dares to call me traitor—he whose
Breath doth taint whate'er it blows upon.
Oh, my liege, my fortunes grow and flourish
But in your honoured love; and
Your giving audience to this rancorous man,
Who envies me the greatness of your smile,
Hath done me wrong, and stabs me thro' and thro.
A traitor!—Your Ludovico!
King. My lord.
Lud. (*Kneels.*) Here is my heart. If you have any mercy,
Strike thro' that heart, and as the blood flows forth,
Drown your suspicions in the purple stream.
King. Rise, Ludovico, and do not think
I have harboured in my breast a single thought
That could dishonour thee. No!

(*Raises and embraces him.*)

We have wronged thee, not by doubt,
But by our sufferance of Colonna's daring, and—

(*Draws Ludovico aside.*)

But that I hope that yet
I may possess me of his sister's charms.
Lud. There you have struck upon the inmost spring
Of all Colonna's hate; for in obedience
To your high will, unto her ear
I bore your proffered love, which he discovering,
Has tried to root me from my prince's heart.
King. Where thou shalt ever flourish. But
Is there hope, my friend?
Lud. Colonna's lovely sister shall be yours; nay, more—
But, mark my speech—Colonna's self shall
Lead you to her arms.
King. But dost not fear
Her purposed marriage with Vicentio
May make some obstacle?
Lud. Vicentio, too, shall be
An instrument to crown you with her charms.
King. She did prefer Vicentio.
Lud. She shall prefer your majesty.
King. Tell her we'll shower all honour on her head.
And here, Ludovico, to testify
That we have given ourselves, bear to her heart
This image of her king!

(*Giving portrait.*)

Lud. I am in all your servant.
King. Come, my friends,

(*Crosses.*)

Let's to some fresh-imagined sport, and while
The languid hours in some device of joy
To help along the lazy flight of time,
And quicken him with pleasure. Ludovico!
Remember.

[*Exeunt King and Courtiers, Guards, &c. Spalatro, and four other Conspirators remain behind with Ludovico.*

Lud. He is gone,
And my unloosened spirit dares again
To heave within my bosom. Oh, Colonna,
With an usurious vengeance I'll repay thee,
And cure the talking devil in thy tongue!
(*To Spalatro.*) We are safe, my friends,
And in the genius of Ludovico,
Our enterprise shall triumph.
But Colonna! Oh, by the glorious star
Of my nativity, I do not burn
For empire, with a more infuriate thirst,
Than for revenge!
Spal. My poniard's at your service.

(*First and Second Conspirators half draw their daggers.*)

Lud. Not for the world, my friends!
I'll turn my vengeance to utility.
Whom think you
Have I marked out assassin of the king? Who but
Colonna——
Spal. What! Colonna!
Lud. Colonna!
Spal. Impossible!
From his great father he inherited
A sort of passion in his loyalty:
In him it mounts to folly.
Lud. Yet, Spalatro,
I'll make a murderer of him; know you not
He has a sister?
Spal. Yes, the fair Evadne,
You once did love yourself.
Lud. There thou hast touched me.
And I am weak enough to love her yet!
She scorns me for that smooth Vicentio.
Not only does he thwart me in my love,
But, well I know his influence in the state
Would, when the king shall be no more,
Be cast between me and the throne——He dies!
Colonna, too, shall perish, and the crown
Shall, with Evadne's love, be mine.

Enter Officer.

How now?

Off. My lord, the lady Olivia
Waits on your highness.
Lud. I desired her presence here,
And will await her coming.
[*Exit Officer.*
With a straw
A town may be consumed, and I employ
This woman's passion for Vicentio
As I would use a poison'd pin, to kill.
Leave me, friends.
[*Spalatro and Courtiers exeunt.*
(*Takes out the King's picture.*) Come, kingly bauble,
Thou now must be employed.
Even in this image, he bears the soft
And wanton aspect with the which he bid me
To cater for his villanous appetite—
And with what luxury?—Evadne's charms!—
Evadne that I love? He would supplant me, and for that he dies.
Yes, royal trusting master, I will turn
Those glittering eyes, where love doth now inhabit,
To two dark hollow palaces, for death
To keep his mouldering state in.
He dares to hope that I will
Smooth the bed for his lascivious pleasures!
But I will wrech his royalty
The beds I make are lasting ones, and lie
In the dark chambers of eternity!

Enter OLIVIA.

Oh, Olivia, welcome!
At length I have means to make Vicentio thine.
Straight he returns to Naples—the king doth love Evadne,
Whom the lord Vicentio would wed.
I will poison his ear that she is flattered by the king's passion.
Look here, this picture of himself which
His majesty now sends Evadne, you must exchange
For that of him she loves, it will confirm suspicions I shall
Plant within his breast, and truly make him thine.
(*Giving her the King's picture.*)
Olivia. My own heart
Tells me, 'tis a bad office,
But this unhappy passion for Vicentio drives me on,
And makes my soul your thrall. Thus I have crept,
Obedient to your counsels, meanly crept
Into Evadne's soft, and trusting heart,
And coiled myself around her. Thus, my lord,
Have I obtained the page of amorous sighs
That you enjoined me to secure. I own
'Twas a false deed, but I am gone too far
To seek retreat, and will obey you still.
Lud. And I will crown your passion with the flower,
Of Hymen's yellow garland. Trust me, Olivia,
That once dissevered from Evadne's love,
He will soon be taught to prize your nobler frame,
And more enkindled beauty. Well, 'tis known,
Ere he beheld the sorceress,
He deemed you fairest of created things,
And would have proffered love, had not——
Olivia. I pray you,
With gems of flattery do not disturb
The fount of bitterness within my soul;—
For dropp'd tho' ne'er so nicely, they but stir
The poisoned waters as they fall. I have said
I will obey you.
Lud. With this innocent page
Will I light up a fire within Vincentio,
But you must keep it flaming; I have ta'en
Apt means to drive him into jealousy,
By scattering rumours (which have reached his ear)
Before he comes to Naples, e'en in Florence
Have I prepared his soft and yielding mind
To take the seal that I would fix upon it.
I do expect him within the fleeting hour,
For, to my presence he must come to bear
His embassy's commission, and be sure
He leaves me with a poison in his heart
Evadne's lips shall never suck away.
Olivia Then will I hence, and if 'tis possible
Your bidding shall be done. Vicentio!

Enter VICENTIO.

Vic. Hail to my lord!
Lud. Welcome, Vicentio!
I have not clasp'd your hand this many a day!
Welcome from Florence. In your absence, sir,
Time seemed to have lost his feathers.
Vic. It was kind
To waste a thought upon me. Fair Olivia,
(*Crosses.*)
Florence hath dimmed mine eyes, or I must else
Have seen a sunbeam sooner.
How does your lovely friend?
Olivia. What friend, my lord?
Vic. I trust nought evil hath befallen Evadne,
That you should feign to understand me not,
How does my beautiful and plighted love?
Olivia. How does she, sir? I pray you, my good lord,
To ask such tender question of the king.
[*Exit.*
Vic. (*Aside.*) What meant she by the king?
Lud. You seem, Vicentio,
O'ershadowed with reflection—should you
Not have used some soft, detaining phrase to one
Who should, at least, be pitied?
Vic. I came here
To re-deliver to your hands, my lord,
The high commission of mine embassy,
That long delayed my marriage. You, I deem
My creditor, in having used your sway
In my recall to Naples.
Lud. In return for such small service,
I hope that you will not forget Ludovico,
When in the troop of thronging worshippers,
At distance you behold his stooping plume
Bend in humility.
Vic. What means my lord?
Lud. Act not this ignorance—your glorious fortune
Hath filled the common mouth—
Your image stands already in the mart
Of pictured ridicule—Come, do not wear
The look of studied wonderment—you know
Howe'er I stand upon the highest place
In the king's favour, that you will full soon
Supplant the poor Ludovico.
Vic. I am no Œdipus.
Lud. You would have me speak in simple phrase; Vicentio,
You are to be the favourite of the king.
Vic. The favourite of the king!

Lud. Certes, Vicentio.
In our Italian courts, the generous husband
Receives his monarch's recompensing smile
That with alchymic power, can turn the mass
Of dull opprobrious shame, to one bright heap
Of honour and emolument.
I bid you joy, my lord; why how is this?
Do you not yet conceive me? Know you not
You are to wed the mistress of the king?
Colonna's sister—ay, I have said it, sir,
Now, do you understand me?
Vic. Villain, thou liest!
Lud. What, are you not to marry her?
Vic. Thou liest!
Tho' thou wert ten times what thou art already,
Not all the laurels heaped upon thy head
Should save thee from the lightning of my wrath!
Lud. If it were my will,
The movement of my hand should beckon death
To thy presumption. But I have proved too oft
I bore a fearless heart, to think you dare
To call me coward; and I am too wise
To think I can revenge an injury
By giving you my life. But I compassionate,
Nay, I have learned to esteem thee for a wrath,
That speaks thy noble nature.
Fare thee well!

(Crosses.)

Thy pulse is now too fevered for the cure
I honestly intended; yet, before
I part, here take this satisfying proof
Of what a woman's made of.

(Gives him a letter.)

Vic. It is her character!
Hast thou shed phosphor on the innocent page,
That it has turned to fire?
Lud. Thou hast thy fate.
Vic. 'Tis signed, "Evadne."
Lud. Yes, it is—farewell!
Vic. For heaven's sake, hear me. Stay.—Oh, pardon me
For the rash utterance of a frantic man;
Speak, in mercy speak!
Lud. I will,
In mercy speak, indeed—In mercy to
That fervid generosity of heart
That I behold within thee.
Vic. From whom is this?
Lud. From whom? Look there!
Vic. Evadne!
Lud. 'Tis written to the king, and to my hand.
For he is proud of it, as if it were
A banner of high victory, he bore it,
To evidence his valour. It is grown
His cup-theme now, and your Evadne's name
Is lisped with all the insolence on his tongue
Of satiated triumph—he exclaims—
The poor Vicentio!
Vic. The poor Vicentio!
Lud. What, shall he murder him? *(Aside.)* no, no, Colonna.
The poor Vicentio—and he oftentimes
Cries, that he pities you!
Vic. He pities me!
Lud. I own that some time I was infidel
To all the bombast vaunting of the king.
But—
Vic. 'Tis Evadne. Look you, my lord:
Thus as I rend the cursed evidence
Of that vile woman's falsehood; thus I cast
My love in to the flames and as I tread
Upon the poison'd fragments of the snake
That stings me into madness, thus, Ludovico,
Thus do I trample on her.
Lud. Have you ne'er heard,
For 'twas so widely scattered in the voice
Of common rumour, that the very wind,
If it blew fair for Florence—
Vic. I have heard
Some whispers which I long had flung away
With an incredulous hatred from my heart;
But now, this testimony has conjured
All other circumstances in one vast heap
Of damned certainty. Farewell, my lord.

(Crosses.)

Lud. Hear me, Vicentio.
Vengeance is left you still; the deadliest, too,
That a false woman can be made to feel:
Take her example; be not satisfied
With casting her for ever from your heart,
But to the place that she has forfeited,
Exalt a lovelier than – but I perceive
You are not in a mood to hear me now—
Some other time, Vicentio, and, meanwhile,
Despite your first tempestuous suddenness,
You will think that I but meant your honour well
In this proceeding.
Vic. I believe I owe you
That sort of desperate gratitude, my lord,
The dying patient owes the barbarous knife,
That delves in throes of mortal agony,
And tears the rooted cancer from his heart.

[Exeunt.

SCNE II.—*A Room in Colonna's Palace.*

Enter EVADNE, *looking at a miniature.*

Evadne. 'Tis strange he comes not. Thro' the city's gates
His panting courser passed before the sun
Had climbed to his meridian, yet he comes not –
Ah, Vicentio,
To know thee near me, yet behold thee not,
Is sadder than to think thee far away;
For I had rather that a thousand leagues
Of mountain ocean should dissever us,
Than thine own heart.

Enter OLIVIA.

Sure, Vicentio,
If thou didst know with what a pining gaze
I feed mine eyes upon thine image here,
Thou wouldst not now leave thine Evadne's love
To this same cold idolatry. Olivia?
Olivia. I have stolen unperceived upon your hours
Of lonely meditation, and surprised
Your soft soliloquies. Nay, do not blush.
Evadne. You mock me, fair Olivia; I confess
That musing on my cold Vicentio's absence,
I quarrelled with the blameless ivory.
Olivia. He was compelled as soon as he arrived,
To wait upon the great Ludovico.

Takes Vicentio's picture.)

What a sweetness plays
On those half-opened lips! He gazed on you
When those bright eyes were painted.

Evadne. You have got
A heart so free of care, that you can mock
Your pensive friend with such light merriment.
But hark; I hear a step,
(*Crosses.*)
Olivia. (*Aside.*) Now fortune aid me
In her precipitation.
Evadne. It is himself:—well I know
My lord Vicentio hastens to mine eyes!
The picture; pr'ythee give it back to me—
Olivia. It is in vain
To struggle with you, then; with what a grasp
You rend it from my hand, as if it were
Vicentio that I had stolen away.

(*Gives her the king's picture, which she has substituted, and which Evadne places in her bosom.*)

I triumph! (*Aside.*) I must leave you,
Nor interrupt the meeting of your hearts
By my officious presence. [*Exit.*
Evadne. Swiftly he passes through the colonnade!
Oh, Vicentio,
Thy coming bears me joy as bright as e'er
Beat through the heart of woman.

Enter VICENTIO.

Are you then come at last?—do I once more
Behold my bosom's lord, whose tender sight
Is necessary for my happiness
As light for day!
Vic. (*Aside.*) Dissembling woman?
Evadne. How is this, my lord? You look altered.
Vic. But you do not look altered—would you did!
Let me peruse the face where loveliness
Stays, like the light after the sun is set.
Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes,
The soul sits beautiful; the high white front,
Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple
Sacred to holy thinking! and those lips
Wear the sweet smile of sleeping infancy,
They are so innocent. Oh, Evadne,
Thou art not altered—would thou wert!
Evadne. Vicentio! You are not well, Vicentio.
Vic. In sooth, I am not. There is in my breast
A wound that mocks all cure—no salve, nor anodyne,
Nor medicinal herb, can e'er allay
The festering of that agonizing wound
You have driven into my heart!
Evadne. I?
Vic. Why did you ever tell me that you loved me?
Why was I not in mercy spurned away,
Scorned, like Ludovico? For unto him
You dealt in honour, and despised his love.
But me you soothed and flattered—sighed and blushed—
And smiled and wept, for you can weep; (even now)
To stab me with a falsehood yet unknown
In falsest woman's perfidy?
Evadne. Vicentio,
Why am I thus accused? What have I done?
Vic. What!—are you grown already an adept
In cold dissimulation? Have you stopped
All access from your heart into your face?
Do you not blush?
Evadne. I do, indeed, for you.
Vic. The king!
Evadne. The king?
Vic. Come, come, confess at once, and wear it high
Upon your towering forehead—swell your port—
Away with this unseemly bashfulness—
Confront the talking of the busy world—
Tell them you are the mistress of the king,
Tell them you are Colonna's sister, too;
But hark you, madam, do not say
You are Vicentio's wife.
Evadne. Injurious man!
Vic. The very winds from the four parts of heaven
Blew it throughout the city.
Evadne. And if angels
Cried, trumpet-tongued, that I was false to you,
You should not have believed it.
Who dares to stain a woman's honesty,
Does her a wrong as deadly as the brand
He fears upon himself. Go, go, Vicentio;
You are not what I deemed you! Mistress! Fie!
Go, go, Vicentio! Let me not behold
The man who has reviled me with a thought
Dishonouring as that one! (*Crosses.*) Oh, Vicentio,
Do I deserve this of you? (*Weeps.*)
Vic. If I had wronged her—
Evadne. I will not stoop
To vindicate myself—dare to suspect me!
My lord, I am to guess that you came here
To speak your soul's revolt, and to demand
Your plighted vows again? If for this
You tarry here, I freely give you back
Your late repented faith. Farewell for ever.
(*Going.*)
Vic. Evadne!
Evadne. Well, my lord?
Vic. Evadne, stay!
Evadne. Vicentio!

(*With a look of reproaching remonstrance.*)

Vic. Let me look in thy face.
Oh, 'tis impossible. I was bamocked
And cheated by that villain. Nothing false
Sure ever looked like thee—and yet, wilt thou
But swear—
Evadne. What should I swear?
Vic. That you did not
Betray me to the king.
Evadne. Never?
Vic. Nor e'er
Didst write in love to him?
Evadne. Oh, never, never!
Some villain hath abused thy credulous ear.
I must hence betimes
To chase these blots of sorrow from my face;
For if Colonna should behold me weep—
So tenderly does he love me—that I fear
His hot, tempestuous nature. Why, Vicentio,
Do you still wrong with a wildered eye
That sheds suspicion?
Vic. I now remember
Another circumstance Ludovico
Did tell me as I came. (*Aside.*) I do not see
My picture on her bosom.
Evadne. Well?
Vic. When I departed hence, about your neck
I hung my pictured likeness.
Evadne. Vicentio, I have pillowed your dear image on a heart
You should not have distrusted.
Here it is.

(*Gives him the King's picture from her bosom.*)

And now, my lord, suspect me if you can.

Vic. (*Starting.*) A horrid phantom, more accursed than e'er
Yet crossed the sleep of freenzy, stares at me!
Speak, speak at once!
Or—let it blast thee, too!

(*Shows her the picture.*)

Evadne. Sure some dark spell—
Some fearful witchery. I am struck to ashes.
'Tis not Vicentio!
Vic. It is the King!
Evadne. No, no—it cannot be!
Give not thy senses credence. Oh,
I am confounded—maddened—lost!
'Tis not reality that stares upon me—
Oh, hide it from my sight.
Vic. Chance has betrayed thee,
And saves my perilled honour. Here, thou all fraud—
Thou mass of painted perjury—thou woman!
I have done with thee, and pray to heaven
I ne'er may see thee more. But hold,
Recall that wish again. The time will come
When I would look on thee! then, Evadne, then,
When the world's scorn is on thee, let me see
Thee, old in youth, and bending 'neath the load
Of sorrow, not of time—then let me see thee,
And mayst thou, as I pass, lift up thy head
But once from the sad earth, and then
Look down again for ever!

[*Exit.*

Enter COLONNA *in time to see Vicentio go off.*

Evadne. (*At first not perceiving that he is gone, and recovering from her stupefaction.* I will swear!
Give it back to me—oh, I am innocent!

(*She rushes up to Colonna, mistaking him for a moment for Vicentio.*)

By heaven, I am innocent!
Col. Who dares to doubt it—
Who knows thee of that noble family
That cowardice in man, or wantonness
In woman never tarnished?
Evadne. (*Aside.*) He is gone!
Col. But how is this, Evadne? In your face
I read a wildered air in place.
Of that placidity that us'd to shine
For ever on thy holy countenance.
One of love's summer clouds
Hath floated o'er you, tho' 'twere better far
That it had left no rain drops. What has happened?
Evadne. There's nothing has befallen, only—
Col. What—only?
Evadne. Pardon me, I must begone!
Col. Evadne, stay; let me behold you well.
Why do you stand at distance? Nearer still,
Evadne—
Evadne. Well?
Col. Vicentio—
Evadne. (*Assuming an affected lightness of manner.*) Why, Colonna,
Think you that I am without my sex's art,
And did not practise all the torturings
That make a woman's triumph?
Col. 'Twas not well.
I hoped thee raised above all artifice
That makes thy sex but infancy matured.
I was at first inclined to follow him,
And ask what this might mean.
Evadne. Then he had told
That I had played the tyrant. Had you seen
How like the peevish lap-dog he appeared,
Just beaten with a fan. Ha, ha, Colonna!
You will find us all alike. Ha, ha! (*Aside.*) My heart
Will break!

[*Bursts into tears.*

Col. Farewell!
Evadne. What would you do?
Col. Let all the world
Hold me a slave, and hoard upon my head
Its gathered infamy—be all who bear
Colonna's name scorn-blighted—may disgrace
Gnaw off all honour from my family,
If I permit an injury to thee
To 'scape Colonna's vengeance!
Evadne. Hold, my brother; I will not leave thy sight.
Col. Then follow me.
And if thou art abandoned, after all
Vicentio's plighted faith, thou shalt behold—
By heavens, an emperor should not do thee wrong
Or if he did, though I had a thousand lives,
I'd give them all to avenge thee. I'll inquire
Into this business; and if I find
Thou hast lost a lover, I will give him proof
I've my right arm, and thou thy brother still.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I—*A Street in Naples. Olivia's house.*

Enter LUDOVICO *and* VICENTIO.

Lud. There is Olivia's house.
Vic. Thou hast resolved me.
I thank thee for thy counsel, and at once,

[*Crosses.*

Speed to its dreadful performance.

Enter a SERVANT.

'Bides the Lady Olivia in her home?
Servant. She does, my lord.

[*Exit*

Vic. Thou sayest, Ludovico,
'Tis necessary for my fame?
Lud. No less.
By marrying Olivia, you disperse
The noises that abroad did sully you,
Of having given consent to play the cloak
To the king's dalliance.
Vic. Oh, speak of it
No more, Ludovico. Farewell, my friend,
I will obey your counsels.

[*Exit into Olivia's house.*

Lud. Fare you well,
My passionate, obsequious instrument,
Whom now I scorn so much—I scarcely let thee
Reach to the dignity of being hated.

Enter the KING, *disguised.*

King. My faithful servant—my Ludovico!
Lud. My prince!
King. Shall she be mine, Ludovico?
Lud. My liege,
I marvel not at the impatient throb
Of restless expectation in your heart.

And know that not in vain I toil
To waft you to her bosom, for Vicentio
Renounces her for ever, and—but moved
By my wise counsels; hath already prayed
The fair Olivia's hand.
King. How didst thou accomplish this?
Lud. I turned to use
The passion of Olivia. While Evadne traced
A letter to Vicentio, suddenly
The news of his expected coming reached
Her, and, in the rush of joy,
Unfinished on the table did she leave
The page of amorous wishes, which the care
Of unperceived Olivia, haply seized,
And bore unto my hand. Vicentio's name
Was drowned in hurried vocatives of love,
As thus "My lord, my life, my soul," the which
I made advantage of, and did persuade him
'Twas written to your highness—and with lights
Caught from the very torch of truest love,
I fired the furies' brands—
King. My faithful friend!
Lud. Then with your picture did Olivia work
Suspicion into frenzy; when he came
From your Evadne's house, I threw myself,
As if by fortune, in his path; I urged
His heated passions to my purposes,
And bade him ask Olivia's hand, to prove
How much he scorned her falsehood. Even now
He makes his suit, for there Olivia dwells,
And as you came he entered.
King. But wherein
Will this promote the crowning of my love?
Lud. I said Colonna's self should be the first
To lead you to her arms.
King. Thou didst, Ludovico,
The which performed, I'll give thee half my realm.
Lud. (*Aside.*) You shall give all!
King. Accomplish this, my friend;
Thou art as the rich circle of my royalty.
Farewell, Ludovico, I shall expect
Some speedy tidings from thee—fare thee well!
To-night, Ludovico.
[*Exit.*
Lud. To-night you perish!
Colonna's dagger shall let out your blood,
And lance your wanton and high-swelling veins.
Evadne here!

Enter EVADNE.

Evadne. (*With some agitation.*) My Lord Ludovico—
Lud. The beautiful Evadne!
What would the brightest maid of Italy
Of her poor servant?
Evadne. Sir, may I entreat
Your knowledge where Count Vicentio
'Bides at this moment? I have been informed
He 'companied you here.
Lud If you desired to learn where now he 'bides,
I can inform you.
Evadne. Where, Ludovico?
Lud. Yonder, Evadne, in Olivia's house.
Evadne. Olivia's house? What would he there?
Lud. You know
Vicentio and Olivia are to-day—
Evadne. My lord.
Lud. Are to be married—
Evadne. Married?
Vicentio and Olivia to be married?
Lud. I am sorry that it moves you thus—Evadne;
Had I been used as that ingrate, be sure
I ne'er had provoked like him. I would not thus
Have flung thee like a poppy from my heart—
A drowsy, sleep-provoking flower. Evadne,
I had not thus deserted you! [*Exit.*
Evadne. Vicentio!
Olivio and Vicentio to be married?
I heard it—yes, I am sure I did—Vicentio!
Olivia to be married!—and Evadne,
Whose heart was made of adoration—
Vicentio in her house? there—underneath
That woman's roof; behind the door that looks
To shut me out from hope. I will myself—
(*Advancing, then checking herself.*)
I dare not do it; but he could not
Use me thus—no, he could not, ha! (*Sees him.*)

Enter VICENTIO *from Olivia's house.*

Vic. Evadne here?
Evadne. Would I had been born blind,
Not to behold the fatal evidence
Of my abandonment!
Vic. (*Advances.*) Does she come
To bate me with reproaches; or does she dare
To think that she can angle me again
To the vile pool wherein she meant to catch me?
I'll pass her with the bitterness of scorn,
Nor seem to know her present to my sight.
(*Crosses.*)
Now I am at least revenged. (*Going.*)
Evadne. My lord, I pray you—entreat—Vicentio!
Vic. Who calls upon Vicentio? Was it you?
What would you with him, for I bear the name?
Evadne. Sir, I——
Vic. Go on. (*Aside.*) I'll taunt her to the quick.
Evadne. My lord, I——
Vic. I pray you, speak. I cannot guess
By such wild broken phrase, what you would have
Of one who knows you not?
Evadne. Not know me?
Vic. No!
Let me look in your face. There is, indeed,
Some faint resemblance to a countenance
Once much familiar to Vicentio's eyes—
But 'tis a shadowy one. She that I speak of
Was full of virtues, as the milky way,
Upon a frozen night, is thick with stars.
She was as pure as an untasted fountain;
Fresh as an April blossom; kind as love,
And good as infants giving charity!
Such was Evadne. Fare you well!
Evadne. Ny lord,
Is't true what I've heard?
Vic. What have you heard?
Evadne. Speak? are you to be married? Let me hear it—
Thank heav'n I've strength to hear it!
Vic. I scarce guess
What interest you find in one that deems
Himself a stranger to you.
Evadne. Sir——
Vic. But if
You are indeed solicitous to learn
Aught that imports me, learn that I, to-day,
Uave asked the fair Olivia's hand, in place of one——
Evadne. You have bedewed with tears.
So, then, Vicentio, fame did not wrong you.
You are to be married?
Vic. To one within whose heart as pure a fire
As in the shrine of Vesta long has burned.

Not the coarse flame of a corrupted heart,
To every worship dedicate alike—
A false, perfidious seeming.
Evadne. Spare your accusations. I am come——
Vic. Doubtless, to vindicate yourself.
Evadne. Oh, no!
An angel now would vainly plead my cause
Within Vicentio's heart—therefore, my lord,
I have no intent to interrupt the rite
That makes that lady yours; but I am come
Thus breathless as you see me—would to heav'n
I could be tearless too!
Hear all the vengeance I intend. I'll tell you.
May you be happy with that happier maid
That never could have loved you more than I do,
But may deserve you better! May your days,
Like a long stormless summer, glide away,
And peace and trust be with you!
And when at last you close your gentle lives,
Blameless as they were blessed, may you fall
Into the grave as softly as the leaves
Of two sweet roses on an autumn eve,
Beneath the soft sighs of the western wind;
For myself, *(Sobbing.)* I will but pray
The maker of the lonely beds of peace
To open one of his deep hollow ones,
Where misery goes to sleep, and let me in;
If ever you chance to pass beside my grave,
I am sure you'll not refuse a little sigh,
And if with my friend, (I still will call her so)
My friend, Olivia, chide you, pr'ythee tell her
Not to be jealous of me in my grave.
Vic. The picture! In your bosom, near your heart,
There on the very swellings of your breast.
The very shrine of chastity, you raised
A foul and cursed idol!
Evadne. You did not give me time—no, not a moment
To think what villany was wrought, to make me—
It is too late, you are Olivia's;
You have renounced me——
Vic. Come, confess, confess.
Evadne. What should I confess? But that you, that heaven,
That all the world seem to conspire against me;
Oh, Vicentio, pr'ythee avoid Colonna's sight!
Vic. Evadne?
You do not think to frighten me with his name?
Evadne. Vicentio, do not take away from me
All that I've left to love in all the world!
Avoid Colonna's sight to day. I will find
Some way to reconcile him to my fate—
I'll lay the blame upon my hapless head!—
Only to-day, Vicentio.

Enter COLONNA.

Col. Ha! My sister!
Where is thy dignity? Were is the pride
Meet for Colonna's sister?—hence! My lord——
Vic. What would you, sir?
Col. Your life:—you are briefly answered.
Look here, sir. To this lady you preferred
Your despicable love! Long did you woo,
And when at last by constant adoration,
Her sigh revealed that you were heard, you gained
Her brother's cold assent. Well then—no more—
For I've no patience to repeat by clause
The wrong that thou hast done her. It has reached
Colonna's ear that you have abandoned her—
It rings thro' Naples, my good lord—now, mark me,
I am her brother!
Vic. Well?
Evadne. (*In centre.*) Forbear! forbear!
I have no injury you should resent
In such a fearful fashion. I, my brother,
I am sure I never uttered a complaint,
Heaved with one sigh, nor shed a single tear.
Look at me, good Colonna! now, Colonna,
Can you discern a sorrow in my face?
I do not weep—I do not—look upon me
While I can smile, Colonna.
(*Bursts into tears.*)
Oh, my brother!—
Col. You weep, Evadne, but I'll mix your tears
With a false villain's blood. If you have left
A sense of aught that's noble in you still——
Vic. My lord, you do mistake, if you have hope
Vicentio's name was e'er designed to be
The cloak of such vile purpose.
Col. Is't true, my lord, you have abandoned her?
Vic. Is't true, my lord,
That to the king?
Col. The king?
Vic. And could you think
That I am to be made an instrument
For such a foul advancement? Do you think
That I would turn my name into a cloak?
Evadne. Colonna, my dear brother. Oh, Vicentio!
For heaven's sake, I do implore you here—
Col. Sir, you said something, if I heard aright,
Touching the king; explain yourself.
Vic. I will!
I will not wed his mistress!
Evadne. (*With reproach.*) Oh, Vicentio!
Col. Whom mean you, sir?
Vic. Look there!
Col. Evadne, ha?
Vic. Evadne!
Col. (*Crosses to centre, and strikes him with his glove.*)
Here's my answer, follow me,
Beyond the city's gates, I shall expect you.
[*Exit,*
Evadne. (*Clinging to Vicentio, who has his sword drawn and kneeling to him.*) You shall not stir!
Vic. If from his heart I poured
A sea of blood, it would not now content me.
Insolent villain! Dost thou stay me back?
Away, unloose me!
Evadne. Olivia, hear me; listen to my cry;
It is thy husband's life that now I plead for;
Save, oh, save him!
Vic. Then must I fling thee from me. Now I am free,
And swift as lightning on the whirlwind's wings,
I rush to my revenge!
[*Exit.*
Evadne. (*Who has fallen upon her knees in her struggle with* VICENTIO.) Oh, my poor heart!
Choke not, thou struggling spirit in my breast.
Hear me, Olivia. Olivia, hear me!

Enter OLIVIA, *from her house.*

Olivia. Is't Evadne calls
Like one that with a frantic energy
In fire cries out for life?
Evadne. I cry for life—
Vicentio's life—Colonna's life—Oh, my friend!
Colonna, maddened at my miseries,
And I confess that I am miserable,
Hath vowed a horrid vengeance, and even now
He struck Vicentio!

Olivia. Heaven!
Evadne. I pr'ythee, look not
Misdoubtingly upon me.
Hast thou not wings to save him?
Olivia. Thou art avenged, Evadne! to himself
I dare not own it, but to thee reveal
The vileness I have practised.
Evadne. Speak!
Olivia. In the wild tremor of thy joy,
I seized advantage of Vicentio's coming,
And placed within thine unsuspecting hand—
Evadne. The portrait of the king;
That horrid image that appeared to fill
My bosom with perdition.
'Twas you, my friend Olivia!
Olivia. But I—I myself,
Will to the king, and bid him send his power
To interpose between them; thou, Evadne,
Wilt speak my guilt.
[*Exit.*
Evadne. Oh, my Vicentio!
I fly to save and comfort you.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Bay, and View of Naples.*

Enter COLONNA *and* VICENTIO, *with their swords drawn.*

Col. Yonder, my lord, beside the cypress grove,
Fast by the church-yard, there's a place, methinks,
Where we may 'scape the eye of observation.
Vic. I follow, sir; the neighbourhood of the grave
Will suit our purpose well, for you or I
Must take its measure ere the sun be set.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LUDOVICO, *as they go off.*

Lud. Ha, there they go! the furies with their whips
Of hissing serpents, lash you to your fate.
My dull and passionate fools, you fall at last
Into the pit I have dug for you: the grave.
You grasp the murdering hilt, while I, in thought,
Already clench the glorious staff of empire.
I hate you both! One of you has denounced me;
The other, robbed me of a woman's love.
They have already entered the grove
Of funeral cypress. Now they are lost
Amid the crowded trunks; and yet a moment
And they will be about it! Now, Vicentio,
Thy fate is sealed. Colonna's arm——
Ha! Who comes here?
Evadne! Yes, my eyes deceive me not.
'Twas happiest chance that led me to the field.
She must be interrupted. Let me think!
I have it——

Enter EVADNE.

Evadne. Ha, Ludovico! Oh, speak!
My lord, my lord—my brother, and Vicentio——
Lud. I know it all; and I shall thank the fate
That made Ludovico the messenger
Of such blest tidings to Evadne's ear.
're secure——
Evadne. Secure!
My brother and Vicentio secure!
Lud. By providential circumstance, before
Their purpose was accomplished, both were seized,
And all their furious passions are as hushed
As the still waters of yon peaceful bay.
Evadne. Where, how, and when was this? What blessed hand——
Speak, my lord.
Lud. 'Twas I!
Evadne. You, Ludovico?
Lud. The same!
Hearing Olivia's marriage with Vicentio,
I saw the dreadful issue, and I flew
With the strong arm of power to intercept them.
Evadne. On my knees,
And at your feet I thank you.
(*Kneels.*)
Lud. Beautiful Evadne!
Loveliest beneath the skies, where everything
Grows lovely as themselves. Nay, do not bend
Your eyes, and hide beneath these fleecy clouds
Stars beaming as the evening one, nor turn
That cheek away, that like a cold rose, seems
Besprankt with snow! Nor strive to win from me
Those hands, which he who formed the lily, formed
With imitative whiteness—I will presume,
For your dear sight hath made a madman of me,
To press my rapture here.
(*Kisses her hand.*)
Evadne. My lord—but no, I will not chide—
I go to seek my brother.
Lud. And Vicentio!
You would fly me thus,
To rush at once into my rival's arms.
Nay, do not start: he well deserves the name.
I know him by no other.
Evadne. Sir, I hope
You will not revive a subject that has long
Between us been forgotten.
Lud. What, forgotten?
I did not think to hear it. Said you forgotten?
Nay, do not think you leave me; in return
For such small service as I have done to-day,
I beg your audience; tell me what's forgotten?
I would hear it from your lips.
Evadne. I did not mean——
Forgive, and let me go?
(*Crosses.*)
Lud. What, what forgotten?
Your heartlessness to all the maddening power
Of the tumultuous passions in my heart!
What, what forgotten? All the injuries
You have cast upon my head: the stings of fire
You have driven into my soul—my agonies,
My tears, my supplications, and the groans
Of my indignant spirit! I can hold
My curbed soul no more—it rushes out!
What, what forgotten?—me—Ludovico?
Evadne. Ludovico,
What may this sudden fury mean?
Did you not say you saved Vicentio?
Lud. I will permit you shortly to embrace him—
I will not long detain you from his arms—
But you will find him grown as cold a lover
As moonlight statues—his fond arms will hang
In loosened idleness about your form—
And from those lips where you were wont t'imbibe
The fiery respiration of the heart,
You will touch the coldness of the unsunned snow,
Without its purity.

If you can wake his heart to love again,
I'll hold you for a sorceress—no, Evadne,
You ne'er shall be Vicentio's—but mine!
Evadne. Yours!
Lud. Mine! I have said it, and before to-night
I'll verify the prophesy. Ha!
(*Seeing Colonna.*)
By heavens, it is himself!
All is accomplished—and upon my front
Methinks I clasp the round of royalty!
Already do I clasp thee in mine arms!
Evadne! There, look there, Colonna comes,
And on that weapon flaming from afar
He bears the vengeance of Ludovico.
[*Exit.*

Enter COLONNA, *with his sword bloody.*

Col. Evadne here!
Evadne. My brother!
Col. Call me so,
For I have proved myself to be thy brother.
Look here,
Evadne. There's blood upon it.
Col. And there should be.
Evadne. Thou hast—
Col. I have revenged thee!
Evadne. Villain, thou hast slain Vicentio?
Col. I have revenged thee—
For any wrong done to my single self,
I should, perhaps, repent me of the deed;
But, for a wrong to thee—Why dost thou look
Up to the heavens with such a bewildered gaze?
Evadne. To curse thee, myself, and all the world?
Oh, thou hast slain Vicentio! thou hast slain him
Who was as dear as life unto my frantic heart,
Vicentio! My lord! My soul, my joy, my love!
Vicentio! Vicentio!
(*Crosses.*)
Col. Thy passionate grief
Doth touch me more than it beseems mine honour.
Evadne. Colonna, kill me!
Col. Pr'ythee, Evadne,
Let me conduct thy grief to secresy—
I must from hence prepare my speedy flight,
For now my head is forfeit to the law.

Enter SPALATRO, *with Officer and Guards.*

Spal. Behold him here. Sir, I am sorry for
The duty which mine office hath prescribed!
You are my prisoner.
Col. Sir, there is need
Of little words to excuse you. I was talking
Of speeding me from Naples, as you came,
But I scarce grieve you interrupt my flight.
Here is my sword.
Spal. You are doomed to death.
Evadne. To death?
Spal. The king himself,
Hearing your combat with Vicentio,
Hath sworn, that who survived, shall by the axe—
Col. You speak before a woman. I was well
Acquainted with my fate before you spoke it.
Evadne. Death! must you die, Colonna?
Oh, no—no—no! not die, sir.
(*Crosses.*)
Col. My sweet sister!
I pray you, gentlemen, one moment more—
This lady is my sister, and indeed
My only kin in all the world,
And I must die for her sake! My sweet sister,
Evadne. No, my brother—not die, not die!
Col. Evadne, sweet Evadne! Let me hear
(*Evadne becomes gradually insensible.*)
Thy voice before I go—I pr'ythee speak!
That even in death you may remember me
Of its sweet sounds, Evadne—she has fainted!
Sir, I have a prayer to you.
Spal. It shall be granted.
Col. My palace is hard by; let some of these
Good guardians of the law attend me thither.
Evadne, for thy sake, I am almost loth
To leave a world, the which, when I am gone,
Thou wilt find, I fear, a solitary one!

[*Exit, bearing Evadne, and followed by Spalatro and Guards.*)

SCENE III.—*A Prison.*

Enter LUDOVICO, *meeting* SPALATRO.

Lud. Where is Colonna? Not yet arrived?
Spal. Guarded he bore
His sister to his palace, from the which
He will be soon led here.
Lud. Spalatro, as I passed, a rumour came,
Colonna's sword had but half done the work,
And that Vicentio was not stabbed to death—
If he still lives—but till I am sure of it,
No need to speak my resolution,
Thou art his friend.
Spal. Such I'm indeed accounted,
But, save yourself, none doth deserve the name.
Lud. Then hie thee hence, Spalatro, to inform me,
If yet Vicentio breathes—(*Spalatro crosses.*) and afterwards,
I'll make some trial of thy love to me.
[*Exit Spalatro.*

Enter COLONNA, *Officer, and Guards.*

Col. Conduct me to my dungeon! I have parted
From all that bound my bosom to the world——
Ludovico!
Lud. The same.
Col. Come you, my lord,
To swill with drunken thirst, the poor revenge
That makes a little mind's ignoble joy?
Lud. Guards, I discharge Colonna from your care;
He is no more your prisoner——Hence!
[*Exeunt Officer and Guards.*
My lord,
Such is the vengeance of Ludovico!
Col. What is a man doomed to the stroke of death
To understand by this?
Lud. That I am his friend
Who called me traitor!
Col. Such I call you still.
Lud. Well, then, I am a traitor, but listen:
Your father was a tutor of the king,
And loyalty is your inheritance—
I am not blind to such exalted virtue,
And I resolved to win Colonna's heart,
As hearts like his are won! Unto the king,
Soon as Vicentio's fate had reached mine ear,
I hastened and implored your life.
Col. My life!
Well, sir, my life? (*With indifference.*)
Lud. Upon my knees I fell,

Nor can I speak the joy that in my heart—
Leaped, when I heard him say that thou should'st live.

Col. I am loth to owe you gratitude, my lord,
But, for my sister's sake, whom I would not
Leave unprotected on the earth, I thank you!

Lud. You have no cause to thank me; for, Colonna,
He did pronounce your death, e'en as he said
He gave you life.

Col. I understand you not.

Lud. Your honour's death, Colonna, which I hold
The fountain of vitality.

Col. Go on!
I scarce did hear what did concern my life,
But aught that touches honour——

Lud. Oh, Colonna,
I almost dread to tell thee!

Col. Pr'ythee speak!
You put me on the rack!

Lud. Wilt thou promise me,—
I will not ask thee to be calm, Colonna,
Wilt promise me, that thou wilt not be mad?

Col. Whate'er it be I will contain myself.
You said 'twas something that concern'd mine honour,
The honour of my house; he did not dare
To say my blood should by a foul attaint
Be in my veins corrupted; from their height
The mouldering banners of my family,
Flung to the earth; the scutcheons of my fame
Trod by dishonour's foot, and my great race
Struck from the list of nobles?

Lud. No, Colonna,
Struck from the list of men! He dared to ask
As a condition for the life, (my tongue
Doth falter as I speak it, and my heart
Can scarcely heave) by Heavens, he dared to ask,
That, to his foul and impious clasp, thou shouldst
Yield up thy sister.

Col. Ha!

Col. The king doth set a price
Upon thy life, and 'tis thy sister's honour.

Col. My sister!

Lud. Ay, thy sister, Evadne!

Col. By yon heaven,
Tho' he were born with immortality,
I will find some way to kill him!
My sister!

Lud. Do not waste in idle wrath——

Col. My fathers, do you hear it in the tomb?
Do not your mouldering remnants of the earth
Feel horrid animation in the grave,
And strive to burst the ponderous sepulchre,
And throw it off?—My sister, oh, yon heavens;
Was this reserved for me? For me,—the son
Of that great man that tutored him in arms,
And loved him as myself?—I know you wonder
That tears are drooping from my flaming eye-lid;
But 'tis the streaming of a burning heart,
And these are drops of fire—my sister!

Lud. Now—
Do you call me traitor? Do you think
Twas such a crime from off thy country's heart
To fling this incubus of royalty?—
Am I a traitor? Is't a sin, my lord,
To think a dagger were of use in Naples?

Col. Thou shalt not touch a solitary hair
Upon the villain's head!—his life is mine;
His heart is grown my property, Ludovico,
None kill'n him but myself! I will, this moment,
Amid the assembled court, in face of day,
Rush on the monster, and without a sword
Tear him to pieces!

(*Going.*)

Lud. Nay, Colonna,
Within his court he might perchance escape you;
But, if you do incline to do a deed
Antiquity would envy, with the means
He hath furnished you himself! He means, Colonna,
In your own house that you should hold to night
A glorious revelry, to celebrate
Your sovereign's sacred presence; and so soon
As all the guests are parted, you yourself
Should lead your sister to him.

Col. That I should
Convert the palace of mine ancestors
Into a place of brothelry—myself;
Tell me no more, I pr'ythee, if thou would'st
I should be fit for death!—

Lud. In honour be
A Roman, an Italian in revenge.
Waste not in idle and tempestuous sound
Thy great resolve. The king intends to bear
The honour of his presence to your house,—
Nay, hold! I'll tell him you consent—he straight
Will fall into the snare, and then, Colonna,
Make offering of his blood to thy revenge!

Col. I thank thee for thy warning—'tis well thought on—
I'll make my vengeance certain, and commend
Thy wisdom in the counselling.

Lud. Then, hie thee hence!
And make fit preparation for the banquet.
I'll straight return and tell him you're all joy
In the honour of his coming.

Col. The rigorous muscles of my clenched hand
Already feel impatience for the blow
That strikes the crowned monster to the heart!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE.—*A vast hall in Colonna's Palace, filled with statues. The moon streams in through the Gothic windows, and appears to fall upon the statues. A chamber door at the back.*

Enter LUDOVICO *and the* KING.

Lud. This is the way, my liege. Colonna bade me
Conduct you to your chamber, while he went
To seek the fair Evadne, and conduct
Her to your highness' arms.

King. Ludovico, thou hast proved thyself, today
The genius of my happier destiny:
Thee must I thank, for 'twas thy rarer wit
Did guide me on to heaven.

Lud. (*Aside.*) I'll send you there.

King. When first I heard Vicentio fell beneath
The hot Colonna's sword, I do confess
It smote me sore; but now 'tis told abroad
That he hath passed all peril.

Lud. I am glad
His death doth not conduct you to your joys.
Vicentio bears a slight unarming wound
That sheds his blood, but perils not his life;

But let him pass; let not a thought of him
Flit round the couch of love.
King. Good night, my friend;
And, pr'ythee, bid Colonna swiftly lead her
To the expecting transports of my heart.
Lud. I will bid him speed her coyness.
King. Hie thee, Ludovico,
For every moment seems an age.
[*Exit into chamber.*
Lud. An age!
For you, nor minute, hour, nor day, nor year,
Nor age shall shortly be.
'Tis now the dead of night That sounds to me
Like an apt word; for nature doth to me
Show, like a giant corse; his mighty world,
Its wide and highly-vaulted sepulchre,
And yonder moon a tomb-lamp. When the king
Lies dead to boot, all things will then appear
In a more full proportion. Ha! he comes!
My dull and unconscious instrument—Colonna!

Enter COLONNA, *with a dagger.*

Welcome, my friend, for such I dare to call you.
The king's already to his bed retired,
Where death will be his paramour.
Col. I have heard
Vicentio was not wounded unto death.
Would this were sooner known.
Lud. Why, my good lord?
Col. Because the king would not have offered me
Such an indignity, nor should I now
Tread into murder.
Lud. Murder! I had hoped
You would not on the threshold of the deed
Stay tottering thus. One would deem
It was a deed of sin, and not of honour,
That you had undertaken.
Col. By yon heaven,
I cannot stab him like a slave that's hired
To be a blood-shedder! I cannot clench
This hand, accustomed to a soldier's sword,
Around this treacherous hilt, and, with the other,
Squeeze the choked spirit from the gasping throat,
Then kneel upon his bosom, and press out
The last faint sigh of life! Down, damned steel!
Fit instrument for cowards! (*Throws down the dagger.*) I will play
A warrior's part, and arm him for the fight!
Give me thy sword, that I may put my defence
Into the tyrant's hand, and nobly kill him!
Come forth!
(*Going.*)
Lud. Hold, madman, hold! What wouldst thou do?
Col. Bravely encounter him, not take his life
Like a mercenary stabber.
Lud. Hast thou thought
That he may be the victor, too?
Col. My death
Will not be thought inglorious.
Lud. There's some praise
In falling by the hand of royalty!
But when you are laid within your sepulchre,
And rot most honourably, then I fear me,
A lesser shame will not befall your house
For all the graven marbles on your tomb.
Your sister—
Col. Ha!
Lud. Your sister will not find,
When you are dead, a bulwark in your grave.
Where will she find a guardian arm? Thine arm
Will be the food of the consuming worm;
While in the hot embraces of the king—
Col. I did not think on that.
Lud. But I perhaps mistake you all this while
You had better thought upon the dignity
He means your house.
Col. You do not dare—
Lud. I dare to tell you this:
Who can forgive such injury as thine,
Hath half consented to it. How is it
The glorious resolve hath cooled within thee?
Hath anything befallen that should have blown
On the red iron of thy heated wrath,
And steeped thee back to meekness? Was the touch
Of his warm amorous hand, wherein he palmed
Her struggling fingers, ice upon your rage?
When he did tread upon her yielding foot
Beneath the cloth of gold—
Col. If I had seen it,
He had not lived an instant.
Lud. When you turned,
He flung his arms around, and on her cheek
He pressed his ravenous lips. 'Sdeath, sir, consider;
You pray the King of Naples to your roof;
You hail his coming in a feast that kings
Could scarce exceed the glory; it is blown
Thro' all the city that he sleeps to-night
Within your sister's bed; and, it is said,
That you yourself have smoothed the pillow down.
Col. Where is he? Let me see him who presumes
To think the blasphemy.
Lud. Behold him here!
I, sir—yes, I—I Ludovico, dare think
With every man in Naples, if the king
Should leave your roof with life, that he has tasted
The fruit he came to pluck.
Col. No more—no more!
He perishes, Ludovico!
Lud. That's well!
I am glad to see you pull into your heart
(*Takes the dagger.*)
Its brave resolve again; and if there be
Aught wanting to confirm thee, think, Colonna,
Think that you give your country liberty,
While you revenge yourself! Go, my Colonna:
Yonder's the fatal chamber; plunge the steel
(*Gives the dagger.*)
Into his inmost heart, and let the blood
Flow largely.
Col. I'll call to thee when it is done.
Lud. Hark thee! he'll cry for life; and well I know
The pleading for existence may have power
Upon thy noble nature; then, Colonna,
Drown every shriek with chaste Evadne's name,
And stab him as thou criest it! [*Exit.*

(*Colonna advances towards the chamber door.*)

Col. I will do it—yes, I will do it!
Evadne. (*Without.*) Hold!
Col. (*Starting.*) It was only
My thought informed the air with voice and me—
Why should I feel as if I walked in guilt,

And trod to common murder? He shall die!
Come, then, enraging thought, into my breast,
And turn it into iron!
Evadne. (*Without.*) Hold!
Col. It shot
With keen reality into mine ear.
A figure, in the shadow of the moon,
Moves slowly on my sight.
What art thou?

EVADNE *advances from behind the statues.*

Evadne. My brother!
Col. How, my sister!
Came you across my purpose?
Evadne. From my chamber I did behold you
In dreadful converse with Ludovico.
And, I as soon had seen thee
Commune with the great foe of all mankind.
What wouldst thou do? Murder?
Col. Murder!
Evadne. What else, Colonna,
Couldst thou have learned from Ludovico?
Col. In yonder chamber lies the king: I go
To stab him to the heart.
Evadne. 'Tis nobly done!
I will not call him king, but guest.
Remember you have called him here; remember,
You have pledged him in your father's golden cup;
Have broken bread with him. The man, Colonna——
Col. Who dares to set a price upon my life.
What think'st thou 'twas?
Evadne. I think there's nought too dear
To buy Colonna's life.
Col. 'Twas a vast price
He asked me then; you were to pay it, too;
It was my Evadne's honour.
Evadne. Ha!
Col. Now, if thou wilt, abide thee here, Evadne,
Where thou mayest hear his groan. (*Going in.*)
Evadne. Forbear, Colonna!
Let not this hand be blotted o'er with blood.
Col. Evadne!
Evadne. Well?
Col. The king expects me to
Conduct you to his chamber. Shall I do so?
Evadne. I pr'ythee be not angry with me,
But bid him come to me.
Col. What! bid him come to thee?
Evadne. And leave me with him here.
I implore it of thee.
Col. Yes, I will try her.
I know not what she means, but, hitherto,
I deemed her virtuous.
Evadne. Send him to me.
Col. There's a wild purpose in her solemn eye.
I wot not if 'tis sin, but I will make
A terrible experiment. (*Aside.*) What, ho!
My liege, I bear fulfilment of my promise;
Colonna bears Evadne to your arms!

Enter the KING *from the chamber.*

King. Colonna, my best friend, how shall I thank thee?
I not only give thee life,
But place thee near myself; henceforth thou wilt bear
A nobler title in thy family,
And to thy great posterity we'll send
A granted dukedom.
Col. Sir, you honour me.
My presence is no longer needed here, (*Aside.*)
A word's consent despatches them!
(*Conceals himself behind the pillars.*)
King. My fair Evadne, lay aside thy sad
And drooping aspect in this hour of joy.
Stoop not thy head, that like a pale rose bends
Upon its yielding stalk.
I'll place thee high in honour.
Evadne. Honour, sir?
King Yes; I'll exalt thee into dignity;
Adorn thy name with titles.
Come, my Evadne, what a form is here?
The imaginers of beauty did of old
O'er three rich forms of sculptured excellence
Scatter the graces; but the hand
Of mightier nature hath in thee combined
All varied charms together.
Evadne. You were speaking of sculpture, sir.
Here, my lord,
(*Pointing to the statues.*)
Is matter for your transports!
King. Fair Evadne,
Do you not mean to mock me?
Evadne. Nay, it is my wish
That you should look upon those reverend forms,
That keep the likeness of mine ancestry.
Behold!
(*Going to a statue.*)
The glorious founder of my family!
It is the great Rodolpho! Charlemagne
Did fix that sun upon his shield, to be
His glory's blazoned emblem.
With what austere and dignified regard
He lifts the type of purity, and seems
Indignantly to ask, if aught that springs
From blood of his, shall dare to sully it
With a vapour of the morning!
King. It is well;
His frown has been attempered in the lapse
Of generations to thy lovely smile.
Evadne. Another of mine ancestors, my liege—
(*Pointing to a statue.*)
Guelfo, the murderer!
King. The murderer!
I knew not that your family was stained
With the reproach of blood.
Evadne. We are not wont
To blush, tho' we may sorrow for his sin;
If sin indeed it be. His castle walls
Were circled by the siege of Saracens:
He had an only daughter whom he prized
More than you do your diadem: but when
He saw the fury of the infidels
Burst through his shattered gates, and on his child
Dishonour's hand was lifted, with one blow
He struck her to the heart, and, with the other,
He stretched himself beside her.
King. Fair Evadne,
I must no more indulge you, else I fear
You would scorn me for my patience; pr'ythee, love,
No more of this wild phantasy!
Evadne. My liege,
But one remains, and when you have looked upon it,
And thus complied with my request, you will find me
Submissive to your own. Look here, my lord;
Know you this statue?
(*Pointing to a statue.*)
King. It is your father!

Evadne. (*Breaking into exultation.*) Ay! 'tis indeed my father—'tis my good,
Exalted, generous, and god-like father!
Whose memory, though he had left his child
A naked, houseless roamer through the world,
Were an inheritance a princess might
Be proud of for a dower! Who was my father?

(*With a proud and conscious interrogatory.*)

King. One, whom I confess
Of high and many virtues.
Evadne. Is that all?
I will help your memory, and tell you, first,
That the late King of Naples looked among
The noblest in his realm for that good man,
To whom he might entrust your opening youth,
And found him worthiest. His whole life
Was given to your uses, and his death;
Ha! do you start, my lord? On Milan's plain
He fought beside you, and when he beheld
A sword thrust at your bosom, rushed between; it pierc'd him!
He fell down at your feet! He perished to preserve you!
Breathless image,

(*Rushes to the statue.*)

Altho' no heart doth beat within thy breast,
No blood is in those veins, let me enclasp thee!
Now, sir, I am ready.
Come take me from this neck of senseless stone;
Come and unloose me from my father's arms!
Come, if you dare, and in his daughter's shame
Reward him for the last drops of the blood
Shed for his prince's life.
King. Thou hast wrought
A miracle upon thy prince's heart,
And lifted up a vestal lamp to show
My soul its own deformity—my guilt!
Evadne. (*disengaging herself from the statue*) Ha! have you a soul? have you yet left
One relic of a man?
Heart! do not burst in ecstacy too soon;
By brother! my Colonna! hear me—hear!
In all the wildering triumph of my soul
I call upon thee!

(*Turning, she perceives Colonna, advancing from among the statues.*)

There he is, my brother,
Col. (*In centre.*) Let me behold thee,
Let me compress thee here. Oh, my dear sister,
A thousand times mine own. I glory in thee;
More than in all the heroes of my name.
I overheard your converse, and methought
It was a blessed spirit that had ta'en
Thy heavenly form to show the wondering world
How beautiful was virtue. Sir—

(*To the King.*)

Evadne. Colonna, there is your king.
Col. Thou hast made him so again;
Thy virtue hath re-crowned him; and I kneel
His faithful subject here.
King. Arise, Colonna.
You take the attitude that more befits
The man who would have wronged you, but whose heart
Was by a seraph call'd again to heaven.
Forgive me.
Col. Yes, with all my soul I do!
And I will give you proof how suddenly
You are grown my prince again. Do not enquire
What I intend, but let me lead you here
Behind these statues.

(*Placing the king behind the statue.*)

Retire, my best Evadne.

[*Exit Evadne.*

Ho, Ludovico!
What, ho, there! Here he comes!

Enter LUDOVICO.

Ludovico,
I have done the deed.
Lud. He is dead?
Col. Thro' his heart,
E'en as thou badest me, did I drive the steel;
And, as he cried for life, Evadne's name
Drowned his last shriek!
Lud. So!
Col. Why do you
Stand thus rapt? Why does your bosom heave
In such wild tumult? Why is it you place
Your hand upon your brow? What hath possessed you?
Lud. (*With a strong laugh of irony.*) Fool!
Col. How is this?
Lud. So, thou hast slain the king?
Col. I did but follow your advice, my lord.
Lud. Therefore I call ye—fool! From the king's head
Thou hast ta'en the crown, to place it on mine own!
Therefore I touch'd my brow, for I did think
That palpably, I felt the diadem
Wreathing its golden round about my brow.
But, by yon heaven, scarce do I feel more joy
In climbing up to empire, than I do
In knowing thee my dupe!
Col. I know, my lord,
You bade me kill the king.
Lud. And since thou hast slain him,
Know more:—'twas I that first within his hear
Lighted impurity; 'twas I, Colonna—
Hear it: 'twas I that did persuade the king
To ask thy sister's honour as the price
Of thine accorded life!
Col. You?
Lud. Wouldst hear more?
To-morrow sees me king! I have already
Prepared three thousand of my followers
To call me to the throne; and, when I am there,
I'll try thee for the murdering of the king,
And then——What ho, there! guards!—then, my good lord,
When the good trenchant axe hath struck away
That dull and passionate head of thine——What, ho!

Enter Officer and eight Guards.

I'll take the fair Evadne to mine arms,
And thus——On yonder traitor seize!
With sacrilegious hand he hath ta'en away
The consecrated life of majesty
And——

The KING *comes forward.*

What do I behold? Is not my sense
Mocked with this horrid vision
That hath started up
To make an idiot of me? Is it not
The vapour of the senses that has framed
The only spectacle that ever yet
Appalled Ludovico?
King. Behold thy king!

Lud. He lives! I am betrayed; but let me not
Play traitor to myself;—befriend me still,
Thou guarding genius of Ludovico!
My liege, my royal master, do I see you
Safe from the plots of yon accursed traitor?
And, throwing thus myself around your knees,
Do I clasp reality?
King. Traitor, arise!
Nor dare pollute my garments with a touch!
I know thee for a villain! Seize him, guards!
Lud. (*Drawing his sword.*) By this right arm, they dare not—this right arm
That to the battle oft hath led them on;
Whose power to kill they know, but would not feel!
I am betrayed—but who will dare to leap
Into the pit wherein the lion's caught,
And hug with him for death?—not one of this
Vile herd of trembling wretches! (*To the King.*)
Thou art meet alone to encounter me;
And thus in the wild bravery of despair,
I rush into thy life!
(*Colonna intercepts and stabs him. Ludovico falls.*)
Colonna, thou hast conquered! Oh, that I could,
Like an expiring dragon, spit upon you!
That I could—thus I fling the drops of life
In showers of poison on you—may it fall,
Like Centaur blood, and fester you to madness!
Oh, that I could——
(*He grasps his sword, and in an effort to rise dies.*)

Enter EVADNE, *and crosses to* COLONNA.

Evadne. Oh, my brother!
King. Thou hast a second time preserv'd thy prince!
Fair Evadne, we will repair our injuries to thee,
And wait in all the pomp of royalty
Upon the sacred day that gives thy hand
To thy beloved Vicentio!

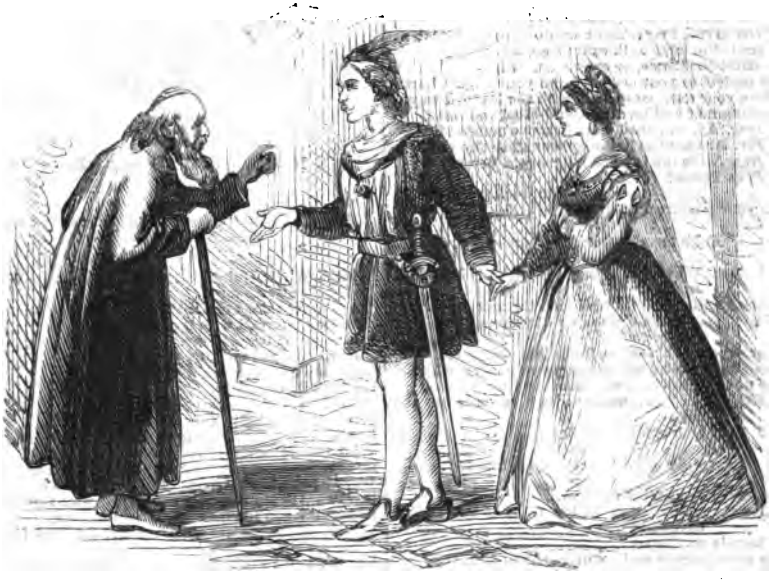
Enter VICENTIO.

Vic. Where is she—my Evadne? Oh, I have heard all!
Olivia hath confessed how she hath wronged thee
At thy feet I throw myself, and sue for pardon.
Evadne. Evadne grants it with a throbbing heart
Col. So does Colonna with a welcome hand.
Vic. My liege——
King. Thy liege! who blushing for the past,
Thus joins thy hand to one who, for the future,
Will ever throw around thee the halo of true happiness.
Col. And the nuptials
Shall at the pedestal be solemnized
Of our great father!
Evadne. And ever, as in this blest moment, may
His guardian spirit, with celestial love,
Spread its bright wings to shelter us from ill;
With nature's tenderest feelings looking down
Benignant on the fortunes of his child.

[*Exeunt.*

THE MERCHANT OF BRUGES.

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.—ALTERED FROM BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. BY DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.



Clause—"SHE IS MOST GOODLY."—*Act* iv, *scene* 5.

Persons Represented.

GOSWIN, OR FLOREZ.	HEMSKIRKE.	CLOWN.	SAILOR.
GERRARD, OR CLAUSE.	VANDUNKE.	PRIG.	JACULIN.
WOLFORT.	MERCHANTS.	SNAP.	BERTHA.
HUBERT.	HIGGEN.	FERRET.	MARGARET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The outside of the gate of Bruges. Public-house on one side, with the sign of the "Right heir."*

HIGGIN, PRIG, FERRET, *and other Beggars discovered as having been drinking at a table.*

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Well, brothers, our merry old king is dead;
What matters? we'll soon have another instead:
He would not have cried
Had you or I died.
Then mourn him no longer, but merrily sing,
Rest, rest to the bones of our merry old king.
Drain the can, brother;
Fill up another;
Drink till our eyes with tears shall swell;
Tears of brandy alone;
And the monarch that's gone
Shall be wept in the liquor he lov'd so well.

Hig. Well said, my masters, peace be to his rags!

His was a gold and silver reign; he, tyrant-like,
Did never force away your hens and bacon
When ye had ventur'd for't.
Prig. And in return,
We've lent him Christian burial; in good sooth,
That's more than follows on your soldier's end.
Fer. The chance was his.
Hig. Ay, marry, was't. But mark,
The chance that laid him low did make him king,
And yet may crown us, too.
Prig. So't be in right
Of our old custom and election—law.
Hig. True, Prig; 'tis fit we do observe the laws.
Here is the table doth exact from all
A strict obedience, or expulsion. First,
Be perfect in your crutches and your feign'd hurts,
Then your torn passports; with the learned ways
To stammer and be dumb, and blind and lame.
Prig. Ay, and shed tears to move compassion.
Fer. Are not the halting paces all set down?
Hig. All in the learned language. Brother——
Prig. Peace!
(*Boors call from behind.*)
To your postures.

Enter three or four Boors, with pipes.

1 *Boor.* What, ho! mine host with the big belly! beer!
Stark English beer! Well met, my merry souls.
What! your trade thrives, methinks, since Wolfort reigns
O'er prostrate Flanders, in despite of Bruges!
Your state doth grow in numbers; marry, why?
He now thrives best who hath the least to lose.
Hig. Bless you, masters, we suffer with the times.
2 *Boor.* Come, landlord, beer.

Enter Landlord from the house, with beer.

Land. Here's o'the right sort.
1 *Boor.* Then here's to the right heir—the lost earl Florez.
Where is old Clause?
He gives respect and countenance to beggary;
An' ye make him your king, I'd call myself his subject.
Hig. What, old solemnity, our grey-beard bishop? eh!
Prig. See, here he comes!

Enter CLAUSE.

1 *Boor.* Good morrow, worthy Clause:
How fares it with ye, man?
Clause. Not better than the times
Give token of: but for old Bruges here,
Whose charitable sons still feed our wants,
We had long fled this bleeding land,
Where tyrants do make beggars of ye all.
1 *Boor.* There thou say'st well! Our nobles are no more—
Our cities ruin'd, and the great wealth of Flanders
Center'd in Bruges. She alone defends
Her rights and liberty 'gainst Wolfort's power.
Here's to her burgomaster, old Vandunke.
(*Beggars and Boors drink to Vandunke.*)
Clause. I will be with you straight; but first must hence
Awhile into the town. We'll meet anon.
[*Exit.*

Hig. Let's forward then. Our doxies do repose
Under yon trees. Go some, and call them hither.
And then trudge gaily home to Beggar's Bush.

GLEE.

Men. *Come, doxies, come. The cheerful day*
Is bright, and winds are hush.

Enter Women.

Women. *Then take thy staff, and troll the lay,*
And trudge to Beggar's Bush.
Our welcome home, a blithe one, too,
The thrush's song shall be;
And never dwelt a merrier crew
Beneath the greenwood tree.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Presence-chamber of the Earl of Flanders.*

Enter HUBERT *disarmed and guarded, met by* WOLFORT *and train.*

Wolf. What, Hubert stealing from me? Who disarm'd him?
'Twas more than I commanded; take your sword
I am best guarded with it in your hand;
I've seen you use it nobly.
Hub. And will turn it
On my own bosom, ere it shall be drawn
Unworthily or rudely.
Wolf. Would you leave me
Without a farewell, Hubert? Fly a friend,
Unwearied in his study to advance you?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,
Reward, or trust from me, but his approaches
Were by your fair reports of him prefer'd?
Nay, what is more, I've made myself your servant
In making you the master of these secrets,
Which not the rack of conscience could draw from me:
Nor I, when I ask'd mercy, trust my pray'rs with.
Yet, after these assurances of love,
These ties and bonds of friendship, to forsake me!
Forsake me as an enemy! Come, you must
Give me a reason.
Hub. Sir, and so I will,
If I may do't in private; and you hear it.
Wolf. All leave the room.
[*Exeunt Guards, &c.*
You have your will; now speak,
And use the liberty of our first friendship.
Hub. Friendship! When you prov'd traitor first, that vanish'd;
Nor do I owe you any thought but hate.
I know my flight hath forfeited my head,
And so I make you first to understand
What a strange monster you have made yourself:
I welcome it.
Wolf. To me this is strange language.
Hub. To you! Why, what are you?
Wolf. Your prince and master,
The earl of Flanders.
Hub. By a proper title!
Rais'd to it by cunning, circumvention, force,
Blood, and proscriptions.
Wolf. And in all this wisdom
Had I not reason,—when the protector, Gerrard,

Who underhand had by his ministers
Detracted my great actions, made my faith
And loyalty suspected? in which failing,
He sought my life by practice.
Hub. With what forehead
Do you speak this to me? Who, as I know't,
Must and will say, 'tis false.
Wolf. Ha! my guard there.
Hub. You bade me speak, and promis'd you would hear,
Which I now say you shall: not a sound more;
For I, that am contemner of mine own,
Am master of your life; then here's a sword
Between you and all aids: although you blind
The credulous beast, the multitude, you
Pass not these untruths on me.
Wolf. How! untruths?
Hub. Ay, and it is favourable language;
They'd been in a mean man lies and foul ones.
Were not those rumours,
Of being call'd unto your trial, spread
By your own followers? who, being suborn'd,
Came forth and took their oaths they had been hir'd
By Gerrard to your murder; this once heard
And easily believ'd, your well-taught slaves
Snatch'd hastily their arms, and barbarously kill'd
Such as were servants, or thought friends, to Gerrard,
Vowing the like to him.
Wolf. Will you yet end?
Hub. But he with his son Florez (the true heir
By right unto this country from his mother),
Forsook the city, and by secret ways,
As you give out, and we would gladly have't,
Escap'd their fury; though 'tis more than fear'd
They fall among the rest. Your cruelties since
So far transcend your former bloody ills,
As if, compar'd, they only would appear
Essays of mischief—do not stop your ears,
More are behind yet.
Wolf. Repeat them not.
Hub. A prince in nothing but your princely lusts
And boundless rapines.
Wolf. Hold, I beseech you;
Thou art to me in this a greater tyrant
Than e'er I was to any.
Hub. I end thus
The general grief. Now to my private wrong:
The loss of Gerrard's daughter, Jaculin,
The hop'd for partner of my lawful bed,
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine arms.
Think you that I had reason now to leave you?
My life is irksome; here securely take it,
And do me but this fruit of all your friendship,
That I may die by you, and not your hangman.
Wolf. Oh! Hubert, these your words and reasons have
As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd heart,
As from mine eyes these tears! Can you but think
Where Gerrard is, or your lost love, or Florez,
Whom in his infancy——
Hub. You stole; and since
Have kept conceal'd, the better to maintain
The usurpation of his seat.
Wolf. By heav'n!
I stole him not, nor know I where he is,
Nor if he lives; soon after my return
From Brabant, whither I was sent to treat
About a future match with our young earl,
He was at that time missing, and remains
Unheard of to this hour; if you can find him,
I will resign the earldom.
Hub. Sir, do not abuse
My aptness to believe.
Wolf. Suspect not you
A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow.
Make your own terms, ask for them all conditions
My power can grant, or your suspicion prompt.
Hemskirke, the partner of my secret'st councils,
Shall journey with you to this wish'd discovery.
I have of late receiv'd intelligence,
That some of Gerrard's friends are 'bout Bruges
To be found; which I did then interpret
The cause of that town's standing out against me.
But now am glad, it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their safety, and me peace.
Hub. Be constant to your promise, and you have it.
Wolf. Distrust me not: and prosp'rous be your search.
[*Exit Hubert.*
Let me but have them once within my grasp,
Their blood shall write the warrant of my peace.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Street or Square in Bruges.*

Enter three Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this Goswin.
2 *Mer.* He bears himself with such a confidence
As if he were the master of the sea,
And not a wind upon the sailor's compass
But from one point or other were his factor,
To bring him in the best commodities
Merchants e'er ventur'd for.
3 *Mer.* 'Tis strange!
2 *Mer.* Yet does he still continue a good man;
To doubt him would be held an injury,
Or rather, malice, with the best that traffic;
Yet this in him deserves the least of wonder,
Compar'd with other his peculiar fashions:
Is there a virgin of good fame wants dower,
He is a father to her: or soldier
That in his country's service, from the war
Hath brought home only scars and want, his house
Receives him, and relieves him with that care
As if what he possess'd had been laid up
For such good uses, and he steward on't.
1 *Mer.* I would not wish a better man to deal with.
2 *Mer.* Ne'er doubt it; he's your man. See, here he comes!

Enter GOSWIN, *speaking to a Servant.*

Gos. From England, said ye? Bid him be welcome to my house.
[*Exit Servant.*
2 *Mer.* Save you, master Goswin!
Gos. Good day to all!
1 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal of more commodities.
Gos. Are you the owner of the ship that last night put into the harbour?
1 *Mer.* Both of the ship and lading.
Gos. What's the freight?

3 *Mer.* Rich cloth of gold, brought from Cambal.
Gos. Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.
1 *Mer.* The gunner shall speak you welcome.
Gos. I'll not fail.
3 *Mer.* Good morrow. [*Exit with* 1 *Mer.*
2 *Mer.* Have you bethought ye further, sir,
On what I am to part with?
Gos. I take it at your own rate, your wine of Cyprus,
But for the rest, I cannot save in them.
2 *Mer.* Make me offer of something near the price
That may assure me, you can deal for them.
Gos. And if I could,
I would not do't with too much loss.
2 *Mer.* 'Tis a rich lading; you know they are so cheap.
Gos. For which I were your chapman, but I am
Already out of cash. (*Going.*)
2 *Mer.* I'll give you day. (*Following him.*)
Gos. Why, look you, there is now in prison
And at your suit, a pirate; and past hope
To live a week, if you should prosecute
What you can prove against him: set him free,
And you shall have your money to a stiver,
And early payment.
2 *Mer.* This is above wonder!
A merchant of your rank, that have at sea
So many bottoms in the danger of
These water thieves, should be a means to save 'em,
And stay the hand of justice that is ready
To fall on them.
Gos. You mistake me,
If you think I would cherish in this captain
The wrong he did to you, or any man.
But I was lately with him, being assur'd
A braver fellow never put from shore.
I read his letters granted from this state.
Since want of what he could not live without
Compell'd him to the pirate act he did,
I pity his misfortunes; and to work you
To some compassion of them, I come up
To your own price. Save him, the goods are mine;
If not, seek elsewhere; I'll not deal for them.
2 *Mer.* Well, sir, for your love, I will once be led
To change my purpose.
Gos. For your own profit rather.
2 *Mer.* I'll presently make means for his discharge.
[*Exit.*
Gos. Heaven grant my ships a safe return before
The day of this great payment, as they are
Expected hourly in port; my credit yet
Stands good with all the world.

Enter GERRARD.

Ger. Bless my good master!
The prayers of your poor beadsman ever shall
Be sent up for you.
Gos. God o' mercy, Clause!
There's something to put thee in mind hereafter
To think of me.
Ger. May he that gave it you,
Reward you for it with increase, good master!
Gos. I thrive for thy prayers.
Ger. I hope so;
For that I have fed upon your bounties,
And by the fire of your blessed charity warm'd me:
And yet, good master, pardon that I am bold
To make one suit more to you.
Gos. What is't? say on.
Ger. 'Tis not for money,
Nor clothes, good master; but your good word for me.
Gos. That thou shalt have, Clause; for I think thee honest.
Ger. To-morrow, then, dear master take the trouble
Of walking early unto Beggar's Bush;
And, as you see me, among others, brethren
In my affliction, when you are demanded
Which you like best amongst us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.
Gos. But what will that advantage thee?
Ger. Oh, much, sir!
'Twill give me the pre-eminence of the rest,
Make me a king among 'em.
At your better leisure,
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.
Gos. Troth! thou mak'st a wonder:
Have you a king and commonwealth among you?
Ger. We have; and there are states are govern'd worse.
Gos. Ambition among beggars!
Ger. Many great ones
Do part with half their states to have the place,
To cringe and beg in the first file, master.
Shall I be so bound unto your furtherance
In my petition?
Gos. That thou shalt not miss of,
Nor any worldly care make me forget it.
I will be early there. [*Exit.*
Ger. Heaven guard my master! as it surely will,
To rest the bloody sword from Wolfort's grasp,
And save himself the land he's born to rule.
My friends, ere long, shall see their long-lost prince;
And Flanders, to the latest ages shew,
A merchant's still the tyrant's deadliest foe.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

HIGGIN, FERRET, PRIG, JACULIN, CLAUSE, SNAP, GINKES, *and other Beggars discovered.*

Hig. Come, princes of the ragged regiment;
You o'the blood; what title e'er you bear,
I speak to all that stand in fair election
For the proud diadem of king of beggars.
Higgen, your orator, doth beseech you
All to stand forth, and put yourselves in rank,
That the first single comer may at view
Make a free choice.
Prig. First put a sentinel.
Hig. Thanks to my lord. The word's Fumbambis.
[*Exit Snap.*
Fer. Well; pray, my masters all, that Ferret be chosen:
Y'are like to have a merciful mild prince of me.
Prig. A very tyrant, I; an arrant tyrant,
If e'er I come to reign; therefore, look to't,
Except you do provide me mum enough,
And beer to booze with. I must have my capons,

And ducklings in the season, and fat chickens,
Or straight I seize on all your privilege,
Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false arms,
All shall be escheated; and then, some one cold night
I'll watch you, what old barn you go to roost in,
And there I'll smother you all i'th' musty hay.
Hig. Whew! This is tyrant-like, indeed.

Enter SNAP, *preceding* HUBERT *and* HEMSKIRKE, *in cloaks.*

Snap. Fumbumbis!
Prig. To your postures. Arm.
Hub. Yonder's the town, I see it.
Hig. Bless your good worships.
Fer. One small piece of money.
Ginkes. Amongst us all, poor wretches!
Prig. Blind and lame!
Hig. Pitiful worships!
Snap. One little stiver.
Prig. Here be seven of us.
Hig. Seven, good masters. Oh, remember seven!
Seven blessings 'gainst seven deadly sins.
Prig. And seven sleepers.
Hems. There's, amongst you all.
Fer. Heaven reward you!
Hig. The prince of pity bless thee!
Hub. Do I see right? or is't my fancy?
Sure, 'tis her face, Come hither, pretty maid.
Jac. What would you? Can you keep a secret?
You look as though you could. I'll tell you. Hush.

SONG.—JACULIN.

In ev'ry woodland, dale, and bower,
The fragrant roses blossom fair;
But where's the youth shall cull each flower,
To braid a garland for my hair?
Oh! he is far, far away,
And he knows not where I stray;
And should he e'er return
To his love, I'll answer nay.
My love in fight shall meet his doom,
Or for some fairer maiden sigh;
And with the rose's with'ring bloom,
My hopeless, hopeless heart shall die.

Hub. Her voice, too, says the same; but, for my head,
I would not that her manners were so chang'd.
Hear me, thou honest fellow; what's this maiden,
That lives amongst you here?
Snap. Ae, ao, ao!
Hub. How. Nothing but signs. This is strange!
I would fain have it her—but not her thus.
Hig. He is deaf and dumb. (*Stutters.*)
Hub. 'Slid! they did all speak plain enough e'en now.
Dost thou know this same maid?
Prig. She was born at the barn, yonder. (*Stutters.*)
By Beggar's bush. Her name is—
Hig So was her mother's, too. (*Beggars retire.*)
Hub. I must be better informed than by this way.
Here was another face, too, that I marked,
Or the old man's; I will come here again.
Protect us, our disguise now: pr'ythee, Hemskirke,
If we be taken, how dost thou imagine
This town will use us, that hath so long stood
Out against Wolfort?
Hems. Even to hang us forth
Upon their walls a sunning, to make crow's meat.
If I were not assur'd o'the burgomaster,
And had a pretty excuse to see a niece there,
I should scarce venture.
Hub. Come, 'tis now too late
To look back at the ports:—good luck, and enter. [*Exit with Hems.*
Hig. A peery dog, I warrant him.
Ginkes. (*To Clause.*) What could his question mean?
Clause. I know not; yet 'twas time to fly; he grew
Too close in his inquiries 'bout my daughter.
Hig. Hang them, for disturbing our
Noble ceremonies. Shall we renew them?
Prig. Incontinently, noble brother.

Enter GOSWIN.

Hig. Oh, here a judge comes. (*Cry of "a judge!"*)
Gos. What ails you, sirs? What means this outcry?
Hig. Master,
A sort of poor souls met, heav'n's tools, good master,
Have had some little variance amongst ourselves
Who should be honestest of us, and which lives
Uprightest in his calling: now, 'cause we thought
We ne'er should 'gree upon 't ourselves, because
Indeed, 'tis hard to say, we all resolv'd to put it
To him that should come next, and that's your mastership:
Which does your worship think is he? Sweet master,
Look on us all, and tell us: we are seven of us,
Like to the seven wise masters, or the planets.
Gos. I should judge this, the man with the grey beard; (*Pointing to Clause.*)
And if he be not, I would he were!
There's something, too, amongst you,
To keep you all honest. [*Exit.*
Clause. Heav'n go with you!
Snap. What is't?
Prig. A crown of gold.
Fer. For our new king—good luck!
Prig. King Clause! I bid, God save the first king Clause!
After this golden token of a crown,
Where's Higgen, with his gratulating speech
In all our names?
Fer. Here he is, pumping for't.
Ginkes. H' has cough'd the second time; 'tis but once more,
And then it comes.
Hig. Thou art chosen, venerable Clause,
Our king and sov'reign; monarch o' th' maunders;
And who is he that did not wish thee chosen,
Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em; all will say so;
Nay, swear't. 'Tis sworn so every day;
The times do give it sanction. When t' other day
We sat lamenting o'er our buried prince,
Of famous memory, (rest go with his rags,)
I then presag'd thou shortly wouldst be king,
And now thou art so. By that beard, king Clause,
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for sovereignty,
Oh, happy prince and beard! long may it grow,
And thick, and fair, that who live under it

May live as safe as under Beggar's Bush.
Of which this is the thing—that but the type.
(Coughs.)

Prig. On, good Higgen!

Hig. No impositions, taxes, grievances,
Lie lurking in this beard: but under him
Each man shall eat his own stol'n eggs and bacon
In his own shade: he will have no purveyors
For pigs, or poultry——

Clause. That we must have, my learned orator;
It is our will; and every man to keep
In his own path and circuit.

Hig. Do you hear?
You must hereafter maund in you own pads,
He says.

Clause. Besides, to give good words.

Hig. Do you mark?
To cut bien whids, that is the second law.

Clause. And keep afoot the humble and the common
Phrase of begging, lest men discover us.
We love not heaps of laws, where few will serve.

All. Oh, gracious prince! Save, save the good king Clause!

Hig. A song to crown him.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Cast our caps and cares away,
This is beggars' holyday;
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
Let the world look out and see,
Where so happy prince as he,
Where the nations live so free
And so merry as do we?
Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are.
And enjoy our ease and rest;
To the field we are not press'd;
Nor will any go to law
With the beggar for a straw:
All which happiness he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Vandunke's house.*

Enter VANDUNKE, HUBERT, HEMSKIRKE, *and* MARGARET.

Vand. Captain, you're welcome; so is this your friend,
Most safely welcome; though our town stand out
Against your master, you shall find good quarters.
The truth is we love not him—Margaret, some wine.
Let's talk a little treason, if we can
Talk treason 'gainst the traitors; by your leave,
We, here in Bruges, think he does usurp:
And, therefore, I am bold——

[*Exit Margaret, and returns with wine.*

Hub. Sir, your boldness
Haply becomes your tongue, but not our ears,
While we are his servants.

Vand. Good, let's drink, then;
That will become us all.
Here's to you with a heart, my captain's friend,
With a good heart; and if this make us speak
Bold words anon, 'tis all under the rose,
Forgotten; drown all memory when we drink.

Hub. 'Tis freely spoken; noble burgomaster,
I'll do you right.

Hems. Nay, sir, mynheer Vandunke
Is a true statesman.

Vand. Fill my captain's cup; oh, that your cut-throat,
Master Wolfort, had been an honest man!

Hub. Sir?

Vand. Under the rose—

Hems. Here's to you;
And how does my niece?
Almost a woman, I think; she was my errand.

Vand. Ay, a kind uncle you are — fill him his glass—
That in seven years could not find leisure—

Hems. No, 'tis not so much.

Vand. I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't.
It was before Brabander 'gan his war,
For moonshine, i'the water there, his daughter
That ne'er was lost, yet you could not find time
To see a kinswoman; but she is worth the seeing, sir,
Now you are come: you ask if she were a woman?
She is a woman, sir—bring her forth, Margaret;
And a fine woman, and has suitors.

Hems. How! What suitors are they?

Vand. Bachelors; young burghers;
And one a gallant, the prince of merchants
We call him here in Bruges.

Hems. How! a merchant?
I thought, Vandunke, you had understood me better,
And my niece, too, so trusted to you by me,
Than to admit of such in name of suitors.

Vand. Such! he is such a such, as were she mine,
I'd give him thirty thousand crowns with her.

Hems. Sir, you may deal for your own wares, but know
That the same things, sir, fit not you and me.
[*Exit.*

Vand. Why, give's some wine, then, that will fit us all;
Here's to you still, my captain's friend; but still
I say, would Wolfort were an honest man!
Under the rose I speak it. But this merchant
Is a brave boy; he lives so, in the town here,
We know not what to think of him.
Your master is a traitor for all this,
Under the rose, here's to you, and usurps
The earldom from a better man.

Hub. Ay, marry, sir, where is this man?

Vand. Nay, soft! an' I could tell you,
'Tis ten to one I would not. Here's my hand—
I love not Wolfort—sit you still with that.
See, here my captain comes, and his fine niece,
And there's my merchant—view him well.

Enter HEMSKIRKE, GERTRUDE, *and* GOSWIN.

Hems. You must
Not only know me for your uncle now,
But obey me: you, to cast yourself
Away upon a merchant? fie upon't! one
That makes his trade with oaths and perjuries.

Gos. If it be me you speak of, as your eye
Seems to direct, I wish you would speak to me, sir.

Hems. Sir, I do say she is no merchandise.
Will that suffice you?

Gos. Merchandise, good sir,
Though you be kinsman to her, take no leave thence
To use me with contempt. I ever thought
Your niece above all price.
Hems. And do so still;
Dost hear? her rate's at more than you are worth.
Gos. You do not know what is a gentleman's worth;
Nor can you value him.
Hub. Well said, merchant.
Vand. Nay, let him alone.
Hems. A gentleman!
What, o' the woolpack, or the sugar-chest,
Or list of velvet? Which is't, pound or yard,
You vend your gentry by?
Hub. Oh! Hemskirke, fie!
Vand. Come, do not mind 'em: drink; he is no Wolfort,
Captain, I advise you.
Hems. If 'twere the blood
Of Charlemagne, as't may for aught I know,
Be some good butcher's issue here in Bruges.
Gos. Hew!
Hems. Nay, I'm not certain on't; of this I am:
If you once buy and sell, your gentry's gone.
Gos. Ha, ha, ha!
Hems. You're angry, though you laugh.
Gos. Now do I smile in pity and contempt
Of your poor argument: do not you, the lords
Of land, if you be any, sell the grass,
The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese?
Vand. And butter?
Remember butter, do not leave out butter.
Gos. The beefs and muttons that your grounds are stor'd with,
Beside the woods? Your empty honour fetch'd
From the heralds A, B, C, and said o'er
With your court faces once an hour, shall ne'er
Make me mistake myself. Do not your lawyers
Sell all their practice, as your priests their prayers?
What is not bought and sold?
Hems. You now grow bold, sir.
Gos. I have been bred
Still with my honest freedom, and must use it.
Hems. Upon your equals, then.
Gos. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.
Hems. No more.
Gos. Yes, sir; this little—
'Tshall be aside: then after as you please.
You appear the uncle, sir, to her I love
More than mine eyes; and I have heard your scorn
With so much scoffing, and with so much shame,
As each striv'd which is greater: but believe me,
I suck'd not in this patience with my milk;
Cast no despites on my profession
For the civility and tameness of it.
A good man bears a contumely worse
Than he would do an injury.
I would approach your kinswoman
With all respect due to yourself and her.
Hems. Away, companion! handling her!
(*Pulls him from her.*)
Gos. Nay, I do love no blows, sir.
(*They fight; he gets Hemskirke's sword, and throws it away.*)
Hub. Hold, sir!
Gert. Help, my Goswin!
Vand. Let 'em alone; my life for one.
Gos. Nay, come,
If you have will.
Hub. None to offend you, sir.
Gos. He that had, thank himself! Not hand her? yes, sir,
And clasp her, and embrace her, and bear her
Through a whole race of uncles, arm'd:
And all their nephews, though they stood a wood
Of pikes, and wall of cannon. Kiss me, Gertrude;
Quake not, but kiss me.
Vand. Well said,
My merchant royal; fear no uncles; hang 'em,
Hang up all uncles!
Gos. In this circle, love,
Thou art as safe as in a tower of brass;
Let such as do wrong fear.
Vand. Ay, that's good.
Let Wolfort look to that.
Gos. Sir, here she stands,
Your niece and my belov'd; one of these titles
She must apply to; if unto the last,
Not all the anger can be sent unto her,
In frown or voice, or other art, shall force her,
Had Hercules a hand in't. Come, my joy,
Say, thou art mine, aloud, love—and profess it.
Vand. Do, and I drink to it.
Gos. Pr'ythee, say so, love.
Gert. 'Twould take away the honour from my blushes.
Do not you play the tyrant, sweet; they speak it.
Hems. I thank you, niece.
Gos. Sir, thank her for your life,
And fetch your sword within. [*Exit with Gert.*
Hub. A brave, clear spirit:
Hemskirke, you were to blame. A civil habit
Oft covers a good man; and you may meet
In person of a merchant, with a soul
As resolute and free, and always worthy
As else in any file of mankind. Pray you,
What meant you so to slight him?
Hems. 'Tis done now;
Ask me no more on't:
I was to blame, and I must suffer. (*Aside.*) But yet
I'll be reveng'd. [*Exit.*
Hub. I'll to the woods
To find our much-wrong'd, banish'd nobles,
And trace the lonely haunt where my lost love,
My Jacolin, laments her alter'd fortunes.
There I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help my inquiries further.
How now, brave burgomaster?
Vand. I love not Wolfort, and my name is Vandunke.
Hub. Come, go sleep within.
Vand. Earl Florez is right heir; and this same Wolfort—
Under the rose I speak it—
Hub. Very hardly.
Vand. Usurps; and is a rank traitor as ever breath'd,
And all that do uphold him. Let me go:
Do you uphold him?
Hub. No.
Vand. Then hold up me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.*

Enter GOSWIN.

Gos. No wind blows fair yet! no return of monies,

Letters, nor anything to hold my hopes up!
Why, then, 'tis destin'd that I fall! Fall miserably!
My credit, I was built on, sinking with me.
The raging north wind blows still stubbornly,
And on his boist'rous rack rides my sad ruin.
To-morrow with the sun-set, sets my credit:
To prison now! Well, yet there's this hope left me,
I may sink fairly under this day's venture;
And so to-morrow's cross'd, and all its curses.
This is the place his challenge call'd me to;
Now let me fall before my foe i'th' field,
And not at bar before my creditors.
He has kept his word.

Enter HEMSKIRKE.

Now, sir, your sword's tongue only,
Loud as you dare; all other language—
Hems. Well, sir,
You shall not be long troubled: draw!
Gos. 'Tis done, sir; and now have at ye.
Hems. Now!

Enter Boors, who attack Goswin.

Gos. Betray'd to villains! Slaves, you shall buy me dearly.

Enter GERRARD *and Beggars.*

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely, boys!
Down with the gentlemen.
Boors. Hold, hold!
Ger. Down with 'em into the wood, and swinge 'em!
Conjure 'em soundly, boys! swinge 'em to jelly!
[*Beggars beat off Hemskirke and Boors*
Blessings upon my master! thou art not hurt?
Gos. That heav'n, which sent thee to my aid,
Still nerv'd my arm.
Ger. And led my wandering steps,
To where conceal'd I heard yon coward knave
Tutor his ruffian band to thy undoing.
Gos. I thank ye, Clause. Pr'ythee, now leave me,
For, by my troth, I have nothing left to give thee.
Ger. Indeed, I do not ask, sir; only it grieves me,
To see you look so sad. Now goodness keep you
From troubles in your mind!
Gos. If I were troubled,
What could thy comfort do? Pr'ythee, Clause, leave me.
Ger. Why are ye sad?
Gos. Most true, I am so;
And such a sadness I have got will sink me!
What would the knowledge do thee good, so miserable
Thou canst not help thyself! canst thou work miracles?
Ger. You do not know, sir, what I can do.
Tell me your cause of grief; I must not leave ye.
Gos. How?
Ger. By what ye hold most precious, by heav'n's goodness,
As your fair birth may prosper, good sir, tell me;
My mind believes yet something's in my power
May ease you of this trouble.
Gos. I will tell thee;
For a hundred thousand crowns, upon my credit
Taken up of merchants to supply my traffic
To-morrow, Clause—to-morrow, which must come.
In prison thou shalt find me, poor and broken.
Ger. I cannot blame your grief, sir.
Gos. Now, what say'st thou?
Ger. I say, you should not shrink; for he that gave ye,
Can give you more. Are ye, good master, ty'd
Within the compass of a day?
Gos. Even to-morrow.
But why do I stand mocking of my misery?
Is't not enough that floods and friends forsake me?
Ger. Have ye no friends left?
None that have felt your bounty worth the duty?
Gos. Friendship, thou know'st it not.
Ger. It is a duty; and as a duty, from those men have felt ye,
Should be return'd again; therefore, I'll do it.
Distrust not, but pull up your noble spirit;
For if the fortunes of ten thousand people
Can save ye, rest assur'd. You have forgot, sir,
The good you did; that was the pow'r you gave me.
You shall now know the king of beggars' treasure;
And let the winds blow as they list, the sea roar,
Yet here in safety you shall find your harbour.
Distrust me not, for if I live, I'll fit ye.
Gos. How fain I would believe thee.
Ger. If I fail, master, believe no man hereafter.
Gos. I will try thee; but He knows, that knows all.
Ger. Know me to-morrow:
And if I know not how to cure ye, kill me!
So pass in peace, my best, my worthiest master.
[*Exit.*
Gos. Still blow'st thou there? and from all other parts
Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes?
There's a conspiracy of friends and servants,
If not of elements, to ha' me break.
What should I think, unless the seas and sands
Had swallow'd up, or fire devour'd my ships,
I must ha' had some returns.

Enter first Merchant.

1 *Mer.* Save you, sir?
Gos. Save you!
1 *Mer.* No news yet o' your ships?
Gos. Not any yet, sir.
1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange!
[*Exit.*
Gos. 'Tis true, sir. What a voice was here now!
This was one passing bell; a thousand ravens
Sung in that man now, to presage my ruin.

Enter second Merchant.

2 *Mer.* Goswin, good day! these winds are very constant.
Gos. They are so, sir—to hurt.
2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no letters
Lately from England, nor from Denmark?
Gos. Neither.
2 *Mer.* This wind brings them. Nor no news over lands
Through Spain from the Straits?
Gos. Not any.
2 *Mer.* I am sorry, sir.
[*Exit.*
Gos. They talk me down; and, as 'tis said of vultures,
That scent a field fought, and do smell the carcasses
By many hundred miles: so do these, my wrecks,

At greater distances. Then, heaven, thy will
Come on, and be! For base, deceitful fortune
Shall never say, she's cut my throat in fear:
I am not broken yet; nor should I fall,
Methinks, with less than that; that ruins all.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter HUBERT, *as a Huntsman.*

Hub. Thus have I stol'n away disguised from Hemskirke,
To try these people: for my heart yet tells me
Some of these beggars are the men I look for.
Appearing like myself, they have no reason
(Though my intent be fair,) but still to avoid me,
This is the wood they make their hidden home,
A fit place for concealment; where, till fortune
Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst 'em.
They come: I'll couch awhile, and mark my time.
[*Exit.*

Enter HIGGEN, PRIG, FERRET, GINKES, *and the rest with the Boors in custody.*

Hig. Come, bring him out, for here we sit in justice;
Each man take a cudgel, a good cudgel:
And now attend our sentence. That you are rogues,
And mischievous, base rascals—there's the point now—
I take it, is confess'd.
Prig. Deny it, if ye dare, knaves.
Boors. We are rogues, sir.
Hig. To amplify the matter, then; rogues you are
And cudgell'd ye shall be, ere we leave ye.
Boors. Yes, sir.
Hig. Why did ye this?
Were you drunk when ye did it?
Boors. Yes, indeed, we were.
Prig. You shall be beaten sober.
Hig. Was it for want ye undertook it?
Boors. Yes, sir.
Hig. Ye shall be swing'd abundantly.
Has not the gentleman (pray, mark this point,
Brother Prig,) reliev'd you often?
Boors. 'Tis most true, sir.
Hig. And as ye are true rascals,
Tell me but this: have ye not been drunk and often
At his charge?
Boors. Often, often.
Hig. There's the point, then:
They have cast themselves, brother Prig.
Proceed you now; I am somewhat weary.
Prig. Can you do these things,
You most abominable scurvy rascals,
You turnip-eating rogues?
Boors. We're truly sorry.
Prig. To the proof, you knaves; to the proof, and presently
Give us a sign you feel compunction.
Every man up with his cudgel, and on his neighbour
Bestow such arms till we shall say sufficient.
Hig. You know your doom:
One, two, three, and about it.
(*Boors beat each other off.*)
Prig. That fellow in the blue has true compunction.

Enter GERRARD.

Ger. Call in the gentleman:
His cause I'll hear myself.

Enter HEMSKIRKE, *handcuffed.*

Prig. With all due reverence
We do resign, sir.
Ger. Go fetch that paper was found upon him.
But, soft! who have we here?
[*Exit Ferret.*

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Good ev'n, my honest friends!
Ger. Good ev'n, good fellow!
Hub. May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,
A voice shall make the forest ring about him,
Get leave to live amongst ye? True as steel, boys;
That knows all chases, and can watch all hours,
Force ye the crafty reynard, climb the quick-sets,
And rouse the lofty stag; and with my bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn him,
Till in his funeral tears he fall before me.
Ger. Well spoke, my brave fellow.
Hub. (*Aside.*) What mak'st thee here?
Hemskirke, thou art not right, I fear.

Re-enter FERRET, *with a paper.*

Fer. Here is the paper.
Ger. Give it to me. You are sent here, sirrah,
To discover certain gentlemen: a spy knave!
And if you find 'em, if not by persuasion,
To bring 'em back—by poison to despatch 'em!
Hub. By poison! ha!
(*Aside.*)
Ger. Here is another—Hubert. What is that Hubert, sir?
Hub. You may perceive there—
Ger. Here thou art commanded, when that Hubert
Has done his best and worthiest service this way,
To cut his throat; for here he's set down dangerous.
Hub. This is most impious!
(*Aside.*)
Ger. Is not this true?
Hems. Yes. What are you the better?
Ger. You shall perceive, sir, ere you get your freedom;
Keep him still bound: and, friend, we take thee to us,
Into our company. Thou dar'st be true unto us?
Hig. Ay, and obedient, too?
Hub. As you had bred me.
Ger. Then take our hand; thou'rt now a servant to us.
Welcome him all.
Hig. Stand off, stand off, I'll do't;
We bid you welcome three ways; first, for your person,
Which is a promising person; next for your quality,
Which is a decent and gentle quality;
Last, for the frequent means you have to feed us;
You can steal, 'tis presum'd?
Hub. Yes, venison; an' if you want——
Hig. 'Tis well you understand that, for you
Shall practise it daily: you can drink, too?
Hub. Soundly.
Hig. And ye dare know a woman from a weather-cock;
Hub. If I handle her.
Ger. As earnest of thy faith and resolution,

Wilt thou undertake to keep this rascal prisoner?
One who basely contriv'd to undermine
A noble life, dear to the state and us.
Hub. Sirs, I have kept wild dogs, and beasts for wonder,
And made 'em tame, too. Give into my custody
This roaring rascal, I shall hamper him.
Oh! he smells rank o'th' rascal.
Ger. Take him to thee; but if he 'scape——
Hub. Let me be even hang'd for him.
Come, sir, I'll tie you to the leash.
Hens. Away, rascal!
Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge ye soundly,
An ye play tricks with me.
Ger. So, now away;
But ever have an eye, sir, to your prisoner.
Hub. He must blind both mine eyes, if he get from me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Gertrude's house.*

Enter GOSWIN *and* GERTRUDE.

Gert. Indeed, you're welcome; I have heard your 'scape,
And, therefore, give her leave that only loves you,
To bid you welcome: what is't makes you sad?
Why do you look so wild? Is't I offend you?
Beshrew my heart, not willingly.
Gos. No, Gertrude.
Gert. Is't the delay of, that you long have look'd for,
A happy marriage?
Gos. No news yet.
Gert. Do you hear, sir?
Gos. Have I liv'd
In all the happiness that fortune could seat me?
In all men's fair opinions?
Gert. Do you love me?
Gos. And can the devil,
In one ten days—that devil chance, devour me?
Gert. You do not love me.
Gos. No star prosperous! all at a swoop!
Gert. Goswin, you will not look upon me.
Gos. Can men's prayers,
Shot up to heaven with such a zeal as mine are,
Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper?
Gyves I must wear, and cold must be my comfort,
Darkness, and want of meat—alas! she weeps, too,
Which is the top of all my sorrow—Gertrude!
Gert. No, no, you will know me.
Gos. The time grows on still,
And like a tumbling wave, I see my ruin
Come rolling over me.
Gert. Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slighting?
Gos. For a hundred thousand crowns!
Gert. Farewell!
Gos. Of which I have scarce ten—oh! how it starts me!
Gert. And may the next you love, hearing my ruin——
Gos. I had forgot myself—oh! my best Gertrude!
Crown of my joys and comforts.
Gert. Sweet, what ails ye?
I thought you had been vexed with me.
Gos. My mind, wench,
My mind o'erflow'd with sorrow, sunk my memory.
Gert. Am I not worthy of the knowledge of it?
And cannot I as well affect your sorrows
As your delights? you love no other woman?
Gos. No, I protest.
Gert. You have no ships lost lately?
Gos. None that I knew of.
Gert. I hope you have spilled no blood whose innocence
May lay this on your conscience,
Gos. Clear, by heaven!
Gert. Why should you be thus, then?
Gos. Good Gertrude, ask not,
Even by the love you bear me.
Gert. I am obedient.
Gos. Go in, my fair; I will not be long from ye—
Nor long, I fear me, with thee. At my return
Dispose me as you please.
Gert. The good gods guide ye! [*Exit.*
Gos. Now for myself, which is the least I hope for,
And when that fails, for man's worst fortune, pity. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Bruges.*

Enter GOSWIN, *and two Merchants.*

Gos. Why, gentlemen, 'tis but a week more; I entreat you
But seven short days; I am not running from you,
Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible
All my adventures fail. You've ships abroad
Endure the beating both of wind and weather,
I'm sure 'twould vex your hearts to be protested;
Ye're all fair merchants.
1 *Mer.* And must have fair play.
There is no living here else; for my part,
I would gladly stay; but my wants tell me,
I must wrong others in't.
Gos. No mercy in ye?
2 *Mer.* 'Tis foolish to depend on others' mercy.
Keep yourself right, sir; you have yet liv'd here
In lord-like prodigality, high and open;
Now ye find what 'tis.
1 *Mer.* Before your poverty,
We were of no mark, of no endeavour.
2 *Mer.* You stood alone; and scarce a sail at sea
But loaden with your goods. Now I hope, sir,
We shall have sea-room.
Gos. Is my misery
Become my scorn, too? Have you no mercy,
No part of men left? Are all my bounties
To you, and to the town, turn'd my reproaches?
2 *Mer.* Well, get your monies ready; 'tis but two hours;
We shall protest ye else, and suddenly.
Gos. But two days—
2 *Mer.* Not an hour. Ye know the hazard. [*Exeunt Merchants.*
Gos. How soon my light's put out! Hard-hearted Bruges!
Within thy walls may never honest merchant
Venture his fortunes more!

Enter GERRARD.

Ger. Good fortune, master!
Gos. Thou mistak'st me, Clause;
I am not worth thy blessing.
Ger. Still a sad man!
No belief, gentle master?

Enter FERRET *and* GINKES, *as porters.*

Bring it in, then;
And now believe your beadsman.
Gos. Is this certain?
Or dost thou work upon my troubled senses?
Ger. 'Tis gold; 'tis there, a hundred thousand crowns;
And good, sweet master, now be merry. Pay 'em!
Pay the poor, pelting knaves, that know no goodness,
And cheer your heart up.
Gos. But good Clause, tell me,
How cam'st thou by this mighty sum? If wrongfully,
I must not take it of thee; 'twill unde me!
Ger. Fear not; you have it by as honest means
As though your father gave it.
Gos. What great security?
Ger. Away with that, sir;
Were ye not more than all the men in Bruges,
And all the money, in my thoughts?
Gos. But, Clause,
I may die presently.
Ger. Then this dies with you.
Pay when you can, good master; I'll no parchments,
Only this charity, I entreat you,
Leave me this ring.
Gos. Alas! it is too poor, Clause.
Ger. 'Tis all I ask; and this withal, that when
I shall deliver't back, you shall grant me,
Freely, one poor petition.
Gos. There, I confirm it.
(*Gives the ring.*)
And may my faith forsake me when I shun it!
[*Exit.*
Ger. Away! take up the money,
And follow that young gentleman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Wood.*

Enter JACULIN.

Jac. I surely cannot err. What borrow'd dress
Can hide my Hubert from me? How I wish,
Yet fear to be resolv'd. He went this way.
Shall I adventure? Oh! this dread suspense,
How it does load my heart!

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. I've lock'd my youth up close enough from gadding,
In an old tree, and set watch over him.
My schemes are almost ripe—Ha, Jaculin!
If through her means, I can but make discovery.
Come hither, pretty maid.
Jac. No, no; you'll kiss me.
Hub. So I will. (*Kisses her.*)
What's your father's name?
Jac. He's gone to heaven!
Hub. It is not Gerrard, sweet?
Jac. I'll stay no longer.
My mother's an old woman, and my brother.
Was drown'd at sea. (*Going.*
Hub. Stay! do not fly me thus.
Jac. (*Aside.*) Oh! how my heart melts within me.
Hub. (*Aside.*) 'Tis certain she! Pray, let me see your hand, sweet.
Jac. No, no.
Hub. (*Aside.*) Sure, I should know that ring!
Jac. (*Aside.*) 'Tis certain he. I had forgot my ring, too.
Hub. Do you know me, Chuck?
Jac. No, indeed; I never saw ye:
I must be married to-morrow, to a capper,
Hub. (*Aside.*) How fain she would conceal herself, yet cannot.
My pretty wanderer, will you love me,
And leave that man? I'll wait you through the vale,
And make you dainty nosegays.
Jac. And where put them?
Hub. Here, in thy bosom, sweet.
Jac. Can you love, then?

SONG.—JACULIN.

Tho' he is far away,
And over land and sea;
He'll come some happy day,
And prove his truth to me.
And when my love's returning,
My secret known too well,
Thro' all my blushes burning,
Shall want no tongue to tell.

Hub. One word more.
Did you ever know a maid called Jaculin?
Jac. Oh! I'm discover'd!
Hub. 'Tis she! Now I'm certain
They're all here. Turn, turn thee, lovely maid.
Thy Hubert speaks to thee.
Jac. Alas! I am forbid! Why thus disguis'd?
Hub. For justice and for thee, love!
Meet me anon, I'll tell thee all my purpose.
Jac. And may I trust thee, Hubert?
Hub. As thine own soul.
Jac. But yet you must not know me. This, and be constant ever. [*Exit.*
Hub. Oh, blessed certainty!
Now for my other project.
To turn the cunning toils were laid for me
To Hemskirke's ruin, and the tyrant's fall.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter VANDUNKE, *followed by a Servant.*

Van. With officers of justice, said ye? and
Inquir'd for Goswin? Bid 'em come in.
[*Exit Serv.*
Now will I play upon this envious crew,
That fain would run a royal vessel down.
They're here as bidden to a feast, before their hour:
I'll whet and disappoint their hungry appetites.
Enter the four Merchants.
2 *Mer*, Good day, most worthy burgomaster,
Our visit was to the rich merchant, Goswin.
Vand. I'm sorry for't. I fear his strong necessities
Will bring him empty-handed.
You must be merciful.
1 *Mar.* Oh, but he'll come;
He's rich, or from his 'ventures should be so.
2 *Mer.* I only wish
His forwardness to embrace all bargains,
Sink him not in the end.
1 *Mer.* (*To Vand.*) Have better hopes;
For my part, I am confident.
Vand. (*Aside.*) Here's a set of smiling mouth friends!
3 *Mer.* His noble mind and ready hand contend
Which can add most to his free courtesies.
Vand. Affable wolves! (*Aside.*)

2 *Mer.* It was at his bidding
I did free from prison a sea robber,
Who yet may live to pay him with his ruin,
What think you of that deed, burgomaster?
Vand. What think! as of a deed of noble pity:
And if that act did plunge him into ruin,
You may now share its glory, by relieving him;
And holding off your bonds.
2 *Mer.* I love and honour him,
But must not break my neck to heal his finger.
3 *Mer.* For my part, though his bounty has no eyes,
Yet my necessities compel me to some foresight.
Vand. Have ye not often profited by this man,
And revell'd at his cost?
2 *Mer.* Sir, we confess——
Vand. Do, that y're all base knaves and hypocrites,
See, here he comes to challenge a return
Of kindness from ye.
1 *Mer.* When our bonds be paid.

Enter GOSWIN, *with men carrying bags of money.*

Gos. Now, sirs, your bonds. Set down those bags of gold.
Your pardon, that you wait.
2 *Mer.* (*Aside.*) He deals in witchcraft!
1 *Mer.* Nay, sir, if it would do you courtesy——
Gos. None at all, sir. (*The Merchants bow.*)
Vand. There's bending now of backs,
And jutting out of hips. (*Aside.*)
Gos. Take it, 'tis yours.
There's your ten thousand, sir. Give in my bills.
Your sixteen——
3 *Mer.* Pray, be pleas'd to make further use.
Gos. No.
Vand. That's plump! You're answer'd I hope?
4 *Mer.* What I have, sir,
You may command. Pray, let me be your servant.
Gos. Put on your hats. I care not for your courtesies,
They're most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.
Vand. They're all lies, I'll vouch for 'em ev'ry one.
2 *Mer.* I have a freight of pepper.
Vand. Rot your pepper.
Gos. Shall I trust you again? There's your ten thousand.
4 *Mer.* Or, if you want fine sugar, 'tis but sending.
Gos. No, I can send to Barbary; those people,
That never yet knew faith, have nobler freedoms,
How now?—

Enter a Sailor.

Why, health to the noble merchant!
The Susan is returned.
Gos. Well?
Sail. Well, and rich, sir;
And now put in.
Vand. Do you mark that?
Gos. Heav'n, thou hast heard my prayers.
What news o'th' fly-boat?
Sail. If this wind hold till midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy. 'Scap'd fairly.
Vand. D'ye hear that, too, knaves.
Gos. How, pr'ythee, sailor?
Sail. Thus, sir. She had fought
Seven hours together, with six Turkish galleys,
And she fought bravely; but, at last, was boarded,
And overlaid with strength; when, presently
Come bearing up i'the wind, Captain Vannoke,
That valiant gentleman you redeem'd from priso
He knew the boat, set in, and fought it bravely,
Beat all the galleys off, sunk three; redeem'd her,
And as a service to ye, sent her home, sir.
Gos. An honest, noble Captain, and a thankful!
Vand. And this is he ye would have hang'd,
Ye land pirates.
Gos. There's for thy news. Go, drink the merchant's health, sailor.
Sail. Thank your bounty; and I'll do it to a doit.
Vand. Ay, drink till ye drown yourself,
Or you're no Englishman. [*Exit Sailor.*
Gos. This year, I hope, my friends, I shall 'scape prison,
For all your cares to catch me.
Vand. Come, sir, leave these pitiful knaves;
You must along with me:
Yonder is one who weeps and sobs.
Gos. Alas! how does she?
Vand. She will be better soon, I hope.
Gos. Why soon, sir?
Vand. Why, when you have her in your arms. This night,
My boy, she is thy wife:
I'll cheer thee up with sack,
And when thou'rt joyous, fling thee to thy mistress.
Gos. With all my heart I take her.
You are paid, I hope?
2 *Mer.* You may please, sir,
To think of your poor servants in displeasure,
Whose all they have—goods, moneys, are at your service.
Gos. I thank you;
And when I've need of you, I shall forge t you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Wood.*

Enter HUBERT *and* HEMSKIRKE.

Hub. You the earl's servant?
Hems. I swear I am near as his own thoughts to him,
Able to do thee service. Release me,
I'll make thee ranger over all the game.
Hub. This may provoke me yet to prove a knave too.
Hems. 'Tis to prove honest; 'tis to do good service
For him thou'rt sworn to, huntsman; for thy prince.
Hub Then thou shalt see, sir. I will do a service
That shall deserve, indeed.
'Tis not your setting free, for that's mere nothing;
But such a service, if the earl be noble,
He shall for ever love me.
Hems. What is't, huntsman?
Hub. Do you know any of these people live here?
Hems. No.
Hub. You are a fool, then. Here be those, to have 'em,
I know the earl so well, would make him caper.
Hems. Any of the old lords that rebell'd?
Hub. Peace!
All. I know 'em all, and can betray 'em
Hems. But wilt thou do this service?
Hub. More than that, too.
Here's the right heir.
Hems. What, Florez? Oh, honest,
Honest huntsman!
Hub. Now, how to get them,
There s the matter.

Hems. By force.
Hub. Ay, that must do't.
And, with the person of the earl himself,
Authority and might must come on 'em,
Or else in vain. And thus I would have you do't.
To-morrow night be here, the hour be twelve:
Now for a guide to draw ye on these persons,
The woods being thick, and hard to hit, myself
With some beside, will wait you by the great oak.
Hems. Keep but thy faith, and such a shower of wealth—
Hub. I warrant ye. Miss nothing that I tell ye.
Away, away! for here come those will hold ye.
[*Exit Hemskirke.*

Enter GERRARD, HIGGEN, PRIG, GINKES, SNAP, FERRET, *and others.*

Ger. Now, what's the news in town?
Ginkes. No news but joy, sir.
Ev'ry man wooing of the noble merchant,
Who sends his hearty commendations to ye.
Fer. Yes; there's this news. This night he's to be married.
Ger. This night! He must not marry now.
Hub. Good sir,
By your leave, one word in private with ye.
Nay, do not start; I know ye.
Hubert speaks to ye, and you must be Gerrard,
The time invites you to it.
Ger. Challeng'd thus,
I throw aside disguise and trust your honour.
Sir, I am Gerrard; say, how stand our hopes?
Hub. Fair, if you now pursue 'em. Hemskirke, I've
Let go, and these my causes I'll tell ye
Privately, and how I have wrought on him,
Gull'd him, and sent him home as a decoy,
To bring Lord Wolfort hither, with his guards,
To seize (so he'll expect) the banish'd lords;
But, so my plan succeed, his very guards
Shall serve to crush the tyranny they rais'd,
And, at my voice, shall hail their lawful prince.
Till I can prove me honest to my friends,
Look on, and strictly follow these directions.
Snap. What, does he marry Vandunke's pretty daughter?
Prig. Oh, the puddings the piping hot mincepies!
Hig. For the leg of a goose, now would I venture a limb:
I love a fat goose, as I love allegiance;
And plague upon the boors, too well they know't;
And, therefore, starve their poultry.
Prig. Brother Higgen,
What think you of a wassail?
Hig. Worthily;
And then I'll make a speech in praise of merchants.
Prig. And I'll so roar out songs and glees!
Ger. 'Tis passing well, I both believe and joy in't,
And will be ready. Hear me all: keep in
Till this, your huntsman, call ye forth; then do
His bidding faithfully. I must awhile
Forsake ye. On mine anger, no man stir hence.
Prig. Not to the wedding, sir?
Ger. Not any whither.
Hig. The wedding must be seen, sir. We want meat, too.
We're horribly out of meat.
Prig. Shall it be spoken,
Fat capons shak'd their tails at's in defiance?
Shall pigs, sir, that the parson's self would envy,
And dainty ducks—
Ger. Not a word more. Obey me! [*Exit.*
Hig. Why, then, come doleful death, this is flat tyranny!
And by this hand—
Hub. What?
Hig. I'll go to sleep upon't.
Hub. No sleep to-night for any that have hearts
To hunt with me the savage, bloody boar,
That wastes the land. I have a scheme, my hearts,
Shall, by one night of watching, win a feast,
Whereat a royal host shall bid you welcome.
[*Exeunt, crying,* "*Long live our huntsman, Hubert!*"

SCENE V.—*An entrance Hall in Bruges.*

Enter GOSWIN, *with a paper in his hand.*

Gos. Such earnest bidding; nay, more like command,
To meet him here, on th' forfeit of my word,
In this the moment of my nuptial hour!
What this man is I know not, nor for what cause
He twice has thrust himself into my dangers.
But, sure, heav'n's hand is in't. By strange instinct,
Nature has taught me to behold his want,
Not as a stranger's.

Enter GERRARD.

My honest, my best friend, I have been careful
To see thy moneys—
Clause. Sir, that brought not me.
Do you know this ring again?
Gos. Thou hadst it of me.
Clause. And do you well remember yet the boon you gave me
Upon the return of this?
Gos. Yes; and I grant it,
Be it what it will. Ask what thou canst, I'll do it,
Within my power.
Clause. You are not married yet?
Gos. No.
Clause. 'Faith, I shall ask you that, that will disturb ye.
Gos. Do;
And if I faint and flinch in't—
Clause. Well said, master;
And yet it grieves me, too, and yet it must be.
Gos. Pr'ythee, distrust me not.
Clause. You must not marry.
That's part of the power you gave me.
Gos. Not marry, Clause?
Clause. Not if you keep your promise,
And give me power to ask.
Gos. Pr'ythee, think better.
I will obey, by heaven!
Clause. I have thought the best, sir.
Gos. Give me thy reason. Dost thou fear her honesty?
Clause. Chaste as the ice, for anything I know, sir.
Gos. Must not marry?
Shall I break now, when my poor heart is pawn'd?
When all the preparation—
Clause. Now, or never.
Gos. Come, 'tis not that thou wouldst: thou dost but fright me.
Clause. You may break, sir;
But never more in my thoughts appear honest.
Gos. Didst ever see her?
Clause. No.

Gos. She is such a wonder
For beauty and fair virtue, Europe has not.
Why hast thou made me happy to undo me?
But look upon her, then if thy heart relent not,
I'll quit her presently. Who waits there?
Bid my fair love come hither.
Pr'ythee, be merciful; take a man's heart,
And look upon her truly: take a friend's heart,
And feel what misery must follow this.
Clause. Take you a noble heart, and keep your promise.
I forsook all I had to make you happy.

Enter GERTRUDE.

Can that thing call'd a woman stay your virtue?
Gos. Look, there she is. Now deal with me as thou wilt.
Didst ever see a fairer?
Gert. What ails my love?
Gos. Didst thou ever,
By the fair light of heav'n, behold a sweeter?
Gert. Sure, h'as some strange design in hand,
He starts so.
Clause. She is most goodly.
Gos. Is she a thing, then, to be lost thus lightly?
Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler,—
And but to hear her speak—a paradise.
And such a love she bears to me,—a chaste love,—
And ready now to bless me; the priest, too, ready
To say the holy words, shall make us happy.
This is a cruelty beyond man's study;
Twill be her death to do't.
Clause. Let her die, then.
Gos. 'Twill kill me, too; 'twill murder me. By heav'n, Clause,
I'll give thee half I have. Come, thou shalt save me.
Clause. Then you must go with me; I can stay no longer.
If you be true and noble, in the dark walk
Of aged elms, that opens to the plain,
You'll meet me in this hour.
Gos. Hard heart, I'll follow thee. [*Exit Clause.*
Pray ye, go in. I have a weighty business
Concerns my life and state, (make no inquiry,)
This present hour befall'n me. My cloak, there.
Gert. Is this your ceremony? why is this stop, sir?
Gos. We must part,
Gertrude, we must!
Gert. Must! what voice enjoins?
What power commands?
Gos. We shall meet again.
Gert. Who is yon man, that rules so absolute
O'er Goswin's will?
Gos. Ask me no more. I can but tell thee this, sweet,
I'm ever thine. Farewell. [*Exit Gert.*
I know not why,
But to obey this man, to me seems now
As payment of some great religious debt
Nature stands bound for. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Woods.*

Enter GERTRUDE *and a Clown.*

Ger. Lead, if we're right; thou said'st thou knew'st the way.
Clown. Fear nothing, I do know it. Would 'twere homeward!
Gert. Wrought from me by a beggar! at the time
That most should tie him! 'tis some other love
That hath a more command on his affections,
And he that fetch'd him, a disguised agent,
Not what he personated. Darkness shroud
And cover love's too curious search in me;
For yet, suspicion, I would not name thee.
Clown. Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty and dark.
Gert. What then?
Clown. Nay, nothing. Do not think I am afraid,
Although, perhaps, you are.
Gert. I am not. Forward!
Clown. Sure, but you are. Give me your hand—fear nothing.
What a fright one on's are in, you or I?
Gert. What ails the fellow?
Clown. Hark, hark! I beseech you.
Do you hear nothing?
Gert. No.
Clown. List! This wood is full of wolves,
Of hogs, and such carnivorous vermin.
Hark! 'tis the howling of a wolf!
Gert. Of the wind, coward!
Clown. Help me to say my pray'rs. He's got me now!
I cannot speak! Do I speak, mistress? Tell me.
Gert. A precious guide I've got.
(*One Halloes.*)
Clown. It thunders now. You hear that, mistrees?
Gert. I hear one halloa!
Clown. 'Tis thunder, thunder! See, a flash of lightning!
Are you not blasted, mistress?
'T has played the barber with me; I have lost
My beard—I am shaven, mistress.
Gert. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.
Both love and jealousy have made me bold.
Where my fate leads me, I must go. Hold off!
[*Exit*
Clown. The Lord go with you, then, for I will not.

Enter WOLFORT, HEMSKIRKE, *and Soldiers.*

Hems. It was the fellow,—sure, he that should guide—
The huntsman that did hallos. Who goes there?
Clown. Mistress, I am taken.
Hems. Ah, mistress! Now look forth.
Wolf. What are you, sirrah?
Clown. Truly, all is left
Of a poor boor by day, nothing by night.
I'm none that will stand out, great sir.
You might have spar'd your guns and drum;
You may subdue me with a walking-stick,
E'en when you please, and hold me with a pack-thread.
Hems. What woman was't you call'd to?
Clown. I? None, sir.
Wolf. None! Did you not name a mistress?
Clown. Yes; but she's
No woman yet; she should have seen this night,
But that a beggar stole away her bridegroom.

Enter Soldiers with GERTRUDE.

Hems. 'Tis she!
Gert. Ha! I am miserably lost!
Hems. This was a noble entrance to your fortune;
That being thus upon the point of marriage,
Upon her venture here, you should surprise her

Wolf. I begin, Hemskirke, to believe my fate
Works to my end.
Hems. Yes, sir; and this adds trust
Unto our guide, who did assure me Florez
Liv'd in some merchant's shape, as Gerrard did
In the old beggar's. (*Shout heard.*) That's he again!
Wolf. Good! Go we forth to meet him.
Hems. Here's the oak, my lord. Come, madam, you must along with us.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter HUBERT, HIGGEN, PRIG, FERRET, SNAP, *and* GINKES, *like boors.*

Hub. I like your habits well. They're safe! stand close!
Hig. But what's the action we are for now, eh?
Robbing the ripper of his fish?
Prig. Or taking a poulterer prisoner?
Hig. Without ransom?
Snap. Or cutting off a convoy of butter?
Prig. Oh! I could drive a regiment
Of geese afore me, such a night as this,
Ten leagues with my hat and staff, and not a hiss
Heard, or a wing of my troop disorder'd.
Hig. Is it a fetching off a buck of clothes?
We are horribly out of linen.
Hub. No such matter.
Hig. Let me alone for any farmer's dog:
If you've a mind to the cheese-loft, 'tis but thus.
And he's a silenc'd mastiff during pleasure.
Hub. Would it please you to be silent?
Hig. Hum!

Re-enter WOLFORT, HEMSKIRKE, *and Soldiers.*

Wolf. Who's there?
Hub. A friend, the huntsman.
Hems. 'Tis he, himself.
Hub. I have kept touch, sir. Which is the earl of these?
Hems. This, my lord, 's the friend
Hath undertook the service.
Hub. And I have don't.
I know to pitch my toils, drive in my game;
For Florez, and his father
Gerrard, and Jaculin, young Florez' sister,
I'll have 'em all.
Wolf. We will double
Whatever Hemskirke now hath promis'd thee.
Hub. And I'll deserve it treble. What horse ha' you?
Wolf. A hundred.
Hub. That's well. Ready to take 'em on surprise?
Wolf. Yes.
Hems. Divide, then,
Your force into five squadrons; for there are
So many outlets; of all which passages
We must possess ourselves to round 'em in.
And that they may be more secure, I'll use
My wonted whoops and halloos, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them rest
Careless of any noise, and be a direction
To other guides, how we approach 'em still.
Wolf. 'Tis order'd well, and relisheth the soldier.
Make the division, huntsman. You are my charge,
My fair one. I'll look to you.

[*Exeunt.*

Clown. No one shall need to look to me,
I'll look unto myself.

[*Exit.*

Hub. Now, comrades, is the promis'd hour at hand!
Here, where the roads do meet, lie conceal'd;
And, at the bugle's sound, rush forth to aid
Lord Hubert, who then rings the knell
Of Wolfort's power, and hails found Florez prince.

[*Exit with Guards.*

Enter GERRARD *and* FLOREZ.

Flo. 'Tis passing strange!
Ger. When we fled from Wolfort,
I sent you into England, there plac'd you
With a brave Flanders merchant, call'd rich Goswin,
Who, dying, left his name and wealth unto you,
As his reputed son. But though I
Should, as a subject, study you, my prince,
'Twill not discredit you to call me father.
Flo. Acknowledge you my father! Sir, I do;
And may impiety, conspiring with
My other sins, sink me, and suddenly,
When I forget to pay you a son's duty.

(*Kneels.*)

Ger. I pray you, rise;
And may those powers that see and love this in you
Reward you for it. Taught by your example,
Having receiv'd the rights due to a father,
I tender you th' allegiance of a subject,
Which, as my prince, accept of.
Flo. Kneel to me!
May mountains first fall down beneath their valleys,
And fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in nature so preposterous.
I am your son, sir; prouder to be so,
Than I shall ever of those specious titles
Left to me by my mother.
Ger. I do believe it.—
By this time, sir, I hope you want no reasons
Why I broke off your marriage;
For now, as Florez, and a prince, remember
The fair maid whom you chose to be your bride,
Being so far beneath you, even your love
Must grant she's not your equal.
Flo. In descent,
Or borrow'd glories from dead ancestors;
But for her beauty, chastity, and virtues,
A monarch might receive from her, not give,
Though she were his crown's purchase.

Enter HUBERT, HEMSKIRKE, WOLFORT, BERTHA, *and Lords, with torches.*

Hub Sir, here be two of 'em,
The father and the son.
Ger. Who's this? Wolfort?
Wolf. Impostor! ay, to charge thee with thy treason.
In this disguise, that hath so long conceal'd you,
I must find Gerrard.
And in this merchant's habit, one call'd Florez,
Who would be earl.
Flo. And is, wert thou a subject.
Bertha. Goswin turn'd prince!
Oh! I am poorer by this greatness
Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes!
Flo. Gertrude!
Wolf. Stay, sir; hold, on your life!
Bertha. His life! oh! first take mine;
And since I cannot hope to wed him now,
Let me but fall a part of his glad ransom.

Flo. So proud a fiend as Wolfort!
Wolf. For so lost a thing as Florez!
Flo. And that be so,
Rather than she should stoop again to thee!
There is no death, but's sweeter than all life,
When Worfort is to give it. Oh! my Gertrude!
Wolf. There is no Gertrude, nor no Hemskirke's niece,
Nor Vandunke's daughter; this is Bertha, Bertha,
Heiress of Brabant, she that caus'd the war.
Hems. Whom I did steal to do great Wolfort service.
Flo. Insolent villain!

Enter JACULIN.

Wolf. Who is this, huntsman?
Hub. More, more, sir. This is Juculin, sister to Florez.
Ger. How they triumph in their treachery!
Wolf. Why, here's brave game! this was sport royal!
Huntsman, your horn: first wind me Florez' fall.
Next Gerrard's, then his daughter, Jaculin's.
We'll hang 'em, Hemskirke, on these trees.
Hems. Not here, my lord; 'twill spoil your triumph.
Hub. A public scaffold will shew better sport.
Florez. Wretch; thou art not content thou hast betray'd us,
But mock'st us, too?
Ger. False Hubert! this is monstrous!
Wolf. Hubert!
Hems. Who, this?
Ger. Yes, this is Hubert; false and perjur'd Hubert!
I hope he has help'd himself unto a tree.
Wolf. The first, the first of any; and most glad I have you, sir.
I let you go before, but for a train:
Is't you have done this service?
Hub. As your poor huntsman, sir. But now as Hubert.
The wolf's afoot, let slip.

(Sounds his horn.)

Enter VANDUNKE, *Merchants*, HIGGEN, PRIG, FERRET, SNAP, *and Soldiers, who seize on Wolfort and Hemskirke.*

Wolf. Betray'd!
Hub. No; but well catch'd; and I the huntsman.
Vand. How do you, Wolfort? Rascal! good knave, Wolfort!
I speak it now without the rose: and Hemskirke,
Rogue Hemskirke! you that have no niece: this lady
Was stol'n by you, and ta'en by you, and now
Resigned by me to the right owner here.
Take her, my prince.
Flo. Can this be possible?
Welcome, my love! my sweat, my beauteous love!
Gert. And shall we part no more?
Vand. I ha' given you her wice now keep her better
And thank lord Hubert that compos'd the plot,
And in good Gerrard's name sent for Vandunke,
And got me out with my brave boys, to march
Like Cæsar when he bred his commentaries;
So I to breed my chronicle, came forth,
Cæsar Vandunke, and *veni, vidi, vici.*
Hig. Captain Prig, sir!
Prig. And Colonel Higgen!
Vand. Peace, rogues!
Give me my bottle, and set down my drums,
I'll sit in judgment on 'em: you stole the lady.
Wolf. Well, I can stand, and praise the toil that took me,
And laughing in them die! they were brave snares!
Flo. 'Twere truer valour, if thou durst repent
The wrongs th' hast done, and live!
Wolf. Who! I repent,
And say I am sorry! Yes; 'tis the fool's language,
But not for Wolfort.
Vand. Wolfort, thou art a devil.
And speak'st his language. Now, might I have my longing!
Under this row of trees here would I hang thee.
Florez. No; let him live,
Banish'd from our state. That is thy doom.
Vand. Then hang this worthy captain here, this Hemskirke,
For profit of th' example.
Florez. No, let him
Enjoy his shame, too, with his conscious life,
To shew how much our innocence contemns
All practice from the guiltiest to molest us.
Away with them!

[Exit Wolfort, guarded.

Ger. Sir, you must help to join
A pair of hands, as they have done of hearts,
And to their loves wish joys.
Flo. As to mine own—my gracious sister,—
Worthiest brother!

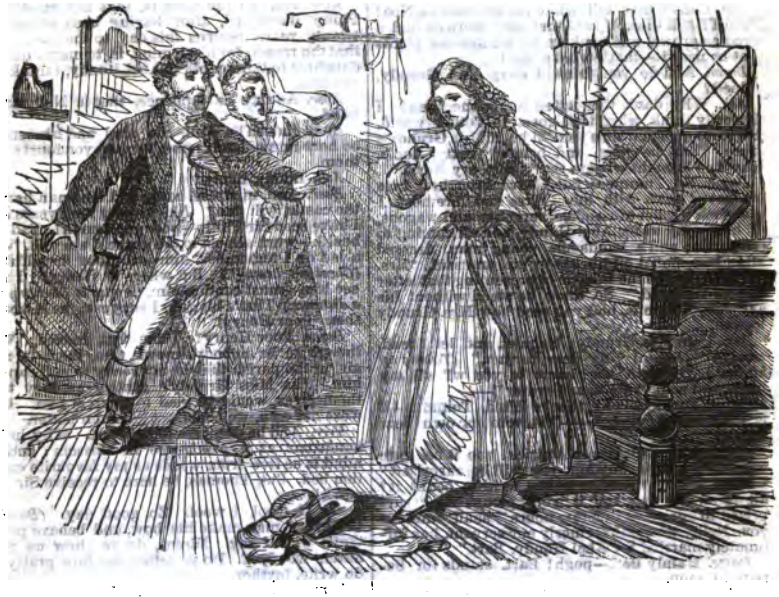
(Embracing.)

Vand. Away with them! a noble prince!
And yet I'd fain some one were hang'd.
Ger. Sir, here be friends ask to be look'd on, too,
And thank'd; who though their trade be none o' th' best,
Have yet us'd me with courtesy, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their king.
Vand. Your grace command them follow me to Bruges,
They'll turn the wheel for Crab the ropemaker.
Flo. Do you hear, sirs?
Hig. We do; thanks to your grace.
Vand. They shall beat hemp, and be whipp'd twice a week.
Prig. Thank your good lordship.
Flo. No, I will take the care on me to find
Some manly and more profitable course,
To fit them as a part of the republic
Be it our care to prove unto the world
Our better title o'er usurped favour,
In how much we shall use it for the good
Ev'n of the meanest subjects in our state.

[Exeunt.

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY THOMAS MORTON.



Susan.—"Is it possible?"—*Act i, scene 2.*

Persons Represented.

Sir Philip Blandford.	Farmer Ashfield.	Peter.
Morrington.	Evergreen.	Miss Blandford.
Sir Abel Handy.	Gerald.	Lady Handy.
Bob Handy.	Postillion.	Susan Ashfield.
Henry.	John.	Dame Ashfield.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Entrance to the Castle lodge and gates, a white rustic gate, leading to Ashfield's farm-house, which is seen in part.*

FARMER ASHFIELD *discovered seated on a wooden stool, with his pipe, jug, &c., on a table by him. Enter* DAME ASHFIELD *in a cloak and hat, and a basket under her arm.*

Ash. Well, dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring from market?

Dame. What news, husband? What I have always told thee; that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did.

Ash. All the better vor he.

Dame. Ah! the sun seems to shine on purpose for him.

Ash. Come, come, Missus, as thee has not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, dan't thee grumble when they be unkindly a bit.

Dame. And I assure thee, Dame Grundy's butter was quite the cream of the market.

Ash. Be quiet, woolye? aleways ding dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—what will Mrs. Grundy zay? What will Mrs. Grundy think? Cann't thee be quiet, let her alone, and behave thyself pratty?

Dame. Certainly I can—I'll tell thee, Tummus, what she said at church last Sunday.

Ash. Cans't thee tell what parson zaid? Noa! Then I'll tell thee, A' zaid that envy were as foul a weed as grows, and cankers all wholesome plants at be near it—that's what a' zaid.

Dame. And do you think I envy Mrs. Grundy, deed?

Ash. Why dan't thee letten her alone then? I d verily think when thee goest to t'other world, i e vurst question thee't ax 'ill be, if Mrs. Grundy's here? Zoa be quiet, and behave pratty, doo'e. Has thee brought whoam the "Salisbury News."

Dame. No, Tummus; but I have brought a rare budget of news with me. First and foremost, I saw such a mort of coaches, servants, and wagons, all belonging to Sir Abel Handy, and all coming to the castle; and a handsome young man, dressed all in lace, pull'd off his hat to me, and said, "Mrs. Ashfield, do me the honour of presenting that letter to your husband." So, there he stood without his hat. Oh, Tummus, had you seen how Mrs. Grundy looked.

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy; be quiet, and let I read, woolye? (*Reads.*) "My dear Farmer," (*Taking off his hat.*) Thankye, zur; zame to you wi' all my heart and soul, "My dear Farmer"——

Dame. Farmer—why, thee're blind, Tummus—it is, "My dear Feyther"——'Tis from our own dear Susan.

Ash. Odds! dickens and daizies! zoo it be, zure enow! "My dear Feyther, you will be surprised"—Zoo I be, he, he! what pretty writing, beant it? all as straight as chof it were ploughed,—"surprised to hear that in a few hours I shall embrace you. Nelly, who was formerly our servant, has fortunately married Sir Abel Handy, Bart."

Dame. Handy Bart—pugh! Bart. stands for Baronight, mum.

Ash. Likely, likely. Drabbit it, only to think of the zwaps and changes of this world!

Dame. Our Nelly married to a great baronet! I wonder, Tummus, what Mrs. Grundy will say?

Ash. Now, woolye be quiet and let I read—"And she has proposed bringing me to see you; an offer, I hope, as acceptable to my dear feyther"—

Dame. "And mother"——

Ash. Bless her, how prettily she do write "feyther," dan't she?

Dame. And "mother."

Ash. Ees, but feyther first, though,—"as acceptable to my dear feyther and mother, as to their affectionate daughter, Susan Ashfield." Now bean't that a pratty letter?

Dame. And, Tummus, is not she a pratty girl?

Ash. Ees; and as good as she be pratty. Drabbit it, I do feel zo happy, and zo warm, for all the world like the zun in harvest.

Dame. Oh, Tummus, I shall be so pleased to see her, I shan't know whether I stand on my head or my heels.

Ash. Stand on thy head! vor shame o' thyzel—behave pratty, do.

Dame. Nay, I meant no harm. Eh, here comes friend Evergreen, the gardener, from the castle. Bless me, what a hurry the old man be in,

Enter EVERGREEN.

Ever. Good day, honest Thomas.

Ash. Zame to you, measter Evergreen.

Ever. Have you heard the news?

Dame. Anything about Mrs. Grundy?

Ash. Dame, be quiet, woolye now?

Ever. No, no: the news is, that my master, Sir Philip Blandford, after having been abroad for twenty years, returns this day to the castle; and that the reason for his coming, is, to marry his only daughter to the son of Sir Abel Handy, I think they call him.

Ever. As sure as tuppence, that is Nelly's husband.

Ever. Indeed! Well, Sir Abel and his son will be here immediately; and, farmer, you must attend them.

Ash. Likely, likely.

Ever. And, mistress, come and lend us a hand at the castle, will you? Ah! twenty long years since I have seen Sir Philip—poor gentleman! Bad, bad health—worn almost to the grave, I am told. What a lad do I remember him—till that dreadful——(*Checking himself.*) But where is Henry? I must see him—must caution him. (*A gun is discharged at a distance.*) That's his gun, I suppose; he is not far, then. Poor Henry!

Dame. Poor Henry! I like that, indeed. What though he be nobody knows who, there is not a girl in the parish that is not ready to pull caps for him. The Miss Grundy's genteel as they think themselves, would be glad to snap at him. If he were our own, we could not love him better.

Ever. And he deserves to be loved. Why, he's as handsome as a peach-tree in blossom; and his mind is as free from weeds as my favourite carnation bed. But, Thomas, be here to receive Sir Abel and his son.

Ash. I wool, I wool. Zo, good day. (*Bowing.*) Let every man make his bow, and behave pratty, that's what I say. Missus, do ye shew un Sue's letter, woodye? Do ye letten zee how pratty she do write, feyther.

Dame. But, come, step in, and I'll tell you such a story about Mrs. Grundy. You must needs be weary; and I am sure a mug of harvest beer, sweetened with a hearty welcome, will refresh thee.

[*Exeunt into the house.*

[*Servants cross, laden with different packages; two servants enter with the Plough; they exeunt through the gate.*

Ash. Drabbit it, the wold castle 'ull be hardly big enow to hold all thic lumber. Who be this? A do zeem a comical zoart of a man. Oh, Abel Handy, I suppose.

Sir A. (*Without.*) Gently, there! mind how you go, Robin.

(*A crash.*)

Enter SIR ABEL HANDY.

Zounds and fury! you have killed the whole country, you dog! for you have broken the patent medicine chest that was to keep them all alive. (*Calls off.*) Richard, gently! Take care of the grand Archimedian corkscrews. Bless my soul! so much to think of! Such wonderful inventions in conception, in concoction, and in completion!

Enter PETER.

Well, Peter, is the carriage much broke?

Peter. Smashed all to pieces. I thought as how, sir, that your infallible axletree would give way.

Sir A. Confound it! and I declare my waterproof shoes are completely soaked through.

[*Exit Peter at gates.*

Ash. (*Loud and blunthly.*) Zarvent, zur, Zarvent!

Sir A. (*Starting.*) What's that? Oh, good day. Devil take the fellow!

(*Aside.*)

Ash. Thankye, zur; same to you wi' all my heart and soul.

Sir A. Pray, friend, could you contrive *gently* to inform me, where I can find one Farmer Ashfield.

Ash. Ha, ha, ha! (*Laughing loudly.*) Excuse my tittering a bit—but your axing myzel vor I be so precious zilly. (*Bowing and laughing.*) Ah! you stare at I becase i be bashful and daunted.

Sir A. You are very bashful, to be sure. I declare I'm quite weary.

Ash. If you'll walk into the castle, you may zit down, I dare zay.

Sir A. May I, indeed! you are a fellow of extraordinary civility.

Ash. There's no denying it, zur.

Sir A. No, I'll sit here.

Ash. What! on the ground? Why, you'll wring your ould withers——

Sir A. On the ground—no, I always carry my seat with me. (*Spreads a small camp chair.*) Here I'll sit and examine the surveyor's account of the castle.

Ash. Dickens and daixies! what a gentlemen you would be to show at a vair.

Sir A. Silence, fellow, and attend—"An account of the castle and domain of Sir Philip Blandford, intended to be settled as a marriage portion on his daughter, and the son of Sir Abel Handy, by Frank Flourish, surveyor. Imprimis—The premises command an exquisite view of the Isle of Wight." Charming! delightful! I don't see it though. (*Rising.*) I'll try with my new glass—my own invention. (*He looks through the glass, Ashfield peeping through the other end.*) Yes, there I caught it. Ah! now I see it plainly. Eh! no, I don't see it—do you?

Ash. Noa, zur, I doant—but little zweepy do tell I he can see a bit out from the top of the chimbley, zoa, an you've a mind to crawl up, you may see un too—he, he!

Sir A. Thank you; but curse your titter. (*Reads.*) "Fish ponds well stocked." That's a good thing, Farmer.

Ash. Likely, likely—but I doant think the vishes do thrive much in theas ponds.

Sir A. No! why?

Ash. Why, the ponds are always dry i' the zummer; and I be tould that beant wholesome vor the little vishes.

Sir A. Not very, I believe. Well said, surveyor. "A cool summer-house."

Ash. Ees, zur, quite cool—by reason the roof be tumbled in.

Sir A. Better and better. "The whole capable of the greatest improvement." Come, that seems true, however. I shall have plenty to do, that's one comfort. I'll have such contrivances. I'll have a canal run through my kitchen. (*Aside.*) I must give this rustic some idea of my consequence. You must know, Farmer, you have the honour of conversing with a man who has obtained patents for tweezers, tooth-picks, and tinder-boxes—to a philosopher who has now in hand two inventions which will render him immortal—the one is, converting saw-dust into deal boards; and the other is, a plan of cleaning rooms by a steam engine. And, Farmer, I mean to give prizes for industry; I'll have a ploughing match.

Ash. Will you, zur?

Sir A. Yes, for I consider a healthy young man between the handles of a plough, as one of the noblest illustrations of the prosperity of Britain.

Ash. Faith and troth! there be some tightish hands in theas parts, I promise ye.

Sir A. And, Farmer, it shall precede the hymeneal festivities——

Ash. Nan!

Sir A. Blockhead! the ploughing match shall take place as soon as Sir Philip Blandford and his daughter arrive.

Ash. Oh, likely, likely.

Enter JOHN.

John. Sir Abel, my master will be here immediately.

Sir A. Indeed! and where is Bob?

John Why, sir, the *natives* were ringing a peal in honour of our arrival, when my master, finding they knew nothing of the matter, went up to the steeple to instruct them. Will you allow me to take this chair in for you?

[*He takes the camp chair, and exits at gates.*

Sir A. Wonderful! My Bob, you must know, is an astonishing fellow!—you have heard of the *Admirable Crichton*, maybe? Bob's of the same kidney! I contrive, he executes—Sir Abel invenit, Bob fecit. He can do everything—everything!

Ash. All the better vor he. I say, zur, as he can turn his hand to everything, pray, in what way mad he earn his livelihood!

Sir A. Earn his livelihood?

Ash. Ees, zur—how do he gain his bread.

Sir A. Bread! Oh, he can't earn his bread. Bless you! he's a genius.

Ash. Genius! Drabbit it, I have got a horze o' thic name, but dom 'un, he'll never work—never.

Sir A. Egad! here comes my boy Bob!—Eh! no—it is not! no.

Enter BOB HANDY, *with a Postboy's cap and whip, followed by* POSTBOY, *with a round hat and cane.*

Bob. Ah, my old dad, is that you?

Sir A. Certainly; the only doubt is if that be *you?*

Bob. Oh, I was teaching this fellow to drive. Nothing is so horrible as people pretending to do what they are unequal to. Give me my hat. That's the way to use a whip.

(*Gives the Postboy his cap and whip.*)

Postb. Sir, you know you have broke the horses' knees all to pieces.

Bob. Hush, there's a guinea.

(*Apart. Exit Postboy.*)

Sir A. (*To Ashfield.*) You see, Bob can do everything. But, sir, when you knew I had arrived from Germany, why did you not pay your duty to me in London?

Bob. Sir, I heard you were but four days married, and I would not interrupt your honeymoon

Sir A. Four days! oh, you might have come.

(*Sighing.*)

Bob. I hear you have taken to your arms a simple rustic, unsophisticated by fashionable follies,—a full-blown blossom of nature.

Sir A. Yes!

Bob. How does it answer?

Sir A. So, so!

Bob. Any thorns?

Sir A. A few;

Bob. I must be introduced—where is she?

Sir A. Not within thirty miles: for I don't hear her.

Ash. Ha, ha, ha!

Bob. Who is that?

Sir A. Oh, a pretty behaved, tittering friend of mine.

Ash. Zarvant, zur—no offence I do hope. Could not help tittering a bit at Nelly. When she wur zarvent wi' I, she had a tightish prattle wi' her, that's vor zartain.

Bob. Oh! so then my honoured mamma was the servant of this tittering gentleman—I say, father, perhaps she has not lost the "tightish prattle" he speaks of.

Sir A. My dear boy, come here. Prattle! I say, did you ever live next door to a pewterer's?—that's all—you understand me: did you ever hear a dozen fire-engines fall gallop?—were you ever at Billingsgate in the sprat season?—or——

Bob. Ha, ha!

Sir A. Nay, don't laugh, Bob.

Bob. Indeed, sir, you think of it too seriously. The storm, I dare say, soon blows over.

Sir A. Soon! You know what a trade wind is, don't you, Bob? why she thinks no more of the latter end of her speech, than she does of the latter end of her life——

Bob. Ha, ha?

Sir A. But I won't be laughed at—I'll knock any man down that laughs! Bob, if you can say anything pleasant, I'll trouble you; if not, do what my wife can't—hold your tongue.

Bob. I'll show you what I can do—I'll amuse you with this native.

Sir A. Do—do—quiz him—at him, Bob.

Bob. I say, farmer, you are a set of jolly fellows here, an't you?

Ash. Ees, zur; deadly jolly—excepting when we be otherwise, and then we beant.

Bob. Play at cricket, don't you?

Ash. Ees, zur: we Hampshire lads conceit we can bowl a bit, or thereabouts.

Bob. And cudgel too, I suppose?

Sir A. At him, Bob.

Ash. Ees, zur, we sometimes break con another's heads by way of being agreeable, and the like o' that.

Bob. Understand all the guards?

(*Putting himself in an attitude of cudgelling.*)

Ash. Can't say I do, zur.

Bob. What, hit in this way, eh?

(*Makes a hit at Ashfield which he parries.*)

Ash. Nos, zur, we do hit thic way.

(*Hits Bob violently.*)

Bob. Zounds and fury!

(*Crosses.*)

Sir A. Why, Bob, he has broke your head.

Bob. Yes; he rather hit me—he somehow——

Sir A. He did, indeed, Bob.

Bob. Hang him! The fact is, I am out of practice.

Ash. You need not ha', zur: I'll gi ye a belly full any day, wi' all my heart and soul.

Bob. No, no, thank you—Farmer, what's your name?

(*Crosses.*)

Ash. My name be Tummas Ashfield. Anything to say against my name?

(*Threatening.*)

Bob. No, no—Ashfield! should he be the father of my pretty Susan—Pray have you a daughter?

Ash. Ees! I have—anything to say against she?

Bob. No, no; I think her a charming creature.

Ash. Do ye, faith and troth—come, that be deadly kind o' ye, however. Do you see, I were frightful she were not agreeable.

Bob. Oh, she's extremely agreeable to me, I assure you.

Ash. I vow, it be quite pretty in you to take notice of Sue. I do hope, zur, breaking your head will break nos squares. She be coming down to these parts wi' Lady, our mild Nelly as war—your spouse, zur.

Bob. The devil she is! that's awkward.

Ash. I do hope you'll be kind to Sue when she do come, woolye, zur?

Bob. You may depend on it.

Sir A. I dare say you may. Come, Farmer, I wish to find Miss Blandford; attend us.

Ash. Ees, zur. Gentlemen, please to walk this way, and I'll walk before you.

Sir A. Now, that's what he calls behaving *pretty.*

(*Exeunt Ashfield, followed by Sir Abel and Bob, through gates.*)

Enter MORRINGTON, *meeting* GERALD.

Mor. Well, Gerald, my trusty fellow, is Sir Philip arrived?

Gerald. No, sir; but hourly expected.

Mor. Tell, me how does the castle look?

Gerald. Sadly decayed, sir.

Mor. I hope, Gerald, you were not observed.

Gerald. I fear otherwise, sir; on the skirts of the domain I encountered a stripling with fire-gun; but I darted into that thicket, and so avoided him.

HENRY *appears in a shooting dress, attentively observing them.*

Mor. Have you gained any intelligence?

Gerald. None; the report that reached us was false. The infant certainly died with its mother. Hush! conceal yourself; we are observed—this way.

(*They retreat.*)

Henry. (*Advancing.*) Hold! as a friend, one word! (*He follows them and returns.*) Again they have escaped me. "The infant died with its mother." This agony of doubt is insupportable.

Enter EVERGREEN *from house.*

Ever. Henry, well met!

Henry. Have you seen strangers?

Ever. No!

Henry. Two but now have left this place. They spoke of a lost child. My busy fancy led me to think I was the object of their search. I pressed forward, but they avoided me.

Ever. No, no! it could not be for you; for no one on earth knows but myself, and——

Henry. Who, Sir Philip Blandford?

Ever. I am sworn, you know, my dear boy; I am solemnly sworn to silence.

Henry. True, my good old friend; and if the knowledge of what I am can only be obtained at the price of my perjury, let me for ever remain ignorant; let the corroding thought still haunt my pillow, cross me at every turn, and render me insensible to the blessings of health and liberty. Yet it is hard to think that the most detested reptile that enters forms, or man pursues, has, when he gains his den, a parental pitying breast to shelter in; but I—

Ever. Come, come; no more of this.

Henry. Well, I wished to-day that young man who was so grievously bruised by the breaking of the team.

Ever. That was kindly done, Henry.

Henry. I found him suffering under extreme torture; yet a ray of joy shot from his languid eye: for his medicine was administered by a father's hand,—it was a mother's tendrils jog that drop upon his wound. Oh, how I envied him.

Ever. Still on the same subject. I tell thee, if thou art not acknowledged by thy race, why, then, become the noble founder of a new one. Come with me to the castle for the last time.

(*Crossed.*)

Henry. The last time!

Ever. Aye, boy; for when Sir Philip arrives, you must quit him.

Henry. Not see him. Where exists the power that could prevent me?

Ever. Henry, if you value your own peace of mind, if you value an old man's comfort, avoid the castle.

Henry. Well, I am content.

Ever. That's right, that's right, Henry; be thou but resigned and virtuous, and he who clothes the lily of the field will be a parent to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter DAME *from house, with lace on a cushion, she sits and commences work. Enter* BOB HANDY *at gate.*

Bob. A singular situation this my old dad has placed me in; brought me here to marry a woman of fashion and beauty, while I have been professing and, I've a notion, feeling, the most ardent love for the pretty Susan Ashfield. Proprietty says, take Miss Blandford; love says, take Susan; Fashion says, take both. But would Susan consent to such an arrangement?—and if she refused, would I consent to part with her? Oh, time enough to put that question when the previous one is disposed of. (*Seeing Dame.*) How do, you do? How do you do? Making lace, I see, ma'am. Is it a common employment here?

Dame. Oh, no, sir; nobody can make it in these parts but myself. Mrs. Grundy, indeed, pretends; but, poor woman, she knows as more of it than yesterday.

Bob. Than I do, that's vastly well. My dear madam, I passed two months at Mechlin for the express purpose.

Dame. Indeed!

Bob. You don't do it right; now I can do it much better than that. Give me leave, and I'll shew you the true Mech-lin method. (*Takes the cushion round, kneels down, and begins working.*) There, you see, so—then so—

Enter SIR ABEL *and* MISS BLANDFORD.

Sir A. I vow, Miss Blandford, fair as I ever thought you, the air of your native land has given additional lustre to your native charms. Ah, but where can Bob be? You must know miss, my son is a very clever fellow. You won't find him wasting his time in boyish frivolity. No; you will find him— (*Sees him.*)

Miss B. Is that your son, sir!

Sir A. (*Abashed.*) Yes, that's Bob.

Miss B. Pray, sir, is he making lace, or is he making love?

Sir A. Curse me if I can tell. (*Hits him with his stick.*) Get up, you dog, don't you see Miss Blandford?

Bob. (*Starting up.*) Scoundel! how unlucky: Ma'am, your most obedient servant. (*Endeavours to hide the work.*) Curse the cushion.

(*Throws it into cottage.*)

Dame. Oh, he has spoiled my lace!

Bob. Hush. I'll make you a thousand yards another time. (*Dame returns to the cottage.*) You see, ma'am, I was explaining to this good woman—what—what need not be explained again. Admirably handsome, by heaven.

(*Aside.*)

Sir A. Is not she, Bob?

Bob. (*Crossing to Miss B.*) In your journey from the coast, I conclude you took London in your way?

Miss B. Oh, no, sir; I could not so soon venture into the *beau monde*: a stranger just arrived from Germany.

Bob. The very thing; the most fashionable introduction possible! But it requires no *valet de place* to conduct you through the purlieus of fashion, for now the way of the world is, for every one to pursue their own way; and following the fashion is, differing as much as possible from the rest of your acquaintance.

Miss B. But surely, sir, there is some distinguishing feature by which the votaries of fashion are known?

Bob. Yes; but that varies extremely: sometimes fashionable celebrity depends on a high waist, sometimes on a low carriage, sometimes on high play, and sometimes on low breeding: last winter it rested solely on green peas!

Miss B. Green peas!

Bob. Green peas! That lady was the most enchanting who could bring the greatest quantity of green peas to table at Christmas! The struggle was tremendous! Mrs. Bowley Rowley had the best of it by five pecks and a half, but it having been unfortunately proved, that at her ball there was room to dance and eat conveniently, that no lady received a black eye, and no coachman was killed, the thing was voted decent and comfortable, and scouted accordingly.

Miss B. Is comfort, then, incompatible with fashion?

Bob. Certainly! Comfort in high life would be as preposterous as a lawyer's bag crammed with truth. No; this not comfort and selection that is sought, but numbers and confusion! So that a fashionable party resembles Smithfield Market; only a good one, when plentifully stocked; and ladies are reckoned by the score like sheep, and their husbands by droves like horned cattle!

Miss B. Ha, ha! and the conversation——

Bob. Oh! like the assembly, confused, vapid

and abundant; as "How d'ye do, ma'am? no accident at the door?—he, he!" "Only my carriage broke to pieces." "I hope you had not your pocket picked?"—"Won't you sit down to faro?" "Have you many to-night?"—"A few, about six hundred."—"Were you at Lady Overall's?"—"Oh, yes; a delicious crowd and plenty of peas, he, he!"—and thus runs the fashionable race.

Sir A. Yes; and a precious run it is, full gallop all the way; first they run on—then their fortune is run through; then bills are run up, then they run hard, then they've a run of luck, then they run away! But I'll forgive fashion all its follies in consideration of one of its blessed laws.

Bob. What may that be?

Sir A. That husband and wife must never be seen together.

Enter THOMAS.

Thomas. Miss Blandford, your father expects you.

Miss B. I hope I shall find him more composed.

Bob. Is Sir Philip ill?

Miss B. His spirits are extremely depressed, and since we arrived here this morning his dejection has dreadfully increased.

Bob. But I hope we shall be able to laugh away despondency.

Miss B. Sir, if you are pleased to consider my esteem as an object worthy your possession, I know of no way of obtaining it so certain as by shewing every attention to my dear father.

(*As they are going.*)

Enter ASHFIELD.

Ash. Dame! Dame! she be come!

Dame. (*Enters from cottage.*) Who? Susan! our dear Susan!

Ash. Ees; so come along. Oh, Sir Abel! Lady Nelly, your spouse, do order you to go to her directly!

Bob. Order! You mistake——

Sir A. No, he don't; she generally prefers that word.

Miss B. Adieu! Sir Abel.

[*Exeunt Miss Blandford and Bob Handy.*

Sir A. Oh! if my wife had such a pretty way with her mouth!

Dame. And how does Susan look?

Ash. That's what I do want to know; zoo come along. Woo ye though. Missus, let's behave prasty. Zur, if you please, Dame and I will let you walk along wi' us.

Sir A. How condescending! Oh, you are a *pretty*-behaved fellow with a vengeance!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The interior of Farmer Ashfield's house.*

Enter LADY HANDY *and* SUSAN.

Susan. My dear home, thrice welcome! what gratitude I feel to your ladyship for this indulgence.

Lady H. That's right, child!

Susan. And I am sure you partake my pleasure in again visiting a place where you received every protection and kindness my parents could shew you; for I remember while you lived with my father——

Lady H. Child! don't put your memory to any fatigue on my account; you may transfer the remembrance of who I was, to aid your more perfect recollection of who I am.

Susan. Lady Handy?

Lady H. That's right, child! I am not angry.

Susan. (*Looking out.*) How luxuriantly the honeysuckle has grown, that I planted. Ah! I see my dear father and mother coming through the garden.

Lady H. Oh! now I shall be caressed to death; but I must endure the shock of their attentions.

Enter FARMER *and* DAME, *with* SIR ABEL.

Ash. My dear Susan!

(*They run to Susan.*)

Dame. My sweet child; give me a kiss.

Ash. Hald thee! Feyther first though. Well, I be as mortal glad to see thee as never wur; and how be'st thee? and how do thee like Lunnun town? It be a deadly lively place, I be tould.

Dame. Is not she a pretty girl?

Sir A. That she is.

Lady H. (*With affecting dignity.*) Does it occur to any one present that Lady Handy is in the room?

Sir A. Oh, lud! I'm sure, my dear wife, I never forget that you are in the room.

Ash. Drabbit it! I overlooked Lady Nelly sure enow; but consider, there be some difference between thee and our own Susan. I be deadly glad to see thee, however.

Dame. So am I, Lady Handy.

Ash. Don't ye take it unkind I ha'nt a buss'd thee yet; mean't no slight, indeed.

(*Kisses her.*)

Lady H. Oh, shocking!

(*Aside.*)

Ash. No harm I do hope, zur.

Sir A. None at all.

Ash. But dash it, Lady Nelly, what do make thee paint thy vace all over we rud ochre zoo? Be it vor thy spouse to knaw thee?—that be the way I do knaw my sheep.

Sir A. The flocks of fashion are all marked so, Farmer.

Ash. Likely! Drabbit it! Thee do make a tightish kind of a ladyship sure enow.

Dame. That you do, my lady. You remember the old house?

Ash. Aye; and all about it, dean't ye? Nelly, my lady,

Lady H. Oh, I'm quite shocked. Susan, child! prepare a room where I may dress before I proceed to the castle.

[*Exit Susan.*

Enter BOB HANDY.

Bob. I don't see Susan. (*Crosses to Lady Handy.*) I say, dad! is that my mamma?

Sir A. Yes; speak to her.

Bob. (*Chucking her under the chin.*) A fine girl, upon my soul!

Lady H. Fine girl, indeed! Is this behaviour?

Bob. Oh, beg pardon, most honoured parent (*She curtsies.*) That's a cursed bad curtesey. I can teach you to make a much better curtesey than that.

Lady H. You teach me, that am old enough to—hem!

Bob. Oh, that toss of the head was very bad indeed. Look at me. That's the thing!

Lady H. Am I to be insulted? Sir Abel, you know I seldom condescend to talk.

Sir A. Don't say so, my lady, you wrong yourself.

Lady H. But when I do begin, you know not where it will end.

Sir A. Indeed, I do not.

(*Aside.*)

Lady H. I insist on receiving all possible respect from your son.

Bob. And you shall have it, my dear girl—madam, I mean.

Lady H. I vow I am agitated to that degree—Sir Abel, my fan!

Sir A. Yes, my dear. Bob, look here; a little contrivance of my own. While others carry swords, and such like dreadful weapons in their canes, I more gallantly carry a fan. (*Removes the head of his cane, and draws out a fan.*) A pretty thought, isn't it?

(*Presents it to his lady.*)

Ash. Some difference between this stick and mine, beant there, sur?

(*To Bob Handy.*)

Bob. (*Moving away.*) Yes there is. (*To Lady H.*) Do you call that fanning yourself? (*Taking the fan.*) My dear mamma, this is the way to manœuvre a fan.

Lady H. Sir, you shall find (*To Bob Handy.*) I have power enough to make you repent this behaviour—severely repent it, Susan.

[*Exit, followed by Dame.*

Bob. Bravo! passion becomes her. She does that vastly well.

Sir A. Yes; practice makes perfect.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Did your ladyship call? Heavens! Mr. Handy.

Bob. Hush, my angel; be composed!—that letter will explain. (*Giving a letter, noticed by Ashfield.*) Lady Handy wishes to see.

Susan. Oh, Robert!

Bob. At present, my love, no more.

[*Exit Susan and Ashfield.*

Sir A. What are you saying, sir, to that young woman?

Bob. Nothing particular, sir. Where is Lady Handy going?

Sir A. To dress.

Bob. I suppose she has found out the use of money.

Sir A. Yes; I'll do her the justice to say she encourages trade. Why, do you know, Bob, my best coal-pit won't find her in white muslin;—round her neck hangs a hundred acres at least; my noblest oaks have made wigs for her; my fat oxen have dwindled into Dutch pugs and white mice; my India bonds are transmuted into shawls and otto of roses; and a magnificent mansion has shrunk into a diamond snuff-box.

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. Gentlemen, the folks be all got together, and the ploughs be ready, and——

Sir A. We are coming.

[*Exit Ralph.*

Bob. Ploughs!

Sir A. Yes, Bob; we are going to have a grand agricultural meeting.

Bob. Indeed!

Sir A. If I could but find a man able to manage my new invented *curricle* plough, none of them would have a chance.

Bob. My dear sir, if there be anything on earth I can do, it is that.

Sir A. What?

Bob. I rather fancy I can plough better than any man in England.

Sir A. You don't say so! What a clever fellow he is. I say, Bob, if you would——

Bob. No; I can't condescend. (*Crossed.*)

Sir A. Condescend! why not? Much more creditable, let me tell you, than galloping a maggot for a thousand, or eating a live cat, or any other fashionable achievement.

Bob. So it is. Egad! I will—I will carry off the prize of industry.

Sir A. But should you lose, Bob?

Bob. I lose? that's vastly well!

Sir A. True; with my curricle plough you could hardly fail.

Bob. With my superior skill, dad. Then, I say, how the newspapers will teem with the account.

Sir A. Yes.

Bob. That universal genius, Handy, junior, with a plough——

Sir A. Stop—invented by that ingenious machinist, Handy, senior.

Bob. Gained the prize against the first husbandmen in Hampshire. Let our bond Street butterflies emulate the example of Handy, junior.

Sir A. And let old city grubs cultivate the field of science, like Handy, senior. Ecod, I am so happy.

Lady H. (*Without.*) Sir Abel!

Sir A. Ah! there comes a damper.

Bob. Courage, you have many resources of happiness.

Sir A. Have I?—I should be very glad to know them.

Bob. In the first place, you possess an excellent temper.

Sir A. So much the worse; for if I had a bad one, I should be better able to conquer hers.

Bob. You enjoy good health.

Sir A. So much the worse; for if I were ill she wouldn't come near me.

Bob. Then you are rich—

Sir A. So much the worse; for had I been poor she would not have married me. But, I say, Bob, if you gain the prize, I'll have a patent for my plough.

Lady H. (*Without.*) Sir Abel, I say—

Bob. Father, could not you get a patent for stopping that sort of noise?

Sir A. If I could, what a sale it would have! No, Bob, a patent has been obtained for the only thing that will silence her—

Bob. Aye—What's that?

Sir A. (*In a whisper.*) A coffin! hush! I'm coming, my dear.

Bob. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ASHFIELD *and* DAME.

Ash. I tell ye, I see'd un gi' Susan a letter, an' I dan't like it a bit.

Dame. Nor I;—if shame should come to the poor child—I say, Tummus, what would Mrs. Grundy say then?

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy; what would my poor wold heart say? but I be bound it be all innocence.

Enter HENRY.

Dame. Ah! Henry, we have not seen thee at hom all day.

Ash. And I do somehow fanzie things dan't go so clever when thee'rt away from farm.

Henry. My mind has been greatly agitated.

Ash. Well, won't thee go and see the ploughing match?

Henry. Tell me, will not those who obtain prizes be introduced to the castle?

Ash. Ees, and feasted in the great hall.

Henry. My good friend, I wish to become a candidate.

Dame. You, Henry!

Henry. It is time I exerted the faculties heaven has bestowed on me; and though my heavy fate crushes the proud hope this heart conceives, still let me prove myself worthy of the place Providence has assigned me. Will you furnish me with the means?

Ash. Will I; Thou shalt ha' the best plough in the parish—I wish it were all gould for thy zake—and better cattle there can't be noowhere.

Henry. Thanks, my good friend—my benefactor—I have little time for preparation—So receive my gratitude, and farewell.

(*Exit.*

Dame. A blessing go with thee!

Ash. I zay, Henry, take Jolly, and Smiler, and Captain, but dan't thee take thic lazy beast Genius—I'll be shot, if having vive load an acre on my wheat land cou'd please me more.

Dame. Tummus, here comes Susan reading the letter.

Ash. How pale she do look, dan't she?

Dame. Ah! poor thing—If——

Ash. Hauld thy tongue, woolye?

(*They retire.*)

Enter SUSAN, *reading the letter.*

Susan. Is it possible? Can the man to whom I've given my heart write thus. "I am compelled to marry Miss Blandford; but my love for my Susan is unalterable. I hope she will not, for an act of necessity, cease to think with tenderness on her faithful Robert." Oh, man, ungrateful man! it is from our bosoms alone you derive your power; how cruel then to use it in trying in those bosoms endless sorrow and despair.—"*Still think with tenderness.*"—Base, dishonourable insinuation. He might have allowed me to esteem him.

(*Locks up the letter in a box on the table, and exit, weeping.*

(*Ashfield and Dame come forward.*)

Ash. Poor thing. What can be the matter? She lock'd up the letter in thic box, and then began to cry.

(*Looks at the box.*)

Dame. Yes, Tummus, she locked it in that box, sure enoogh.

(*Shakes a bunch of keys at her side.*)

Ash. What be ye doing, Dame? what be doing?

Dame. (*With affected indifference.*) Nothing; I be only touching these keys.

(*They look at the box and keys significantly.*)

Ash. A good tightish hunch.

Dame. Yes; they be all sizes.

(*They look as before.*)

Ash. Indeed—well—Eh?—why dan't ye speak? Thou canst chatter vast enow sometimes.

Dame. Nay, Tummus; I dare say — if — thee knows best—but I think I could find—

Ash. Well, eh!—thee can just try, thee know. (*Greatly agitated.*) Thee can just try, jest vor the vun on't; but mind, dan't thee make a noise. (*She opens it.*) Why, thee hasn't opened it?

Dame. Nay, Tummus, thee told me.

Ash. Did I?

Dame. There be the letter.

Ash. Well, why do ye gi's to I? I don't want it, I'm zure. (*Taking it he turns it over—she eyes it eagerly—he is about to open it.*) She's coming, she's coming. (*He conceals the letter — they tremble violently.*) No, she's gone into t'other room. (*They hang their heads dejectedly, then look at each other.*) What mun that feyther and mother be doing, that do blush and tremble at their own dater's coming. Dang it, has she deserved it of us? Did she ever deceive us? Where she not always the most open-hearted, dutifullest, kindest; and thee to gos like a dom'd spy and open her box, poor thing.

Dame. Nay, Tummus —

Ash. Thee did. I zaw thee do it myself, thee look like a thief now, thee do. Hush, no. Dame, here be the letter—I won't read a word onik, put it where thee vound it, and as thee vound it.

Dame. With all my heart.

(*She returns the letter to box.*)

Ash. (*Embraces her.*) Now I can wi' pleasure hug my wold wife, and look my child in the vace again; I'll call her and ax her about it; and if she dan't speak without disguisement, I'll be bound to be shot. Dame, be the colour of cheese off my face yet? I never zeed thee look ugly before. (*Calls.*) Susan, my dear Sue, come here a bit woolye?

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Yes, my dear father.

Ash. Sue, we do wish to gie thee a bit of admonishing and parent-like consultation.

Susan. I hope I have ever attended to your admonitions.

Ash. Ees, bless thee, I do believe thee best lamb; but we all want our memories jogg'd a bit, or why else do parson preach us all to sleep every Zunday. Zo thic be the topic: Dame and I, Sue, did zee a letter gi'd to thee, and thee hurried into tears, and lock'd un up in thic box—and then Dame and I—we—that's all.

Susan. My dear father, if I concealed the contents of that letter from your knowledge, it was because I did not wish your heart to share in the pain mine feels.

Ash. (*To his wife.*) Dang it, didn't I tell thee zoo?

Dame. Nay, Tummas, did I say t'other wike?

Susan. Believe me, my dear parents, my heart never gave birth to a thought my tongue feared to utter.

Ash. Thees, the very words I zaid.

Susan. If you wish to see the letter I will shew it to you.

(*She searches for the key.*)

Dame. Here's a key will open it.

Ash. (*Aside.*) Dreadful, hold thy tongue, thou

would look. No, Susan, I'll not see it—I'll believe my child.

Susan. You shall not find your confidence ill-placed—it is true, the gentleman has declared he loved me; it is equally true, that declaration was not unpleasing to me—alas, it is also true, that his letter contains sentiments disgraceful to himself, and insulting to me.

Ash. Drabbit it! if I'd know'd that, when we were cudgelling a bit, I wou'd ha' lapt my stick about his ribs pratty tightish, I wou'd.

Susan. Pray, father, don't you resent his conduct to me.

Ash. What, mun't I leather un a bit?

Susan. Oh, no; I have the strongest reasons to the contrary.

Ash. Well, Sue, I won't; I'll behave as pratty as I always do; but it be time to go to the green, and zee the fine zights. *(Dame shakes her keys.)* How I do hate the noise of this dom'd bunch of keys. But bless thee, me child, dan't forget that vartue to a young woman be for all the world like—like—dang it, I ha' gotten it all in my head; but zomhow I can't talk it; but vartue be to a young woman what corn be to a blade o' wheat, do ye zee; *(Takes an ear of corn from his hat)* for while the corn be there it be glorious to the eye, and it be call'd the staff of life; but take that treasure away, and what do remain? why nought but the worthless straw, that men and beast do tread upon.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*An extensive view of a cultivated country—a ploughed field in the centre, in which are seen six different ploughs and horses; at one side a handsome tent; a number of country people assembled.*

Enter ASHFIELD *and* DAME.

Ash. Make way, make way for the gentry; and, do ye hear? behave pratty, as I do. Dang thee, stond back, or I'll knack thee down, I wool.

Enter SIR ABEL *and* MISS BLANDFORD, *with* THOMAS *and* WILLIAM.

Sir A. It is very kind of you to honour our rustic festivities with your presence.

Miss B. Pray, Sir Abel, where's your son?

Sir A. What, Bob? Oh, you'll see him presently. *(Nodding significantly.)* Here are the prize medals; and if you will condescend to present them, I'm sure they'll be worn with additional pleasure. I say, you'll see Bob presently. Well, Farmer, is it all over?

Ash. Eee, zur; the acres be ploughed, and the ground judged; and the young lads be coming down to receive their reward. Heartily welcome, mun, to yon native land: hope you be as pleased to zee we as we be to zee thee. Mortal heartizome to be sure, *(Shouts without.)* They be coming. Now, Henry!

Sir A. Now you'll see Bob. Now, my dear boy, Bob, here he comes.

(Shouts.)

Enter HENRY.

Ash. Tis he, he has done't. Dang you all, why dan't ye shout?

(Huzza.

Sir A. Why, zounds, where's Bob? I don't see Bob. Bless me, what has become of Bob and my plough?

(Retires, and takes out his glass.)

Ash. Well, Henry, there be the prize, and there be the fine lady that will gi' it thee.

Henry. Tell me who is that lovely creature?

Ash. The dater of Sir Philip Blandford.

Henry. What sweetness! Ah! should the father but resemble her, I shall have but little to fear from his severity.

Ash. Miss, thic be the young man that ha got'n the goulden prize.

Miss B. This; I always thought ploughmen were coarse, vulgar, creatures, but he seems handsome and diffident.

Ash. Ees, quite pratty behaved; it were I that teached un.

Miss B. What's your name?

Henry. Henry.

Miss B. And your family?

(Henry, in grief, turns away, and leans on the shoulders of Ashfield.)

Dame. *(Apart to Miss B.)* I beg pardon miss, but nobody knows about his parentage; and when it is mentioned, poor boy, he takes on sadly. He has lived at our house ever since we had the farm, and we have had an allowance for him—small enough, to be sure—but, good lad! he wur always welcome to share what we had.

Miss B. *(To Henry.)* Pray, pardon me, sir, I would not insult an enemy, much less one I am inclined to admire. *(Giving her hand, then withdraws it.)* to esteem. You shall go to the castle; my father shall protect you.

Henry. Generous lady, to merit his esteem is the fondest wish of my heart; to be your slave, the proudest aim of my ambition.

Miss B. Receive your merited reward.

(He kneels—Thomas and William advance, and present the medals to Miss Blandford—she places the medal round his neck, then goes up.)

Sir A. *(Advances.)* I can't see Bob; pray, sir, do you happen to know what is become of my Bob?

Henry. Sir!

Sir A. Did you not see a remarkable clever plough, and a young man——

Henry. At the beginning of the contest, I observed a gentleman; his horses, I believe, were unruly, but my attention was too much occupied to allow me to notice more.

(Laughing without.)

Bob. *(Without.)* How dare you laugh?

Sir A. That's Bob's voice!

(Laughing again.)

Enter BOB HANDY, *in a smock frock, socked hat, and a handle of a plough in his hand.*

Bob. Dare to laugh again, and I'll knock you down with this. Ugh! how infernally hot.

(Walks about.)

Sir A. Why, Bob, where have you been?

Bob. I don't know where I have been.

Sir A. And what have you got in your hand?

Bob. What? All I could keep of your nonsensical rickety plough.

(Walks about, Sir Abel following.)

Sir A. Come, none of that, sir. Don't abuse my

plough to cover your ignorance, sir. Where is it, sir? and where are my famous Leicestershire horses, sir?

Bob. Where? Ha, ha, ha! I'll tell you as nearly as I can—ha, ha! What's the name of the next county?

Ash. It be called Wiltshire, sur.

Bob. Then, dad, upon the nicest calculation I am able to make, they are at this moment engaged in the very patriotic act of ploughing Salisbury plain; ha, ha! I saw them fairly over that hill, full gallop, with the curricle-plough at their heels. But never mind, father, you must again set your invention to work, and I my toilet—rather a deranged figure to appear before a lady in. (*Fiddles heard.*) Hey-day! What, are you going to dance?

Ash. Ees, sur; I suppose you can sheake a leg a bit?

Bob. I fancy I can dance every possible step, from the *pas russe* to the war-dance of the Cataba-was.

Ash. Likely—I do hope, miss, you'll join your honest neighbours; they'll be deadly hurt an' you won't jig it a bit wi' un.

Miss B. With all my heart.

Sir A. Bob's an excellent dancer.

Miss B. I dare say he is, sir; but, on this occasion, I think I ought to dance with the young man who gained the prize; I think it would be the most pleasant—most proper, I mean; and I am glad you agree with me. (*Crosses to Henry.*) So, sir, if you'll accept my hand.

(*They go up.*)

Sir A. Very pleasantly settled—upon my soul! Bob, won't you dance?

Bob. I dance! No; I'll look at them—I'll quietly look on.

Sir A. Egad! now, as my wife's away, I'll try to find a pretty girl, and make one among them.

Ash. That's hearty. Come, dame, hang the rheumatics! Now, lads and lasses, behave pratty, and strike up.

(*A dance. Bob Handy looks on a little, then begins to move his legs, then sticks the plough handle (which has a spike at the end) into ground, places his cocked hat on it, and dances round it.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Esplanade before the Castle*

Enter SIR PHILIP, *meeting* EVERGREEN.

Sir P. Are we secure from observation?

Ever. Yes.

Sir P. Then tell me, does the boy live?

Ever. He does.

Sir P. Has care been taken he may not blast me with his presence?

Ever. Hush! your daughter.

Sir P. Leave me; we'll speak anon.

[*Exit Evergreen.*

Enter MISS BLANDFORD.

Miss B. Dear father, I came the moment I heard you wished to see me.

Sir P. My good child, I fear my wish for thy company, deprives thee of much pleasure.

Miss B. Oh no! What pleasure can be equal to that of giving you happiness? Am I not rewarded in seeing your eyes beam with pleasure on me?

Sir P. 'Tis the pale reflection of the lustre I see sparkle there. But tell me, did your lover gain the prize?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir P. Few men of his rank——

Miss B. Oh! you mean Mr. Handy?

Sir P. Yes.

Miss B. No; *he* did not.

Sir P. Then, who did *you* mean?

Miss B. Did you say lover? I—I mistook. No; a young man called Henry obtained the prize?

Sir P. And how did Mr. Handy succeed?

Miss B. Oh, it was so ridiculous! I will tell you, papa, what happened to him.

Sir P. To Mr. Handy?

Miss B. Yes; as soon as the contest was over, Henry presented himself. I was surprised at seeing a young man so handsome and elegant as Henry is; then I placed the medal round Henry's neck, and I was told that poor Henry——

Sir P. Henry! So, my love! this is your account, of Mr. Robert Handy?

Miss B. Yes, papa—no, papa: he came afterwards, dressed so ridiculously, that even Henry could not help smiling.

Sir P. Henry again.

Miss B. Then we had a dance.

Sir P. Of course, you danced with your lover?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir P. How does Mr. Handy dance?

Miss B. Oh! he did not dance till——

Sir P. You danced with your lover?

Miss B. Yes—no, papa! Somebody said (I don't know who) that I ought to dance with Henry, because——

Sir P. Still Henry? Oh, oh! some rustic boy. My dear child, you talk as if you loved this Henry.

Miss B. Oh, no, papa; and I am certain he don't love me.

Sir P. Indeed!

Miss B. Yes, papa; for when he touched my hand, he trembled as if I terrified him; and, instead of looking at me as you do, who I am sure love me, when our eyes met, he withdrew his and cast them on the ground.

Sir P. And these are the reasons which make you conclude he does not love you?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir P. And probably you could adduce proof equally convincing that you don't love him?

Miss B. Oh, yes—quite; for in the dance he sometimes paid attentions to other young women, and I was so angry with him! Now you know, papa, I love you; and I am sure I should not have been angry with you, had you done so.

Sir P. But one question more. Do you think Mr. Handy loves you?

Miss B. I have never thought about it, papa.

Sir P. I am satisfied!

Miss B. Yes, I knew I should convince you.

(*Shout.*)

Sir P. Oh, Love! malign and subtle tyrant, how falsely art thou painted blind! 'Tis thy votaries are so: for what but blindness can prevent their seeing thy poisoned shaft, which is for ever doomed to rankle in the victim's heart.

Miss B. Oh! now I am certain I am not in

love; for I feel no rankling at my heart. I feel the softest, sweetest sensation I ever experienced. But, papa, you must come to the lawn. I don't know why, but to-day Nature seems enchanting; the birds sing more sweetly, and the flowers give more perfume.

Sir P. (*Aside.*) Such was the day my youthful fancy pictured. How did it close?

Miss B. I promised Henry your protection.

Sir P. Indeed! that was much. Well, I will see your poor rustic hero. This infant passion must be crushed. Poor girl! some artless boy has caught thy childish fancy.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter HENRY *and* ASHFIELD.

Ash. Well! here thee'rt going to make thy bow to Sir Philip. I say, if he should take a fancy to thee, thou'lt come to farm and zee us zometimes wo'tn't, Henry?

Henry. (*Shaking his head.*) Tell me, is that Sir Philip Blandford who leans on that lady's arm?

Ash. I don't know, by reason, d'ye zee, I never zeed'un. Well, good bye! I declare thee doz look quite grand wi' thic golden prize about thy neck, vor all the world like the lords with their stars, that do come to theas pearts to pickle their skins in the zalt zea ocean. Good bye, Hehry.

[*Exit.*

Henry. He approaches. Why this agitation? I wish, yet dread, to meet him.

(*Retires a little.*)

Enter SIR PHILIP, MISS BLANDFORD, *and two Servants.*

Miss B. The joy your tenantry display at seeing you again must be truly grateful to you.

Sir P. No, my child, for I feel I do not merit it. Alas! I can see no orphans clothed with my beneficence, no anguish assuaged by my care.

Miss B. Then I am sure my dear father wishes to shew his kind benevolence. So I will begin by placing one under his protection.

(*She leads down Henry—Sir Philip on seeing him, starts, then becomes greatly agitated.*)

Sir P. Ah! do my eyes deceive me? No! it must be him! Such was the face his father wore!

Henry. Spake you of my father? Oh, sir, tell me—on my knees I ask it—do my parents live? Bless me with my father's name, and my days shall pass in active gratitude—my nights in prayers for you. (*Sir Philip views him with severe contempt.*) Do not mock my misery. Have you a heart?

Sir P. Yes; of marble. Cold and obdurate to the world—ponderous and painful to myself. Quit my sight for ever!

Miss B. Go, Henry, and save me from my father's curse.

Henry. I obey—cruel as the command is, I obey it. I shall often look at this (*touching the medal*), and think on the blissful moment when your hand placed it there.

Sir P. Tear it from his breast.

(*Servants advance.*)

Henry. Sooner take my life! It is the first honour I have earned, and it is no mean one; for it assigns me the first rank among the sons of industry. This is my claim to the sweet rewards of honest labour. This will give me competence—nay more—enable me to despise your tyranny.

Sir P. Rash boy, mark!—Avoid me and be secure.—Repeat this intrusion, and my vengeance shall pursue thee——

Henry. I defy its power! You are in England, sir, where the man who bears about him an upright heart, bears a charm too potent for tyranny to humble. Can your frown wither up my youthful vigour?—No! Can your malediction disturb the slumbers of a quiet conscience?—No! Can your breath stifle in my heart the adoration it feels for that pitying angel?—Oh, no!

Sir P. Wretch! you shall be taught the difference between us!

Henry. I feel it now—proudly feel it! You hate the man that never wronged you—I could love the man that injures me. You meanly triumph o'er a worm—I make a giant tremble.

Sir P. Take him from my sight! Why am I not obeyed?

Miss B. Henry, if you wish my hate should not accompany my father's, instantly begone.

Henry. Oh, pity me!

[*Exit.*

(*Miss Blandford looks after him. Sir Philip, exhausted, leans on his servants.*)

Sir P. Supported by my servants! I thought I had a daughter!

Miss B. (*Running to him.*) O, you have, my father! one that loves you better than life!

Sir P. (*To Servants.*) Leave us.

[*Exeunt William and Thomas.*

Emma, if you feel, as I fear you do, love for that youth—mark my word! When the dove woos for its mate the ravenous kite—when Nature's fixed antipathies mingle in sweet concord,—then, and not till then, hope to be united.

Miss B. O heaven!

Sir P. Have you not promised me the disposal of your hand?

Miss B. Alas! my father! I didn't then know the difficulty of obedience!

Sir P. Hear, then, the reasons why I demand compliance. You think I hold these rich estates.—Alas! the shadow only, not the substance.

Miss B. Explain, my father!

Sir P. 'Tis now twenty years, since I succeeded as elder son to the fortune of my father. I had a brother, whom as my life I loved. I felt no joys, but what he shared, and the moment the law gave me power, I divided, in equal portions, my father's large possessions, one of which I with joy presented to my brother.

Miss B. 'Twas like my noble father.

Sir P. You shall hear how I was rewarded. I loved, deeply, passionately, and fondly thought I was beloved again. The evening previous to my intended marriage, with a mind serene as the departing sun whose morning ray was to light me to my happiness, I sought a favourite tree, where, lover-like I had carved the name of my destined bride; and with every nerve braced to the tone of ecstacy, I was proceeding to wound the bark with a still deeper impression of her name—when there, where heaven heard and registered our vows, what did I behold? the only two beings who had wound themselves about my heart, my brother and my betrothed bride, were sitting clasped in each other's arms. I heard arrangements made for instant flight — that morning they had been secretly married; the perjured brother pitied me, and told

her he had prepared a vessel to bear her for ever from my sight. Madness seized me, the knife was in my grasp, I sprung upon them, with one hand tore the faithless woman from his vile embrace, and with the other I stabbed my brother to the heart.

Miss B. Oh, my father!

Sir P. Whom think you was the offspring of those treacherous friends?

Miss B. Henry.

Sir P. Now ask me, have I cause to hate him? After the deed was done, I hurried from my native land, with a heart lacerated by every wound that the falsehood of others, or my own conscience could inflict, and madly plunged into every dissipation to stupefy my maddened brain; I rushed to the gaming table, and soon became the dupe of villains—my ample fortune was lost. The man who by his superior genius stood possessed of all the mortgages and securities of which I had been plundered, was one Morrington. Collecting the scattered remnant of my fortune, I wandered wretched and desolate, till, in a peaceful village, I first beheld thy mother,—humble in birth, but exalted in virtue. The morning after our marriage, she received a packet containing these words: "The reward of virtuous love presented by a repentant villain;" and which also contained bills and notes to the high amount of £10,000.

Miss B. And no name?

Sir P. Nope; nor could I ever guess at the generous donor. Thus circumstanced, this good man, Sir Abel Handy, proposed to unite our family by marriage. Yet still another wonder remains; when I arrive, I find no claim whatever has been made, either by Morrington, or his agents; what am I to think? Can Morrington have perished, and with him his large claims to my property? or does he withhold the blow to make it fall more heavily? but let it pass; my bitter task is ended—yours begins; you must forget, nay, hate this boy.

Miss B. Bitter, indeed; oh, my dear father, if he be the worthy child of such ungrateful parents, does he not deserve my pity rather than my hate?

Sir P. I have said it, so speak no more; my word and yours is plighted to Sir Abel Handy; prepare to wed his son.

Miss B. Father, be composed; let me wipe those drops of anguish from your brow; I will be all you wish—indeed I will, my father.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter EVERGREEN.

Ever. Was ever anything so unlucky? Henry to come to the house and meet Sir Philip. He should have consulted me; I shall be blamed—but, thank heaven, I am innocent.

SIR ABEL *and* LADY HANDY *without.*

Lady H. I will be treated with respect.

Sir A. You shall, my dear.

(*They enter.*)

Lady H. But how? but how! Sir Abel, I repeat it.

Sir A. (*Aside.*) For the fifteenth time.

Lady H. Your son conducts himself with an insolence I won't endure; but you are ruled by him, you have no will of your own.

Sir A. I have not, indeed.

Lady H. How contemptible!

Sir A. Why, my dear, this is the case—I am like the ass in the fable; and, if I am doomed to carry a pack-saddle, it is not much matter who drives me.

Lady H. To yield your power to those the law allows you to govern!

Sir A. Is very weak, indeed.

Ever. Lady Handy, your very humble servant! I heartily congratulate you, madam, on your marriage with this worthy gentleman.—Sir, I give you joy.

Sir A. Not before 'tis wanted.

Ever. Ah, my lady! this match makes up for the imprudence of your first.

Lady H. Hem!

Sir A. Eh! What!—what's that—Eh! what do you mean?

Ever. I mean, sir—that Lady Handy's former husband——

Sir A. Former husband! Why, my dear, I never knew—Eh!

Lady H. A mumbling old blockhead! Didn't you, Sir Abel? Yes; I was rather married many years ago; but my husband went abroad and died.

Sir A. Died, did he?

Ever. Yes, sir; he was a servant in the castle.

Sir A. Indeed! so he died—poor fellow!

Lady H. Yes.

Sir A. What, you are sure he died, are you?

Lady H. Don't you hear?

Sir A. Poor fellow! Neglected, perhaps—had I known it, he should have had the best advice money could have got.

Lady H. You seem sorry.

Sir A. Why, you would not have me pleased at the death of your husband, would you?—A good kind of man.

Ever. Yes; a faithful fellow—rather ruled his wife too severely.

Sir A. Did he? (*Aside to Evergreen.*) Pray do you happen to recollect his manner? Could you just give me a hint of the way he had?

Lady H. Do you want to tyrannize over my poor tender heart?—'Tis too much!

(*Sits in a chair.*)

Ever. Bless me! Lady Handy is ill.—Salts! salts!

Sir A. (*Producing an essence bottle.*) Here are salts, or aromatic vinegar, or essence of——

Ever. Any—any.

Sir A. Bless me, I can't find the key!

Ever. Pick the lock.

Sir A. It can't be pick'd, it is a patent lock.

Ever. Then break it open, sir.

Sir A. It can't be broke open—it is a contrivance of my own—you see, here comes a horizontal bolt, which acts upon a spring, therefore——

Lady H. (*Starts up.*) I may die while you are describing a horizontal bolt. Do you think you shall close your eyes for a week for this?

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Sir P. What has occasioned this disturbance?

Lady H. Ask that gentleman.

Sir A. I am accused—

Lady H. Convicted! convicted!

Sir A. Well, I will not argue with you about words—because I must bow to your superior practice. But, sir—

Sir P. Psha! (*Apart.*) Lady Handy, some of your people were inquiring for you.

Lady H. (Crossing.) Thank you, sir. Come, Sir Abel!

[Exit.

Sir A. Yet, my lady. I say *(To Evergreen)*, couldn't you give me a hint of the way he had?

Lady H. *(Without.)* Sir Abel!

Sir A. Coming, my soul!

[Crosses and exit.

Sir P. So! you have well obeyed my orders in keeping this Henry from my presence.

Ever. I was not to blame, master.

Sir P. Has Farmer Ashfield left the castle?

Ever. No, sir.

Sir P. Send him hither.

[Exit Evergreen.

That boy must be driven far, far from my sight—but where?—

No matter! the world is large enough.

Enter ASHFIELD.

Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine?

Ash. Ees, zur, I do, at your zarvice.

Sir P. I hope a profitable one?

Ash. Zometimes it be, zur. But this year it be all t'other way as 'twur; but I do hope, as our landlords have a tightish big lump of the good, they'll be so kind hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

Sir P. It is but reasonable. I conclude, then, you are in my debt.

Ash. Ees, zur, I be—at your zarvice.

Sir P. How much?

Ash. I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds, at your zarvice.

Sir P. Which you can't pay?

Ash. Not a varthing, zur, at your zarvice.

Sir P. Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence.

Ash. Be you, zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart! it will make my auld dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your honour's health any harm—I don't indeed, zur—I had a thought of speaking to your worship about it—but then, thinks I, the gentleman mayhap be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not have a word zaid about it—zo, zur, if you have not mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never should should not, indeed, zur.

Sir P. Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition——

Ash. Ees, zur.

Sir P. On condition, I say, you instantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

Ash. Turn out Henry! Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, zur; but you bees making your run of I, zure!

Sir P. I am not apt to trifle—send him instantly from you, or take the consequences.

(Crosses.)

Ash. Turn out Henry! I do vow I shou'dn't know how to set about it—I should not, indeed, zur.

Sir P. You heard my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow. I'll leave you to reflect on it.

[Exit.

Ash. Well, zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. *(Makes the motion of turning out.)* I should be deadly awkward at it vor zartain—however, I'll put the case. Well! goes whizzling whoam—nos, drabbit it! I shou'dn't be able to whistle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goes whoam, and I zees Henry zitting by my zide, zitting up zomeit to comfort the wold zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics—Vary well! Then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire zide, and zays—"Varmer, the horses be fed, the sheep be folded, and you have nothing to do but to zit down, smoke your pipe, and be happy!" Very well! *(Becomes affected.)* Then I zays—"Henry, you be poor and friendless, zo you must turn out of my house directly." Very well! Then my wife stares at I—reaches her hand towards the fire place, and throws the poker at my head. Very well! Then Henry gives a kind of aguish shake, and getting up, sighs from the bottom of his heart—then zetting up his head like a king, zays—"Varmer, I have zo too long been a burthen to you. Heaven prosper you, as you have me. Farewell! I go." Then I says "If thee doez I'll be domn'd!" *(With great energy.)* Hollo! you Mister Sir Philip! You may come in.

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Zur, I have argufied the topic, and it won'dn't be pratty—zo I can't.

Sir P. Can't! absurd!

Ash. Well, zur, there is but another word—I won't.

Sir P. Indeed!

Ash. No, zur, I won't; I'd zee myself hang'd first, and you too, zur. I would, indeed.

(Bowing.)

Sir P. You refuse then to obey?

Ash. I do, zur—at your zarvice.

(Bowing.)

Sir P. Then the law must take its course.

Ash. I be zorry for that too; I be, indeed, zur; but if corn wou'dn't grow I couldn't help it; it wer'nt poison'd by the hand that sow'd it. This hand, zur, be as free from guilt as your own.

Sir P. Oh!

(Sighing deeply.)

Ash. It were never held out to clinch a hard bargain, nor will it turn a good lad out into the wide wicked world because he be poorish a bit. I be zorry you be offended, zur, quite; but, come what weald, I'll never hit this hand against here, but when I be zure that zomeit at inside will jump against it with pleasure. *(Bowing.)* I do hope you'll repent of all your zins—I do, indeed, zur; and if you shou'd, I'll come and zee you again as friendly as ever. I wool, indeed, zur.

Sir P. Your repentance will come too late!

[Exit.

Ash. Thank ye, zur. Good morning to you—I do hope I have made myself agreeable; and so I'll go whoam.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Ashfield's house.*

DAME ASHFIELD *at work with her needle, and* HENRY *places a chair and sits.*

Dame. Come, come, Henry, you'll fret yourself ill, child. If Sir Philip will not be kind to you, you are but where you were.

Henry. (*Rising.*) My piece of mind is gone for ever. Sir Philip may have cause for hate; spite of his unkindness to me, my heart seeks to find excuses for him—for, oh! that heart doats on his lovely daughter.

(*Goes up.*)

Dame. (*Looking out.*) Here comes Tummus home at last. Heydey! what's the matter with the man? He doesn't seem to know the way into his own house.

Enter ASHFIELD, *musing; he stumbles against a chair.*

Dame. Tummus, my dear Tummus, what's the matter?

Ash. (*Not attending.*) It be lucky vor he I be zoo pratty behaved, or dom if I—

(*Doubling his fist.*)

Dame. Who—what?

Ash. Nothing at all; where's Henry?

Henry. (*Advancing.*) Here, Farmer.

Ash. Thee wouldn't leave us, Henry, won't?

Henry. Leave you! What leave you now, when, by my exertion, I can pay off part of the debt of gratitude I owe you! Oh, no!

Ash. Nay, it were not vor that I axed, I promise thee; come, gi'us thy hand on't then. (*Shaking hands.*) Now, I'll tell ye. Zur Philip did send vor I, about the money I do owe 'un, and said as how he'd make all straight between us——

Dame. That was kind.

Ash. Yes, deadly kind. Make all straight, on condition I did turn Henry out o' my doors.

Dame. What!

Henry. Where will his hatred cease?

Dame. And what did you say, Tummus?

Ash. Why, I zivelly tould un, if it were agreeable to he to behave like a brute, it were agreeable to I to behave like a man.

Dame. That was right. I would have told him a great deal more.

Ash. Ah! likely. Then a zaid I should ha a bit of lan vor my pains.

Henry. And do you imagine I will see you suffer on my account? No; I will remove this hated form ——

(*Going.*)

Ash. No, but thee shat'un—thee shat'un—I tell thee. Thee have givun me thy hand on't, and doin'me, if thee shat budge one step out of this house. Drabbit it! what can he do? he can't send us to gaol. Why, I have corn will sell for half the money I do owe 'un—and han't I cattle and sheep?—deadly lean, to be sure—and han't I a thumping zilver watch, almost as big as thy head? and Dame here ha' got——How many silk gowns have thee got, Dame?

Dame. Three, Tummus—and sell them all, and I'll go to church in a stuff one, and let Mrs. Grundy turn up her nose as much as she pleases.

Henry. Oh, my friends, my heart is full. Yet a day will come when this heart will prove its gratitude.

Dame. That day, Henry, is every day.

Ash. Dang it! never be down-hearted. I do know as well as can be zome good luck will turn up. All the way I comed whoam I looked to vind a purse in the path, but I didn't though.

(*A knocking at the door.*)

Dame. Ah, here they are coming to sell, I suppose.

Ash. Lettun—lettun zeize and zell; we ha' gotten here (*Striking his breast.*) what we won't zell, and they can't zell. (*Knocking again.*) Come in, dang it, don't ye be shy.

Enter MORRINGTON *and* GERALD.

Henry. Ah, the strangers I saw this morning. These are not officers of law.

Ash. Noa! walk in, gemmen. Glad to zee ye, wi' all my heart and zoul. Come, Dame, spread a cloth, bring out cold meat, and a mug of beer.

(*Dame goes off, and returns with table-cloth, which she prepares to spread.*)

Ger. (*To Morrington.*) That is the boy.

(*Morrington nods.*)

Ash. Take a chair, zur.

Mor. I thank you, and admire your hospitality. Don't trouble yourself, good woman. I am not inclined to eat.

Ash. That be the case here. To-day none o' we be auver hungry: misfortin be apt to stay the stomach confoundedly.

Mor. Has misfortune reached this humble dwelling?

Ash. Ees, zur. I do think vor my part it do work its way in everywhere.

Mor. Well, never despair.

Ash. I never do, zur. It is not my way. When the sun do shine, I never think of voul weather, not I; and when it do begin to rain, I always think that's a zure zign it will give auver.

Mor. Is that young man your son?

Ash. No, zur. I wish he were, wi' all my heart and zoul.

Ger. (*To Morrington.*) Sir, remember.

Mor. Doubt not my prudence. Young man, your appearance interests me; how can I serve you?

Henry. By informing me who are my parents.

Mor. That I cannot do.

Henry. Then by removing me from the hatred of Sir Philip Blandford.

Mor. Does Sir Philip hate you?

Henry. With such severity, that even now he is about to ruin these worthy creatures because they have protected me.

Mor. Indeed! Misfortune has made him cruel. That should not be.

Ash. Noa, it should not indeed, zur.

Mor. It shall not be.

Ash. Shan't it, zur? But how shan't it?

Mor. I will prevent it.

Ash. Wool ye, faith and troth? Now, dame, did not I say some good luck would turn up?

Henry. Oh, sir, did I hear you rightly? Will you preserve my friends; will you avert the cruel arm of power, and make the virtuous happy? Oh, how can I thank you?

(*Taking his hand.*)

Mor. (*Disengaging his hand.*) Young man, you oppress me. Forbear! I do not merit thanks—pay your gratitude where you are sure 'tis due—to heaven. Observe me—here is a bond of Sir Philip Blandford's for £1,000, do you present it to him, and obtain a discharge for the debt of this worthy man. The rest is at your own disposal—no thanks.

Henry. But, sir, to whom am I thus highly indebted?

Mor. My name is Morrington. At present that information must suffice.

Ash. (*Bowing.*) Zur, if I may be so bold——

Mor. Nay, friend—

Ash. Don't be angry, I hadn't thanked you, zur, nor I won't. Only, zur, I were going to ax when you would call again. You shall have my stampt note vor the money, you shall indeed, zur; and, in the mean time, I do hope you'll take zomeit in the way of remembrance as 'twere.

Dame. Will your honour put a couple of turkeys in your pocket?

Ash. Or pop a ham under your arm? don't ye say no, if it's agreeable.

Mor. Farewell, good friends, I shall repeat my visit soon.

Dame. The sooner the better.

Ash. Good-bye to ye, zur. Dame and I wool go to work as merry as crickets. Good-bye, Henry.

Dame. Heaven bless your honour; and I hope you will carry as much joy away with you as you leave behind you—I do, indeed.

Mor. Young man, proceed to the castle, and demand an audience of Sir Philip Blandford. In you way thither, I'll instruct you further. Give me your hand.

[*Exeunt Morrington and Henry.*

SCENE II.—*Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD *and* EVERGREEN.

Ever. My dear master, I am a petitioner to you.

Sir P. None possesses a better claim to my favour—ask, and receive.

Ever. I thank you, sir. The unhappy Henry.

Sir P. What of him?

(*Sir Philip turns from him with resentment.*)

Ever. Nay, he not angry, he is without, and entreats to be admitted.

Sir P. I will not again behold him.

Ever. I am sorry you refuse me, as he compels me to repeat his words: "If," said he, "Sir Philip denies my humble request, tell him I demand to see him."

Sir P. Demand to see me! well his high command shall be obeyed then. (*Sarcastically.*) Bid him approach.

[*Exit Evergreen.*

Enter HENRY.

Sir P. By what title, sir, do you thus intrude on me?

Henry. By one of an imperious nature, the title of a creditor.

Sir P. I your debtor?

Henry. Yes; for you owe me justice. You, perhaps, withhold from me the inestimable treasure of a parent's blessing.

Sir P. (*Impatiently.*) To the business that brought you hither.

Henry. Thus then—I believe this is your signature.

(*Producing a bond.*)

Sir P. (*Recovering himself.*) It is—

Henry. Affixed to a bond of one thousand pounds, which by assignment is mine. By virtue of this I discharge the debt of your worthy tenant, Ashfield, who, it seems, was guilty of the crime of vindicating the injured and protecting the unfortunate. Now, Sir Philip, the retribution my hate demands is, that what remains of this obligation may not be now paid to me, but wait your entire convenience and leisure.

Sir P. No; that must not be.

Henry. Oh, sir, why thus oppress an innocent man? Why spurn from you a heart that pants to serve you? No answer. Farewell.

(*Going.*)

Sir P. Hold—one word before we part—tell me—(*Aside.*) How came you possessed of this bond?

Henry. A stranger whose kind benevolence stept in, and saved—

Sir P. His name?

Henry. Morrington.

Sir P. Fiend! Has he caught me? You have seen this Morrington?

Henry. Yes.

Sir P. Did he speak of me?

Henry. He did; and of your daughter. "Conjure him," said he, "not to sacrifice the lovely Emma by a marriage her heart revolts at. Tell him, the life and fortune of a parent are not his own. He holds them but in trust for his offspring. Bid him reflect that while his daughter merits the brightest rewards a father can bestow, she is by that father doomed to the harshest fate tyranny can inflict."

Sir P. Did he say who caused this sacrifice?

Henry. He told me you had been duped of your fortune by sharpers.

Sir P. Aye. He know that well. Young man, mark me. This Morrington, whose precepts wear the face of virtue, and whose practice seems benevolence, was the chief of the hellish banditti that ruined me.

Henry. Is it possible?

Sir P. That bond you hold in your hand was obtained by robbery. Not by the thief who encountering you as a man, stakes life against life, but by that most cowardly villain, who in the moment when reason sleeps and passion is roused, draws his snares around you, and hugs you to your ruin.

Henry. On your soul, is Morrington that man?

Sir P. On my soul, he is.

Henry. Thus, then, I annihilate the detested act, and thus I tread upon a villain's friendship.

(*Tearing the bond.*)

Sir P. Rash boy! What have you done?

Henry. An act of justice to Sir Philip Blandford.

Sir P. For which you claim my thanks?

Henry. Sir, I am thanked already; here. (*Pointing to his heart.*) Curse on such wealth; compared with its possession, poverty is splendour. Fear not for me, I shall not feel the piercing cold; for in that man whose heart beats warmly for his fellow creatures, the blood circulates with freedom. My food shall be what few of the pampered sons of greatness can boast of, the luscious bread of independence; and the opiate that brings me sleep, will be the recollection of the day passed in innocence.

Sir P. Noble boy! Oh! Blandford!

Henry. Ah!

Sir P. What have I said?

Henry. You called me Blandford.

Sir P. 'Twas error—'twas madness

Henry. Blandford! A thousand hopes and fears rush on my heart. Disclose to me my birth—be it what it may, I am your slave for ever. Refuse me, you create a foe, firm and implacable as——

Sir P. Ah! am I threatened? Do not extinguish the spark of pity my breast is warmed with.

Henry. I will not. Oh, forgive me!

Sir P. Yes, on one condition—leave me: Ah!

some one approaches. Begone, I insist; I entreat.

Henry. That word has charmed me. I obey, Sir Philip. You may hate, but you shall respect.

[*Exit.*

Enter BOB HANDY.

Bob. At last, thank heaven, I have found somebody. But, Sir Philip, were you indulging in soliloquy? You seem agitated.

Sir P. No, sir, rather indisposed.

Bob. Upon my soul, I am devilish glad to find you. Compared with this Castle, the Cretan labyrinth was intelligible; and unless some kind Ariadne gives me a clue, I sha'n't have the pleasure of seeing you above once a week.

Sir P. I beg your pardon, I have been an assiduous host.

Bob. Oh, no; but when a house is so very large, and the party so very small, they ought to keep together; for, to say the truth, though no one on earth feels a warmer regard for Robert Handy than I do, I soon get heartily sick of his company. Whatever he may be to others, he's a cursed bore to me.

Sir P. Where is your worthy father?

Bob. As usual, full of contrivances that are impracticable, and improvements that are retrograde; forming, altogether, a whimsical instance of the confusion of arrangement, the delay of expedition, the incommodiousness of accommodation, and the infernal trouble of endeavouring to save it. He has now a score or two of workmen about him, and intends pulling down some apartments in the east wing of the castle.

Sir P. Ah! ruin! Within them! Fly to Sir Abel Handy. Tell him to desist; order his people, on the peril of their lives, to leave the castle instantly. Away!

Bob. Sir Philip Blandford, your conduct compels me to be serious.

Sir P. Oh, forbear, forbear!

Bob. Because me, sir, an alliance, it seems, is intended between two families, founded on ambition and interest. I wish it, sir, to be formed on a nobler basis, ingenuous friendship and mutual confidence. That confidence being withheld, I must here pause, for I should hesitate in calling that man father, who refuses me the name of friend.

Sir P. (*Aside.*) Ah! how shall I act?

Bob. I am not impelled by curiosity to ask your friendship. I scorn so mean a motive. Believe me, sir, the folly and levity of my character proceed merely from the effervescence of my heart—you will find its substance warm, steady, and sincere.

Sir P. I believe it, from my soul. Allow me a moment's thought. (*Aside.*) Suspicion is awakened; does not prudence as well as justice prompt me to confide in him? Does not my poverty command me? Perhaps, I may find a sympathizing friend—the task is dreadful—but it must be so—perhaps, he will perform the awful task of visiting the chamber, and removing every vestige of guilt. (*To him.*) Yes, you hear my story; I will lay before your view the agony with which this wretched bosom is loaded.

Bob. I am proud of your confidence, and, by your permission, will fulfil an important engagement awaiting me at this hour, but I will speedily return to you prepared to receive it.

Sir P. Not here. I will meet you at the eastern part of the castle, my young friend—mark me! this is no common trust I repose in you; for I place my life in your hands.

Bob. And the pledge I give for its security is what alone gives value to life, my honour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Ashfield's Cottage.*

Enter ASHFIELD *and* DAME ASHFIELD.

Ash. Come, dame. (*Looks off.*) But stop, who be thic? Why, 'tis young Bo-something an' our Sue. Let's step inside, dame, a bit. I am mortal glad I have my stick. This way.

(*They retire.*)

Enter BOB *and* SUSAN.

Susan. Do you not despise me?

Bob. No; love you more than ever.

Susan. Is it possible?

Bob. Yes; those charms have conquered.

Susan. Oh! no; do not so disgrace the victory you have gained—'tis your own virtue that has triumphed.

Bob. My Susan! how true it is, that fools alone are victims. But let us fly to my father, and obtain his consent. On recollection, that may not be quite so easy. His arrangements with Sir Philip Blandford are—are—not mine, so there's an end of that. And Sir Philip, by misfortune, knows how to appreciate happiness. Poor Miss Blandford, upon my soul, I feel for her.

Susan. (*Seriously.*) Come—don't make yourself miserable. If my suspicions be true, she'll not break her heart for your loss.

Bob. Nay, don't say so—she will be unhappy.

Ash. (*Without.*) Dame, shall I shoot at 'em?

Dame. No.

Bob. What does he mean?

Susan. My father's voice.

Ash. Then I'll leather 'un wi' my stick.

Bob. Zounds! no—dome harp.

(*Calls.*)

Enter ASHFIELD *and* DAME.

Ash. What do thee do here wi' my Sue, eh?

Bob. With your Sue, she's mine, mine by a husband's right.

Ash. Husband! what! thee Sue's husband?

Bob. Yeoom shall be.

Ash. But how, though? What, faith and troth! what, fire as I mistrusted dame?

Bob. Yes.

Ash. What, ax'd three times?

Bob. Yes; and from this moment I'll maintain that the real Temple of Love is a parish church—Cupid is a chubby curate, his torch is the sexton's lantern, the according peals of the spheres is the profound nasal thorough bass of the clerk's amen.

Ash. Hazza! only to think how my blessing go with you, my children.

Dame. And mine.

Ash. And heaven's blessing too. Good, I believe now, as they feather says, thee canst do'ee anything.

Bob. No; for there is one thing I cannot do—injure the innocence of a woman.

Ash. Drabbit, I shall walk in the road all day to see Sue ride by in her own coach.

Susan. You must ride with me, father.

Dame. I say, Tummas, what will Mrs. Grundy say then?

Ash. I do hope thee will not be ashamed of thy feyther-in-law, woolye?

Bob. No; for then I must also be ashamed of myself, which I am resolved not to be again.

Enter SIR ABEL HANDY.

Sir A. Heydey, Bob, why an't you gallanting your intended bride? But you are never where you ought to be.

Bob. Nay, sir, by your own confession I *am* where I ought to be.

Sir A. No, you ought to be at the castle—Sir Philip is there, and Miss Blandford is there, and Lady Handy is there—and therefore—

Bob. You are *not* there—in one word, I shall not marry Miss Blandford.

Sir A. Indeed, who told you so?

Bob. One who never lies—and therefore, one I am determined to make a friend of—my conscience.

Sir A. But zounds, sir, what excuse have you?

Bob. (*Taking Susan's hand*) A very fair one, sir—is not she?

Sir A. Why, yes; I can't deny it—but, 'sfeath, sir, this overturns my best plan.

Bob. No, sir: for a parent's best plan is his son's happiness, and that it will establish. Come, give us your consent: Consider how we admire all your wonderful inventions.

Sir A. No; not my plough, Bob—but 'tis a devilish clever plough.

Bob. I dare say it is. Come, sir, consent, and perhaps, in our turn, we may invent something that may please you.

Sir A. He, he, he! Well—but hold, what's the use of my consent without my wife's—Miss you I dare no more say I approve, without——

Enter GERALD.

Ger. Health to this worthy company.

Sir A. The same to you, sir.

Bob. Who have we here, I wonder?

Ger. I wish to speak with Sir Abel Handy.

Sir A. I am the person.

Ger. You are married?

Sir A. Hang it, he sees it in my face. Yes, I have that happiness.

Ger. Is it a happiness?

Sir A. To say the truth—why do you ask?

Ger. I want answers—not questions—and depend on't, 'tis your interest to answer me.

Bob. An extraordinary fellow this.

Ger. Would it break your heart to part with her.

Sir A. Who are you, sir, that——

Ger. Answers—I want answers—would it break your heart, I ask?

Sir A. Why, not absolutely, I hope. Time and philosophy, and——

Ger. I understand—what sum of money would you give to the man who would dissolve your marriage contract?

Bob. He means something, sir.

Sir A. Do you think so, Bob?

Ger. Would you give a thousand pounds?

Sir A. No.

Bob. No!

Sir A. No; I would not give *one*; but I would give five thousand pounds.

Ger. Generously offered—a bargain—I'll do it.

Sir A. But, an't you deceiving me?

Ger. What should I gain by that?

Sir A. Tell me your name?

Ger. Time will tell that.

Lady H. (*Without.*) Sir Abel—where are you?

Ger. That's your wife's voice—I know it.

Sir A. So do I.

Ger. I'll wait without. Cry, "Hem!" when you want me.

Sir A. Then you need not go far. [*Exit Gerald.*] I dare not believe it. I should go out of my wits—and then, if he fail, what a pickle I shall be in! Here she is.

Enter LADY HANDY.

Lady H. So, sir, I have found you at last?

Bob. My honoured mamma, you have just come in time to give your consent to my marriage with my sweet Susan.

Lady H. And do you imagine I will agree to such degradation?

Ash. Do'e, Lady Nelly, do'e be kind-hearted to the young lovers. Remember how I used to let thee sit up all night a sweethearting.

Lady H. Silence! And have you dared to consent?

(*To Sir Abel.*)

Sir A. No, no, my lady.

Bob. Sir, you had better cry, "Hem!"

Sir A. I think it's time, Bob. Hem.

Bob. Hem!

Lady H. What do you mean by—Hem?

Sir A. Only, my dear, something troublesome I want to get rid of—Hem!

Enter GERALD.

There he is—never was so frightened in all my life.

(*Gerald advances.*)

Lady A. (*Shrieks and exclaims.*) Gerald!

Ger. Yes.

Lady H. An't you dead, Gerald? Twenty years away, and not dead?

Ger. No, wife.

Sir A. Wife? Did you say wife?

Ger. Yes.

Sir A. Say it again.

Ger. She is my wife.

Sir A. Once more.

Ger. My lawful, wedded wife.

Sir A. Oh, my dear fellow! Oh, my dear boy! Oh, my dear girl. (*Embraces Gerald and the rest.*) Oh, my dear! (*Running to Mrs. Gerald.*) No—yes, now she an't my wife. I will—well—how will you have the five thousand? Will you have it in cash, or in bank notes, or stocks, or India bonds, or lands, or patents, or——

Ger. No—land will do—I wish to kill my own mutton.

Sir A. Sir, you shall kill all the sheep in Hampshire.

Ger. Sir Abel, you have lost five thousand pounds, and with it, properly managed, an excellent wife, who, though I cannot condescend to take again as mine, you may depend on't shall never trouble you. Come! this way. (*Beckoning to Mrs. Gerald.*) Important events now call on me, and prevent my staying longer with this good company. Sir Abel, we shall meet soon. Nay, come, you know, I'm not used to trifles, come, come——

(*She reluctantly but obviously crosses off. Gerald follows.*)

Sir A. (*Imitating.*) Come, come. That's a wonderfully clever fellow! Joy, joy, my boy! Here, here; your hands. The first use I make of liberty is to give happiness. I wish I had more imitators. Well, what will you do? (*Walks about exultingly.*) Where will you go? I'll go anywhere you like. Will you go to Bath, or Brighton, or Petersburg, or Jerusalem, or Seringapatam? All the same to me—we single fellows—we rove about—nobody cares about us—we care for nobody.

Bob. I must to the castle, father.

Sir A. Have with you, Bob. (*Singing.*) "I'll sip every flower—I'll change every hour." (*Beckoning.*) Come, come.

(*Exeunt Sir Abel, Bob Handy, and Susan. Susan kisses her hand to Ashfield and Dame.*)

Ash. Bless her, how nicely she do trip it away with the gentry.

Dame. And then, Tummus, think of the wedding.

Ash. (*Reflecting.*) I declare I shall be just the same ever—maybe, I may buy a smartish bridle, or a silver backy-stopper, or the like o' that.

Dame. (*Apart.*) And then, when we come out of church, Mrs. Grundy will be standing about there.

Ash. I shall shake hands agreeably wi' all my friends. (*Apart.*)

Dame. (*Apart.*) Then I just look at her in this manner.

Ash. (*Apart.*) How dost do, Peter? Ah, Dick! glad to see thee, wi' all my zoul!

(*Bows towards centre of the stage.*)

Dame. (*Apart.*) Then, with a kind of half curtsey, I shall——

(*She advances to the centre also, and they bump against each other.*)

Ash. What an wold fool thee bees't, dame! Come along, and behave pratty, do'e.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Outside of the Castle.*

Enter BOB HANDY, *with caution, bearing a light, and a large key.*

Bob. Now to fulfil my promise with Sir Philip Blandford—by—entering that chamber, and removing——'Tis rather awful—I don't half like it, somehow; everything is so cursedly still. What's that? I thought I heard something—no—why, 'sdeath, I'm not afraid—no, I'm quite sa—sa—sure of that—only everything is so cursedly—hush, and—(*A flash of light and a tremendous explosion takes place.*) What the devil's that? (*Trembling.*) Who's there?

Enter SIR ABEL HANDY, *one side of his face is blacked.*

Father!

Sir A. (*Trembling.*) Bob!

Bob. Have you seen anything?

Sir A. Oh, my dear boy.

Bob. Curse it, don't frighten one.

Sir A. Such an accident! Mercy on us!

Bob. Speak!

Sir A. I was mixing the ingredients of my grand substitute for gunpowder, when, somehow it blew up, and set the curtains on fire, and——

Bob. Curtains! zounds, the room's in a blaze!

Sir A. Don't say so, Bob.

Bob. What's to be done? Where's your famous preparation for extinguishing flames?

Sir A. It is not mixed.

Bob. Where's your fire-escape?

Sir A. It is not fixed.

Bob. Where's your patent fire-engine?

Sir A. 'Tis on the road.

Bob. Well, you are never at a loss.

Sir A. Never.

Bob. What's to be done?

Sir A. I don't know. I say, Bob, I have it—perhaps it will go out of itself!

Bob. Go out! it increases every minute. Let us run for assistance. Let us alarm the family.

[*Exit.*

Sir A. Yes; dear me! dear me!

Servant. (*Without.*) Here, John! Thomas! some villain has set fire to the castle. If you catch the rascal, throw him into the flames.

(*Sir Abel runs off, and the alarm bell rings. The effects of the fire shown on the foliage and scenery.*

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD *meeting* EVERGREEN.

Sir P. Emma, my child, where art thou?

Ever. I fear, sir, the castle will be destroyed.

Sir P. My child! my child! Where is she? Speak!

Ever. Alas! she remains in the castle!

Sir P. Ah! then I will die with her!

(*Going.*)

Enter HENRY, *bearing* EMMA *in his arms.*

Henry. There is your daughter.

Sir P. My child, my Emma, revive!

Miss B. Am I restored to my dear father's arms?

Sir P. Yes, only blessing of my life! In future, thy wishes shall be mine—thy happiness, my joy.

Enter BOB HANDY *and* SUSAN.

Bob. My dear friend safe! and the lovely Emma in his arms! Then let the bonfire blaze.

Sir P. I wish to thank you.

Henry. Sir Philip, I have saved your daughter from a dreadful death—while passing from the chamber which concealed a secret of crime and blood.

Sir P. Then all is discovered?

Henry. Yes, the mystery is developed. In vain the massy bars, cemented with their cankerous rust, opposed my entrance, in vain the heated suffocating damps enveloped me. In vain the hungry flames flashed their vengeance round me! What could oppose a man struggling to know his fate? I forced the doors—a firebrand was my guide—and among many evidences of blood and guilt, I found—this!

(*Produces a knife.*)

Sir. P. (*Starts with horror, then with solemnity.*) It is accomplished. Just heaven, I bend to thy decree. Blood must be paid by blood. Henry, that knife, aimed by this fatal hand, murdered thy father.

Henry. Ah!

(*Grasping the knife.*)

Miss B. (*Placing herself between him and her father.*) Henry, will you destroy my father?

Henry. Would I were in my grave.

Enter GERALD.

Sir P. Ah, Gerald here. Well, come you to give evidence of my shame?

Ger. I come to announce one, who for many years has watched each action of your life.

Sir P. Who?

Ger. Morrington.

Sir P. I shall then behold the man who has so long avoided me——

Ger. But ever has been near you—he is here.

Enter MORRINGTON, *wrapped up in his cloak.*

Morr. Crawling in the dust, behold a repentant wretch.

Sir P. (*Indignantly.*) My brother, Morrington!

Morr. After the dreadful hour that parted us, agonized with remorse, I was about to finish what your arm had left unaccomplished—when some angel whispered, "Punishment is life, not death—live and atone!" I flew to you—I found you surrounded by sharpers—what was to be done? I became Morrington? leagued with villains! practised the arts of devils! braved the assassin's steel! possessed myself of your large estates! lived hateful to myself!, detested by mankind—to do what? to save an injured brother from destruction, and lay his fortunes at his feet!

(*Places parchments before Sir Philip.*)

Sir P. Ah! is it possible?

Morr. Oh, is that atonement? No: but my Henry has saved that angel's life—kneel with me, my son, and beg for mercy from that injured man.

Sir P. Henry, forgive me—Emma, plead for me. There—there.

(*Joining their hands.*)

Henry. But my father——

Sir P. Brother, I forgive thee.

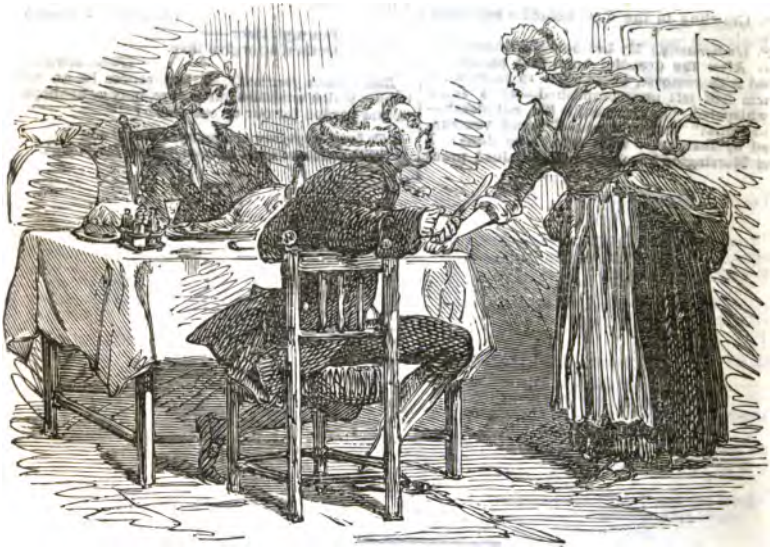
(*They embrace.*)

Bob. (*Comes forward.*) If forgiveness be an attribute which ennobles our nature, may we not hope to find pardon for our errors—here?

To brighten future prospects all should now
With voice and hand unite to—Speed the Plough.

NO SONG, NO SUPPER.

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, IN TWO ACTS.—BY PRINCE HOARE.



Nelly—OH, DEAR, IT IS MY MASTER!"—*Act* ii, *scene* 4.

Persons Represented.

FREDERICK.	ROBIN.	MARGARETTA.
ENDLESS.	THOMAS.	LOUISA.
CROP.	WILLIAM.	DOROTHY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A View of the Sea, on the coast of Cornwall.*

ROBIN *discovered asleep;* **FREDERICK** *enters from a part of the rock.*

AIR.

The lingering pangs of hopeless love,
Condemn'd unpitied—unpitied to endure:
Ah! hapless fate! by flight I strove
To soothe the pain I could not cure.
Cease, ocean, cease, cease thy angry strife,
Or here thy whelming billows pour;
I ask, I ask but this, oh! take, oh! take my life;
Or bear me to some distant shore.

Cruel destiny! to be driven ashore on this spot which I had resolved to fly from for ever; but all things conspire to counteract my designs. I had scarcely embarked, when a conspiracy was formed among the crew to deprive me of my life, which was happily preserved by the generosity of an English sailor, who, I fear, has perished with all his honest companions. *(Sees Robin.)* Good heavens! is it possible my generous preserver lives! Robin, what ho! Robin!

Robin. *(Waking, and starting.)* No, we won't drown. Courage, my lads! Lay hold of that plank, Master Frederick.

Fred. Honest spirit! Careful of me even in his dreaming.

Robin. (*Rises and stares at Frederick.*) Where the deuce am I?

Fred. Don't you know me, my friend?

Robin. Master Frederick! egad! then we are alive yet. I thought we had both been in Davy Jones's locker.

Fred. I assure you, I may sincerely say, that I rejoice more for your safety than my own.

Robin. Reef your compliments a little, and I'll believe you. Where are we, think you?

Fred. Alas! I am but too well acquainted with the place. We are on the coast of Cornwall, not far from Penzance.

Robin. Say you so? Never droop, then. We could not have made a better port. I have friends here will take care of us, all as one as if we were at home.

Fred. Friends here!

Robin. Ay, if this storm has not carried them into the sea. I have a brother-in-law hard by, whom, indeed, I have not seen for some years; but he was alive, when I heard last.

Fred. What was his name?

Robin. Crop; an honest farmer.

Fred. (*Aside.*) Good heaven! my Louisa's father.

Robin. He married a sister of mine, when I was a boy. She died some years ago, and left him a daughter, who, they say, is grown a fine girl; and now he's spliced to another mate.

Fred. Well, Robin, we shall have no occasion to trouble your brother, at present; I have an estate in the neighbourhood, where you shall be welcome, for your generosity has twice preserved my life.

Robin. Lookye, Master Frederick; I have been from my country these three years; but I have not so far forgotten Old England, as not to stand by a man who fights against odds.

Fred. You risked your own life for me.

Robin. That's no concern for a British sailor; he holds his life in keeping for his king, his country, and his friend, and for them he will cheerfully lay it down.—But, look, some of our messmates heave in sight.

Enter WILLIAM *and Sailors.*

Robin. What cheer, my lads? Any part of the wreck saved? What, all ashore? What's become of the boat?

Wil. Ah! Robin, she went down, just after we left her, with all that we had on board.

Robin. So much the worse! I thought I had been rich enough to have taken Margaretta in tow for life; but, now all is afloat again.

Fred. You shall go home with me, my friends—(*Aside.*) I have a strong desire to see Louisa! What if I accompany Robin?

Robin. Thank you, sir. But some of us will look out and see if the sea heave ashore any of the cargo.

Fred. Robin, I'll go with you to your brother-in-law.

Robin. With all my heart. Do you, William, keep a good look out, from the top of the rock, till it be dark, and the rest keep watch on the beach

Wil. So we will, Robin. Come along, my lads.

[*Exit with Sailors.*

Fred. Now, Robin, I have a secret to entrust you.

Robin. Well, let it be a short one; for a long one always sets me to sleep.

Fred. You must know, Robin, that I quitted England on account of the fairest of women.

Robin. Why, that is something of my case. A shark of a lawyer bore down upon me, carried off some little property that I designed for my mistress, and, as I was not willing to make her a beggar, I went to sea again.

Fred. (*Aside.*) How nearly allied in principles to my Louisa. Know, then, Robin, the fairest of women, I mean, was Louisa, your nice.

Robin. My niece! Give me your hand, Master Frederick. If she be not married, you shall have her to-morrow. But what the devil made you bear away and leave her? Did you run foul of a lawyer too? You seemed to have cash enough.

Fred. Yes, Robin: but I was determined to prove her love for me, without acquainting her with my circumstances; I, therefore, gave out I was a poor scholar. This had not altogether the desired effect; for she, fearing to distress her friends by our union, refused me.

Robin. That was taking to the long-boat, when you might have been safe in the ship.

Fred. I shall not immediately inform her of my circumstances; therefore, Robin, promise not to betray me.

Robin. Nay, if it be your fancy—but, believe me, 'tis a foolish one.

Fred. You won't disclose my secret?

Robin. What do you take me for? If this be all, step forward.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Crop's house.*

Enter CROP *and* DOROTHY.

Crop. But I tell you, wife, you are wrong.

Dor. I'm sure, George, it's your own fault.

Crop. My own fault! Zounds! I wish the devil had the lawyer and law-suit together, for my part.

Dor. Indeed, George, I can't guess the reason why you should be so cross with me. I can't help it, you know, and yet you always quarrel with me.

AIR.—DOROTHY.

Go, George, I can't endure you, you wrong me, I assure you;
I wonder why I love you, why I love you still.
Are women for no use meant, but merely man's amusement,
To tease and torture as he will, and torture as he will?
No; if you lov'd me true, you'd other means pursue;
But that you don't tis plain, I tell you so again.
No, no, no, no, no, you ne'er could bear to use me so.
What see you, pray, about me, thus to scold and flout me?
Such treatment yet was never heard, I ne'er must speak, (good gracious!)
I'm sure it's quite vexatious! I never now must speak a word.
No; if you lov'd me true, &c.

Crop. Why, isn't it enough to make one cross, to be kept dilly-dally so long after what's my right, I am sure, I wish I had never disputed about it though it is my right.

Dor. What, you wish to give up the legacy, do you? though Mr. Endless assures you it will be settled next week.

Crop. Ay, so he has said this long time past. I have had plague enough about it.

AIR.—CROP.

How happily my life I led, without a day of sorrow;
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, no care beyond the morrow.
No care beyond the morrow.
In heat or cold, in wet or dry, I never grumbled, no, not I.
My wife, 'tis true, loves words a few; my wife, &c.
What then? I let her prate.
For, sometimes smooth, and sometimes rough,
I found myself still rich enough, in the joys of an humble state.

But when with law I cras'd my head, I lost both peace and pleasure;
Long says to hear, to search, and swear, and plague beyond all measure.
One grievance brought another on, my debts increase, my stock is gone.
My wife she says our means 'twill raise.
What then? 'tis idle prate.
For sometimes smooth, &c.

Dor. (*Crying.*) Ah! George, you don't care anything about me. There's farmer Trotman's wife can have a silk cloak and a dimity petticoat, and go dressed like a lady; ay, and have a joint of meat every day; and I'm sure we haven't a joint above once a month, that we haven't!

Crop. Well, wife, don't be uneasy: things have gone badly of late, to be sure; but have a good heart: when I have gained my law-suit, I'll live like a gentleman; I'll never have any small beer in my house; I'll drink nothing but wine and ale; and we will have roast pork for dinner every Sunday.

Dor. I don't like pork; I say it shall be lamb.

Crop. But I say it shall be pork.

Dor. I hate pork; I'll have lamb.

Crop. Pork, I tell you.

Dor. I say lamb; you don't know what's good.

Crop. Zounds! it sha'n't be lamb, I will have pork.

Enter LOUISA.

Lou. For never contending! Will you never be at peace?

Dor. What's that to you? Why do you interfere with what does not concern you? Leave your father and me to settle matters.

Lou. I only spoke because I wish'd you to have comfort.

Dor. Comfort, indeed! Why, when you see everybody happy in the house, you go moping and pining about like a sick turkey-pout: you ought to be ashamed of yourself to let your head be running on a young man, you ought!

Crop. Fie, fie, wife! you aren't contented to have forced her to leave the house, but you must always be tormenting her. Come, Louisa, I am going to your cottage, and will walk with you; I shall be back presently.

Lou. Alas! why should you accuse me of loving Frederick, when you know I refused him because I would not add one to a poor family, who had not means to support themselves?

TRIO.—CROP, DOROTHY, *and* LOUISA.

I thought our quarrels ended, and set my heart at ease;
'Tis strange you've thus offended, you take delight to tease.
Yes, yes, you take delight to tease.
Dear sir, decide the strife betwixt your child and wife.
Alas! the grief I feel, I dare not to reveal:
I know that you believe for Frederick's loss I grieve.

Pshe, pshe, pshe, pshe! very well, very well, as you please!
Very well, very well, think as you please.
In vain I'm always striving to make our difference cease,
If you're disputes contriving, and will not live in peace;
No, no, you will not live in peace.
I'm vex'd, dear sir, for you; but say, what can I do?
To none I can complain.
I know that you believe for Frederick's loss I grieve.

[*Exeunt Louisa and Crop.*

Dor. A trumpery, nasty baggage! Nelly! (*Calls.*)

Enter NELLY.

Nelly. Here, mistress.

Dor. You heard what George said, Nelly?

Nelly. Yes; I heard him say he would be back again presently.

Dor. It is not dark yet?

Nelly. No, it is not near night yet.

Dor. Don't you know what I mean, Nelly?

Nelly. Yes; you expect Mr. Endless to see you.

Dor. Yes; I hope George won't meet him, because as he don't know of Mr. Endless's coming, he might be angry. The supper will be in time, Nelly?

Nelly. Yes, I shall take care to have the leg of lamb ready: and you know there is a nice cake that we baked yesterday will do after supper: but what shall we do for wine?

Dor. Oh! Mr. Endless promised to send some wine. He is a charming man, and talks so prettily! "My sweet Dorothy!" he calls me. I wish George would learn manners from him; but I declare he drives me about like his sheep and oxen, and I haven't the last word not once this week.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The outside of Crop's House.*

Enter MARGARETTA, *with ballads.*

AIR.

With lowly suit and plaintive ditty,
I call the tender mind to pity;
My friends are gone, my heart is beating,
And chilling poverty's my lot.
From passing s rangers aid entreating,
I wander thus alone forgot.
Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,
And heav'n reward you with a blessing.

Here's tales of love, and maids forsaken,
Of battles fought, and captives taken;
The jovial tars, so boldly sailing,
Or cast upon some desert shore.
The hopeless bride his loss bewailing,
And fearing ne'er to see him more,
Relieve my woes, &c.

My old father little thinks where I am: ecod! it's all his own fault; for if he would have let me married Robin, I should not have run away: but he wanted me to marry an old, stupid figure like himself, only because he was rich: but what are riches when compared to love? I hated him, and wouldn't have had him, if his skin had been stuffed with diamonds. Besides I knew it was on his se

count the law-suit was commenced against Robin, which made him leave me. If I were fond of riches, I might have been rich long ago. Haven't I refused a great many offers? ay, and would again, for I love nobody but Robin: and to have him I'd run away from fifty fathers. I think no one can know me in this disguise; however, I'll lay by my ballad-singing dress now, and seek some honest service, till I hear of Robin's return: but my basket is empty, and it is high time to look out for a night's lodging. Here's a cottage—that's fortunate—I'll try here.

(*Knocks.*)

Enter NELLY, *followed by* DOROTHY.

TRIO.—NELLY, MARGARETTA, *and* DOROTHY.

Nelly. *Knocking at this hour of day,*
What's your business, mistress, pray?

Mar. *A stranger at your friendly door,*
I shelter from the night implore.

Nelly. *This begging is a sorry trade,*
I fear you'll find but little aid;
But stay, I'll ask and let you know.

Mar. *Alas! too sure, I fear, 'tis true,*
A beggar finds a beggar's due;
Though oft unfeign'd the tale of woe,
A beggar finds a beggar's due.

Dor. *You must begone, we're left alone,*
And harbour here can give you none.

Mar. *My aching feet no more suffice,*
A little straw is all I crave.

Dor. *Not two miles hence the village lies:*
I wonder what the wench would have!

Nelly. *Not two miles hence, &c.*

Mar. *Hopless lot! must I go hence? Oh! pity me.*

Dor. *Go, get you packing, gipsy, hence!*
We told you that you could not stay—

Nelly. *I wonder at your impudence!*
Begone, you baggage, march away!

Mar. *Oh! let me stay, for poverty is no offence,*
And 'tis too late to find the way.

[*Exeunt Nelly and Dorothy.*

Mar. Now, as I'm a woman, here is some mischief a foot: two women left alone, and refuse the company of a third, only for the sake of being left alone! Oh, impossible! I'll find it out before I go. Who comes here? some man: I'll step aside, and see if they are as uncharitable to coat and waistcoat as they are to petticoats.

(*Retires.*)

Enter THOMAS, *with a basket.*

Tho. (Knocks.) Mrs. Nelly, Mrs. Nelly!

Enter NELLY.

Nelly. Well, Thomas, what do you want?
Tho. My master has sent the wine, and——
Nelly. Hush! speak softly, Thomas.
Tho. My master will be here himself presently.
Nelly. Oh! very well: walk in, and see what we have prepared.

[*Exit with Thomas.*

Mar. (*Comes forward.*) So, as I suspected; but let me see: (*peeping in at the door*) one, two, three, four bottles of wine! well said, Mr. Steward; very pretty provisions, indeed! The cake in the closet is for after supper, I suppose; the boiled lamb is the gentleman's choice, I imagine. Oh! Mr. Thomas seems coming out: I'll step aside again, for I'll see the end on't, I'm determined. [*Thomas comes from the house, and exit.*] Egad! Thomas said true enough, for here his master comes, I believe. I shall see more.

Enter ENDLESS.

End. Egad! this was sweetly contrived: while this law-suit of mine turns my simple farmer out of his house, I turn in: a good turn, 'faith! ha! one good turn deserves another.

Mar. (*Aside.*) Sure, I should know that face and voice.

End. This dress, I think, cannot fail of attracting Dorothea's heart; but the best of the joke is, she fancies I am in love with her! Ha, ha, ha! A monstrous good joke, 'faith! Ha, ha, ha! I doubt where I shine most, in carrying on a sham action or a counterfeit passion. I am *Marti quam Mercutio.*

Mar. (*Aside.*) As I live, it is that wicked rogue, Endless, who commenced an action against Robin, took from him all he had, and drove him to sea.

End. If I can but compass my suit, and prevail on her to consent to my wishes; for she has always refused me hitherto.

Mar. (*Aside.*) I must plague him a little—but, hold! I had best decamp; for if he should know me, he'll certainly carry me back to my father, and have me married:—I'll not venture that.

[*Exit, singing.*

End. This is unlucky; this girl is watching me. I daren't go into the cottage; I'll turn back again till she is out of sight, that I will.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The inside of Crop's House.*

Enter CROP, *followed by* DOROTHY.

Dor. So, George, you are come back; where have you been?

Crop. Why, about my business: and heartily tired I am.

(*Sits down.*)

Dor. Well, but where have you been?

Crop. Go and shut the door, which I perceive I've left open, and I'll tell you.

Dor. Not I, indeed: I go shut the door! No, go and shut the door yourself; why did you leave it open?

Crop. Because my hands were full.

Dor. So you want to give me the trouble to shut the door, because your hands were full? Indeed, I shall not.

(*Sits down.*)

Crop. Now, wife, go shut the door, and don't be obstinate.

Dor. I obstinate! upon my word! I obstinate, indeed! I don't choose to shut it, sir.

Crop. Why, then, let it stand open.

Dor. With all my heart, so it may.

Crop. Now, why can't you go and shut it?

Dor. I don't choose it, and there's an end on't.

Crop. Come, I'll make a bargain with you, wife; whoever speaks the first word, shall shut the door.

Dor. Agreed.

DUET.—CROP *and* DOROTHY.

Crop. *I think I'll venture to surmise,*
I know who'll speak the first.

Dor. *You think, no doubt, you're wondrous wise;*
Before I speak, I'll burst.

Crop. *Depend upon't—*

Dor. *Depend upon't—*

Both. *You'll have the worst.*

Crop. *Can you your tongue keep in?*

Dor. *Yes. When shall we begin?*

Crop. *Agreed, agreed! and now talk hard,*
When I hold up my thumb.

Dor. *Agreed! I'm silent: mum, mum, mum!*

(They turn their backs to each other.)

Robin. (*Without.*) Yo hoe! Messmates, what the door open at this time of night? (*Enters.*) Ha, brother Crop, I'm heartily glad to see you. I've a few friends, hard by, who came to beg a night's lodging of you. We have been cast away, and saved nothing but our lives. I have promised them a hearty welcome, my boy, (*To Crop.*) What, are you deaf? Why, don't you know me? I never took you for one that would be dumb to a friend in distress. What the devil's the matter? (*To Dor.*) Pray, how long has poor brother Crop been on the doctor's list? What, a dumb wife, too. I wish you joy, brother Crop. Which quarter is the wind now?

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. So, Crop, where's your daughter? Why don't you answer me?

Rob. It's all in vain; not a breath stirring.

Fred. Why don't you speak, Crop?

Rob. There's an embargo laid on words, and you see the port is shut.

Fred. Answer me, I beg. Where's Louisa?

Rob. Speak to him in some foreign lingo, Master Frederick; for he seems to have forgotten the use of his own tongue. (*To Dor.*) Do you always discourse together in this manner?

Fred. I suppose this is some new quarrel.

Rob. No; it must be an old one, for they've had no words of late.

Fred. I'll seek an answer elsewhere.

[*Exit.*

Rob. How the devil shall I get an answer? What's the matter with you both? I might as well talk to the Gorgon's head, under our bowsprit. Will you speak? (*Crop shakes his head.*) D—e, a good ducking at the yard-arm, and a round dozen, would put some leaving tacks aboard, and 'ts well employed on you: wouldn't it, mistress?

Dor. Ay, that it would. Oh, dear, I forgot.

Crop. Ha, ha! Now, Dorothy, go and shut the door.

[*Exit Dor.*

Rob. Shut the door!

Crop. Ay! she spoke first.

Rob. Why, you hadn't quarrelled about shutting the door, had you? Well, George, now your mouth is open, let me know if you can give us a lodging?

Crop. Ay, and welcome. But, I fear, I can't be your host to-night; for I must go as far as Grist's on some business.

Rob. I'll go with you and look after my messmates.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Prythee, Crop, tell me where she is?

Crop. Where who is?

Fred. Louisa.

Crop. At her grandmother's, where she has been some time; and I assure you, Frederick, she has never had a smile upon her countenance since you left her; therefore, make none of your fine speeches to her, or you'll break her heart. Ods heart! Robin, I can't tell you how glad I am to see you.

Rob. No more you could just now: your joy was so great, it seemed to be past speaking.

[*Exit with Crop.*

Fred. What have I heard? Is it possible my Louisa loves me still? I'll think of some disguise to visit her in immediately. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Outside of Crop's house.*

Enter CROP, ROBIN, WILLIAM, *and* FREDERICK. *During the Finale,* MARGARETTA, DOROTHY, *and* NELLY *enter.*

FINALE.

Crop. *How often thus I'm forc'd to trudge;*
I own this useless toil I grudge.

Rob. *Cheer up, and let your heart be light.*

Crop. *Though long and tiresome is the way,*
I must be blind by break of day.

Rob. *Your gain the labour shall requite.*

Fred. *I'll think on what you said.*

Crop *Ay, ay; be careful, Fred.*

Marg. *Lost in the dark perplex'd I rove,*
And know not where I stray;
Some kindly star, a friend to love,
Direct me on my way.

Rob. *I'll see if yet the coast be clear.*
Hold, hold! not yet, they still are here.

Crop. } *But if, at last, my suit shall fail—*
Fred. }

Rob. } *Pshaw! never stand to quake and quail.*
Will. }

Fred. *To-night, good fortune be our guide;*
We'll take the lass that may be bride.

Marg. *Hope, a constant joy disclosing,*
Balmy comfort can impart;
Anxious doubt to hope resenting,
Fancy calming to repose.
May wearie and succeed again,
And fortune guide me on my way.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A View near the Sea.*

Enter WILLIAM *and Sailors.*

AIR.—WILLIAM.

From aloft, the sailor looks around,
And heed's not the storm that roars and howl;
Far from home, he spends a stormy night,
Wide o'er the sea the wind blows fierce.
His course, wants no pilot, but he wends his tails to
sea,
With a heart as fresh as a rising breeze.
And with no thought, he turns his thoughts
Over the rolling of the raging sea.

Now to heaven the lofty top-mast soars,
The storm may blust like dreadful thunder roars,
Now ocean's deepest gulph appears below,
The curling surges foam, and down we go.
When skies and seas are mad, they his courage serve to whet.
With a heart as fresh as a rising breeze of May.
And dreading nought, &c.

Enter CROP *and* ROBIN.

Crop. And is your heart still on Margaretta?

Rob. Ay, as true as the wind blows; and if Margaretta's do but hold as steady as mine, I don't fear bringing all to bear.—(*To Sail.*) How goes it lads?

Wil. Cheerfully, Robin. The tide has thrown ashore some of our property, which we have safely put under the rocks.

Rob. As the tide ebbs so fast, my boys, perhaps my keg may be left on the beach. B'ye, brother Crop. [*Exit with Sailors.*

Crop. Then, I must go to Grist's by myself. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Wood.*

Enter MARGARETTA.

Marg. What will become of me? I am quite benighted. I have led the lawyer a fine dance, faith! He may now follow his own schemes as much as he likes, so he do not spoil mine.

AIR.

A sister did to have and hold me,
And greedy parents would have sold me.
A husband was enough for me,
No matter ugly, lame, or old:
There was no harm that they could see,
So all his bags were full of gold.
No, Robin, no: you need not fear,
You never were in danger here.
Should such a husband have or hold?

Eh! sure, I heard a rustling among the bushes. As I live, here's a man coming this way. Oh, lud! I am frightened out of my wits. There are so many paths, that I am at a loss to know which takes me to the village.

Enter CROP.

Crop. Egad! it's well I happened to meet with my neighbour Trotman, or I should have had a long walk to no purpose; for he informs me poor Grist is dead. Poor fellow! Well death can neither be seen nor prevented; so, there's an end of that. (*Sees Margaretta.*) Who goes there?

Mar. A poor girl, sir, who wants a night's lodging, and has lost her way.

Crop. Where did you want to go to, my girl?

Marg. To the next village, sir.

Crop. You are out of the way, indeed. However, come with me, and I'll provide you with a night's lodging.

Marg. Lud! sir, I hope you don't intend me any harm?

Crop. Not I, my girl. Do you see yonder cottage, where the smoke rises through the trees? I am the owner of it, and it has its doors were never shut to charity.

Marg. Are you the owner of that cottage?

Crop. I am. There is an honest house-wife that will use you kindly, who is melancholy enough, poor soul! I dare say, at being left alone.

Marg. (*Aside.*) Very melancholy, indeed! Well, some of your wives are really good creatures; and I could find in my heart to do you a piece of service, honest farmer.

Crop. Come, my girl, don't be afraid; I'll take care of you.

Marg. Heaven bless you for your kindness! I think I shall have it in my power to reward you, or I am very much mistaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Inside of Deborah's cottage.*

Enter LOUISA *and* DEBORAH.

Deb. Nay, nay, my child, don't take on so; don't cry so; you should endeavour to forget Frederick.

Lou. Forget him! that's impossible.

Deb. Well, but consider it was not any ill-usage of yours that made him leave the place; 'twas all his own doing.

Lou. That consideration consoles me; had it been otherwise, I could never have forgiven myself. (*A harp is heard.*) What's that? Music at this hour!

Deb. No, lack-a-day; it's only old Jones, the Welsh fortune-teller.

Lou. My dear grandmother, let him come in; I should like to have my fortune told.

Deb. If you live to be old, your fortune will tell itself.

Lou. Pray, fetch him in, and have your fortune told.

Deb. My fortune, indeed! No, no; I know my fortune well enough; however, I'll go and send him to you. [*Exit.*

Lou. It will, at least, serve to divert me.

Enter FREDERICK, *in a black gown and beard.*

Fred. Save you, young woman! may the stars shine with favourable rays on this house. Your face wears the marks of melancholy.

Lou. What have you to say to my face?

Fred. Your fortune cannot mend your face, though your face may mend your fortune. But my profession is to make proper questions to the hand; favour me with yours.

Lou. What will that tell you?

AIR.—FREDERICK.

Pretty maid, your fortune's here;
You have power, the power to charm;
Leave your hand, what should you fear?
Wrinkled age can do no harm.
Mercy on me, what is this?
Lines of heart too hard I see,
How I long to print a kiss,
On the hand you shew to me.

I have discovered there is a young man who adores you, and whom your usage forced to quit his country.

Lou. Nay, you're wrong; I didn't force him.

Fred. Be assured, it was on your account. He meant to cross the seas; but he was scarce embarked, when a storm overtook him; the night was dark, the waves were high, the vessel struck upon a rock.—(*Louisa screams and faints.*) My Louisa! look up, your Frederick lives.

Lou. Good heavens! Frederick, what means this disguise?

Fred. I scarce can tell you now. But, my dear Louisa, I am now in possession of an ample fortune: I am the real heir to the estate in the neighbourhood, who has been so long expected here.

Lou. Ah, Frederick, you are too rich for me.

Fred. No, Louisa; thank heaven! we live in a country that knows no distinction of person but in virtue.

DUET.—FREDERICK *and* LOUISA.

Both. *Thus every hope obtaining,*
The doubtful conflict o'er,
Fortune of thee complaining,
I waste my sighs no more.
Love by thy power bestowing
The hand I fondly prize,
Take from a heart o'erflowing,
My vows which grateful rise.

Fred. *Still fondly possessing the maid I adore,*
In transports, unceasing, the moments shall roll.

Lou. *Still fondly possessing the youth I adore,*
In transports, unceasing, the moments shall roll;
Content with my blessing, I ask not for more,
But dote on the treasure so dear to my soul.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Crop's house.*

ENDLESS *and* DOROTHY *discovered at a table laid for supper. At the back, are several sacks, which appear to be full.*

Dor. Indeed, Mr. Endless, I wouldn't do such a thing for the world.

End. (*Aside.*) I have carried on this action too precipitately. But, my dear Dorothy, let us reason about this affair together.
(*Rises.*)

Dor. (*Rises.*) But what signifies our reasoning about a thing which I know to be wrong.

End. I say, what signifies our knowing a thing to be wrong, when nobody else knows nothing about the matter.

Dor. Ay, but is there no such thing as conscience?

End. But conscience can't be summoned into court. I never heard of a man's conscience being subpœnaed on a trial; if that were the case, there would be an end to our profession at once; oh, it would be all dicky with us.

Enter NELLY, *with a boiled leg of lamb, and exit.*

End. But, as Nelly seems to have been so busy for us, let us sit down, and finish the subject after supper. (*They sit.*)

Dor. I needn't ask you to make free, I hope, as all you see on the table is your own.

End. Don't mortify me, my sweet Dorothy, by calling it *mine*, you know it is all *yours*, (*aside*) at least, if your husband's money can make it so.

Dor. Oh, dear, you are so obliging, I fear, we shall never have it in our power to return your kindness, at least, till George has gained his lawsuit.

End. (*Aside.*) I'll take care not to wait till then. Don't mention any reward to me. I am sufficiently repaid in the happiness of—(*Rises to kiss her hand, a loud knocking at the door.*) Who the devil's that? Do you expect anybody here to-night? Oh, lord! the supper will be spoiled.

Enter NELLY.

Dor. Run, Nelly, see who's at the door; if it be George, I'm undone.
[*Exit Nelly, and returns immediately.*

Nelly. Oh, dear! it is my master, as I hope to be married.

End. The devil it is!

Dor. Oh, dear! what we shall do with Mr. Endless?

End. Ay, there will be an end of Mr Endless.

Crop. (*Without.*) Why, wife! Dorothy!

End. Zounds! put me anywhere. Have you no closet, or snug corner, I can creep into?

Dor. No; but here I have it—creep into this sack.

End. A sack!

Dor. Yes. I'll get my husband to bed presently, and then I'll come and let you out.

End. Creep into a sack! the thing's impossible. My new suit will be totally spoiled.

Dor. No, no; it has only had flour in it, and that will easily brush off.

End. (*Aside.*) D—, but I wish I could brush off!

Dor. Come, Nelly, help me to put it over him.

End. Well, don't you let the cat out of the bag.

Crop. (*Without.*) Why, Nelly, Dorothy! why don't you open the door?
[*Dorothy and Nelly put a sack over Endless, and place him among the other sacks. Nelly removes the lamb, and exit.*

Enter CROP, MARGARETTA, *and* NELLY.

Crop. Why, wife, one would have thought, by your keeping us at the door so long, you had been fast asleep. What were you dreaming of?

Dor (*Aside.*) I am sure, we never dreamt of you.

Crop. Poor Grist is dead, which made me come back to-night: and, on my way, I met this young woman, who has lost her road; you must give her a night's lodging, and a bit of supper

Mary. (*Aside.*) Where the deuce have they hid this roguish lawyer? I know he's here, by their confusion.

Dor. Why, George, as I didn't expect you home to-night, I have got nothing for supper at all.

Mary. (*Aside, and feeling the sack.*) Oh! you are there, are you, Mr. Lawyer?

Crop. Hang it! I'm sorry there's nothing for supper, for I expect Robin here presently.

Mary. (*Aside.*) What do I hear? Robin expected here?

Crop. He's only gone to the sea-shore, to see if anything was flung up by the tide.

Rob. (*Without.*) Hallo, hallo!

Crop. Egad! here he is. I'll go, and bring out some of our cheeses; I daresay he's hungry: he always has a good appetite.
[*Exit.*

Enter ROBIN, *with a small keg under his arm.*

Rob. Hurra, my boys! Robin's his own man again. With these fruits of honest industry, will I moor for life; and when I hear the wind rattle, I'll heave a sigh for all brother tars.

Mary. (*Aside.*) I hope he hasn't forgotten poor Margaretta. He hasn't said a word of me yet.

Enter CROP, *with a cheese.*

Crop. To think I should have nothing for supper but cheese. A plague of this ill luck!

Rob. I'm so happy, I could dance a hornpipe on the head of a copper nail.

Crop. What makes you so merry, Robin?

Rob. Why, George, I have now recovered my spirits.

Crop. What, in that keg, I suppose?

Rob. Ay, the finest in the world; drawn from all parts of the globe. You shall taste them.

Crop. With all my heart. Give us a glass, Nelly.

Rob. A glass, indeed! Lord love your lubberly head! Give me a hammer.

(*Crop gives a hammer; Robin unhoops the keg, and takes out a handful of gold.*)

AIR.—ROBIN.

Three years a sailor's life I've led,
And plough'd the roaring sea;
For why her foes should England dread,
Whilst all her sons are free?,
From France to Spain I earn my bread,
I thought it fair, d'ye see?
And if a shot had ta'en my head
Why, there was an end of me.

A medicine sure for grief and care,
I steer'd my course to find;
Thenceforth, an easy sail to bear,
And run before the wind.
Their conf'ring skill let doctors boast,
And nostrums of their shop,
Where'er we search, from coast to coast,
There's none like golden drop.

For gold we sail the world around,
And dare the tempest's rage;
For when the sparklers once are found,
They ev'ry ill assuage.
'Twixt Jew and Christian not
A diff'rence here we find;
The Jew no loathing has to pig,
If 't be of the Guinea kind.

Are not these the best cordials? These are the true golden drops, extracted from the Spanish mines; and I hope, from my soul, they will not be the last we shall draw from the same quarter.

Marg. (*Aside.*) I'm afraid, now he's so rich, he'll marry a lady.

Rob. Here, Crop, you may want ew guineas; and, as the keg is open, here, take a handful, and when you've recovered your law-suit, pay me. And now with the rest—

Crop. Ay, Robin, what will you do with the rest?

Rob. Carry it to Margaretta; and if she be still in the mind, I'll marry her directly, and live happy all the rest of my life.

Marg. (*Aside.*) My charming Robin!

Rob. If I could but see her now—

Marg. (*Coming forward.*) Ay, if you did, I fear you'd change your note.

Rob. Margaretta! (*Runs and kisses her.*)

Marg. I little thought of meeting you here, Robin.

Rob. And how came you here? I forgot to ask that.

Marg. Oh, that's too long a story to tell you now.

Rob. Well, then, let's hear it another time. Oh, dear Margaretta! I say, that—I say—you—that—oh, Lord!—(*Kisses her again.*)—Come, let's now to supper, and be merry. But where is the supper? What have you got in the house, brother?

Crop. Why, I never knew anything to happen so unlucky! We have got nothing in the house, and I am as hungry as a lion myself.

Dor. Why, what a fuss you make about a supper. We are not all so rich as Mr. Robin.

Crop. But what use are riches now? We can't eat and drink gold.

Rob. Egad! if you can, you shall have it.

Crop. 'Faith, Robin, I can give you nothing but bread and cheese.

Rob. Well, bread and cheese and kisses, eh, Margaretta? Sit down, my girl.

Marg. Presently, Robin. (*Aside.*) Now let me see if I can't furnish the table better. I smell the lamb yet. (*Robin and Crop sit.*)

Rob. Come, Madge, give the landlord and I one of the songs you used to sing, if you haven't forgot them. You don't know what a good pipe she has.

Marg. I'll sing you one that I have heard this morning, which is quite new.

Rob. Ay, let's hear it.

Marg. The person who learnt it me said it should never be sung before a poor meal: but you shall judge if he was right.

Crop. Well, begin, my girl.

AIR.—MARGARETTA.

Across the downs this morning,
As brisk I chanc'd to go,
A shepherd led his flock abroad,
All white as driven snow;
But one was most the shepherd's care,
A lamb so sleek, so plump, so fair;
Its wondrous beauties, in a word,
To let you fairly know,
'Twas such as Nelly from the fire
Took off not long ago.

Crop. Hold, hold, my girl; if I heard you right, I think you said, "as Nelly took off the fire not long ago."

Marg. 'Tis part of my song, sir.

Rob. Ay, 'tis part of her song.

Crop. Well, but is it a joke, or earnest? Have you any lamb in the house, Nelly?

Rob. Come, Nelly, let's overhaul your lockers.

Crop. Come, come, wife; I see how this is; you had a mind to surprise me agreeably.

Dor. Why, that was the case, indeed, George. I knew you were very fond of lamb; so, as it was only a small joint, I meant to give it you when you was alone.

Crop. I thought so. But bring it here, Nelly; I am one that don't like to see my guests fare worse than myself.

Rob. Come, bear a hand, Nell. Stretch along the lamb ballards, and a knife or two. (*Nelly goes out, and returns with the lamb, &c.*) Egad! Madge, it was lucky you happened to fall in with the sheep.

Crop. Ay, so it was. Come, let's hear the rest of the song. (*Margaretta sings.*)

This lamb so blithe as Midsummer,
His frolic gambols play'd;
And now of all the flock a herd,
The pretty wanton stray'd.
A wolf that watch'd with greedy eyes,
Rush'd forth, and seiz'd the tender prize;
The shepherd saw, and rais'd a stone,
So round, so large, I vow,
'Twas like the cake that Nelly laid
Upon the shelf just now.

Crop. Stop, my dear. Didn't you say, "like the cake Nelly laid on the shelf just now?" Why, Nelly, is there a cake in the house?

Rob. Ay, that there is.

Crop. Come, bring it out, Nell. (*Nelly goes out, and returns with the cake.*)

Rob. What, still the same madcap as ever, Margaretta?

Marg. Will you hear the rest of it, sir?

Crop. By all means; and if the latter part of it be as good as the former, it will be, by much, the best song I ever heard.

Marg. You shall judge, sir.

Crop. I shan't be tired; I love a song.

Rob. Egad! brother Crop: "No song, no supper." (*Margaretta sings again.*)

This monstrous stone the shepherd flung,
And well his aim he took!
Yet, scarce the savage creature drop'd
Around to cast a look;
But fled as swift, with footsteps light,
As he who brought the wine to-night.
I try'd to stop the thief, but he
Turn'd round in rage, good luck!
So mad the lawyer scarce could be
That's hid in yonder sack."

Crop. A lawyer hid in a sack! Zounds! what is all this?

Rob. (*Goes to the sacks.*) Oh, impossible! these are full of corn. (*Beats a sack.*) Yes, faith, here's one seems to be heaving anchor. (*Endless comes forward.*) Egad! if they should all rise, you'll have a fine field of standing corn, brother Crop. (*Endless offers to go.*) Hold, hold! no exportation, without inspection.

[*Pulls off the sack, and discovers Endless, who is covered with flour.*

Crop. Endless! Oh, the devil!

End. A mouse me, if you dare! if you strike me it is cognizable in court, as I was not found in any overt act.

Crop. But you was found in a very uncally one, though.

End. I don't care for that.

Crop. If these be your tricks, I know how to suit you.

End. And you know how to mis-suit, I find.

Crop. To think I should entrust you to manage my affairs.

Rob. You might have had a young Crop before you looked for it.

End. I beg you wouldn't mention it.

Crop. I have a great mind to knock your head off.

End. Don't mention it: pray don't.

Rob. You deserve to be beat like a sack.

End. Don't mention it! I move for a hotcha counsel out of this court. But take care how you handle a limb of the law, or you may chance to bring down the vengeance of the whole body.

[*Exit.*

Rob. If such limbs were lopped off, it would do the constitution good.

Crop. (*To Dorothy.*) What have you to say for yourself, you idiot? So, the lamb was for Mr. Endless?

Mary. I should but half repay your kindness, if I didn't tell you, that your wife has ever refused to listen to his addresses: they were before you, he said himself, when he little thought any one overheard him.

Crop. Say you so! then, wife, give me your hand, and let us, for the future, make fun to live happily together; and the best way to do this is to forget and forgive.

Rob. So it is, brother Crop.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Oh, Robin! all our fortunes are made: Master Frederick is a rich squire, and is going to marry your niece. There, girls, we are feasting, and wine and ale running about the streets: there are illuminations, and the bells have entered the whole town to be set agoing.

Enter FREDERICK *and* LOUISA.

Fob. Master Frederick, I wish you joy. And, d'ye see, Louisa, make him a good wife. This storm to-night has blown back your lover; but, remember, the gentle gales of moderate weather may keep the husband within call of you.

FINALE.

Mar. } *Let shepherd lads and maids advance,*
Dor. } *And gently trip to see;*
Crop. } *For just will then the merry dance,*
As scale e'er the green.

Lou. } *Beyond our Peak, by Sylvan ground,*
Fred. } *Ere all our friends take,*
Ea h year that takes its joyous round,
Shall bring others and peace.

Mar. *And whilst we sport, and dance, and play,*
The tabor blithe shall sound,
We'll laugh and chant our carols gay,
While merry bells ring round.

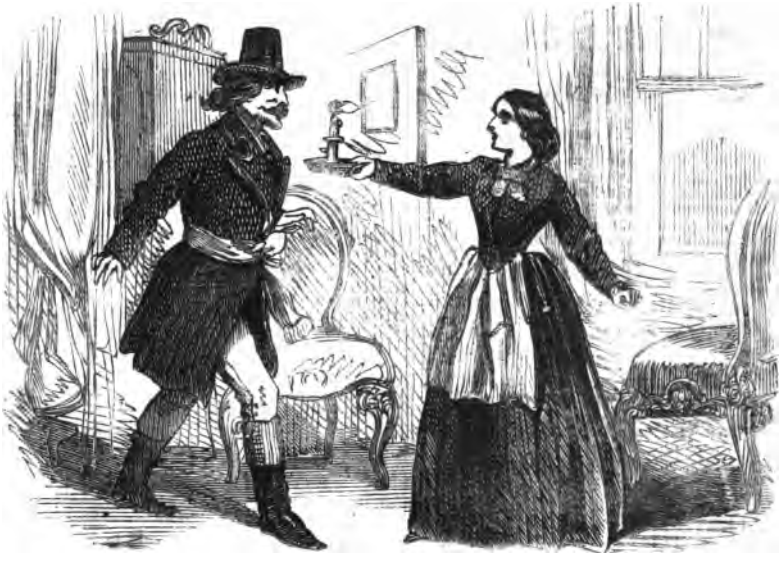
Dor. *Now mirth and glee, and pastimes light,*
The frolic hour shall share;
And sparkling eyes shall wake to-night;
To-morrow's time for care.

Chorus. *And whilst we sport, &c.*

[*Exeunt.*

THE COURIER OF LYONS.

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.—BY EDWARD STIRLING.



Dub.—"SILENCE, AS YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!"—*Act* iii., *scene* 1.

Persons Represented.

FOUINARD.
JEROME LESURQUES.
JOSEPH LESURQUES.
DUBOSC.
HENRI DIDIER.
BIBO JOLIQUET.
LAMBERT.
GUERNAN.
DUMONT.
MONSIEUR DAUBENTON.
CHOPPARD.
COURRIOL.
JEANNE OF ALSACE.
JULIE LESURQUES.
MARIE.
POSTMASTER.
OFFICERS.
FARM SERVANTS
TRAVELLER.
GAOLER.

TIME, 1796.—THE REPUBLIC.

First performed at the Marylebone Theatre, London, 1852. (Licensed.)

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in a Café, Rue du Bac.*

CHOPPARD *and* FOUINARD *discovered at table, the former whistling. A waiter in attendance.*

Wai. Won't you take some refreshments, citizens, before friends arrive?

Chop. Couldn't think of such a thing.

Fou. By no means. (*Aside.*) Pockets to let.

(*Shews them empty.*)

Wai. A nice shabby lot. [*Exit.*

Chop. This is rather too bad; wasting our valuable time for nothing.

Fou. It's a sell! Courriol's a humbug.

Chop. He talked of doing such wonders for us—get us a situation under Government: ha! oh, yes! what a get. He wanted to put me up to a new wrinkle in the horse chaunting line, too.

Fou. Are you sure this is the place we were to meet him?

Chop. Quite. Here is the letter, written with a

skewer, dipped in hasty pudding. (*Reads.*) "I shall want you and Fouinard to meet me, No. 17, Rue du Bac, on the 8th Florial. I have something of importance to communicate. Yours, COURRIOL. I will explain all."

Fou. Catch him explaining all. Oh!

(*Winks.*)

Chop. This is the 8th, and now striking twelve. Upon my life, this is too bad, keeping two gentlemen dancing attendance here. What is he? Why, if he's been to college, I don't see that he's better than us.

Fou. Not a dump. He certainly dresses a trifle more flashy. I shan't be at his beck and call; I'm off.

Enter COURRIOL *and Waiter.*

Chop. Here he is; we may as well stop now.

Cou. Good day, my friends. A thousand apologies for detaining you thus.

Chop. Only two hours with empty glasses.

Cou. I was compelled to make a circumbendibus, to avoid some very pressing friends—bailiffs.

Chop I understand.

Cou. Waiter! these gentlemen will take breakfast with me.

Chop. Breakfast for three—make it for five. I can eat for a dozen.

Cou. Look over the bill of fare, Fouinard. (*To Choppard.*) Have you considered my letter?

Chop. A little.

Cou. What do you think of the business?

Chop. Can't say, till you tell it.

Cou. I don't know it myself

Chop. Why the devil did you bring us here, then?

Cou. Gently, my respected friend; I am not exactly the principal in this affair. I am waiting to meet a gentleman.

Chop. Of the right sort, eh?

Cou. I don't know him by sight.

Chop. A pretty fool's errand. (*Fouinard sends waiter off.*) How the devil are we to know him, then?

Cou. Precisely at two o'clock to-day a gentleman will enter this room, sit at this table, call for a large glass of brandy, and drink the whole at a draught. That's how you may know him.

Chop. He won't come here to-day.

Fou. Why not?

Chop. The fact is he lives up a tree, and his medical advisers think it hardly safe for him to venture down yet.

Fou. You don't mean Dubosc?

Cou. That's the name. You know him?

Fou. A trifle! 'Twas he that led such a nice life at Bordeaux.

Chop. Now I'm satisfied. I've every confidence in Dubosc; he's a credit to the profession.

Enter Waiter, with breakfast, &c.

Wai. Breakfast is ready, gentlemen.

Chop. So am I. I could eat a donkey stuffed with tenpenny nails.

(*They sit at table. Choppard eats voraciously.*)

Enter LAMBERT *and* GUERNAN.

Lam. Will this do, Guernan?

(*Waiter talks with them.*)

Cou. Guernan? (*Turns round.*) Ah!

Chop. Is it an officer?

Cou. (*Striking the table.*) Extraordinary coincidence!

Chop. Governor, do you want me to swallow the spoon? (*Eats and coughs.*)

Cou. It must be them.

Chop. What, the police?

Cou. College friends of mine.

Gue. A bottle of claret and some oysters, waiter.

Chop. Oysters! Couldn't I take in the natives now?

Cou. I must not be seen with you.

Chop. We'll finish your breakfast.

Gue. (*Calls*) Lambert, look there.

(*Points to Courriol.*)

Lam. Can I believe my eyes?

Cou. They recognise me.

Chop. I'm glad they don't re-cog-nise me.

Gue. (*Advancing.*) How are you, Courriol?

Cou. (*Affecting surprise.*) What! my old friends?

Chop. What! my old ancient friends?

Fou. (*Pulling him back. Aside.*) What are you up to?

Cou. How fortunate I am to meet you.

Cho. (*Aside.*) Pickles!

Gue. We are come to meet Lesurques, who arrives at Douai to-day. You know him, of course?

Cou. Perfectly.

Cho. (*Aside.*) Pickles!

Gue. He is coming to Paris to celebrate his daughter's wedding.

Cou. (*Aside to Choppard.*) Leave.

Cho. What, the breakfast, never!

(*Eats Quickly.*)

Gue. Who are these gentlemen; friends of yours?

Cou. No, I was going to breakfast alone; waiting till these gentlemen had finished.

Cho. We've only just begun.

(*Putting bread and eggs.*)

Lam. I thought I saw you sitting with them when we came in.

Cou. A mistake. They'd just finished.

(*Kicks Choppard.*)

Cho. Oh, lord! that's my game leg.

Cou. They're calling for their bill.

Cho. Call again to-morrow.

Cou. (*Aside.*) Get out, you'll ruin all.

Cho. This is a nice treat.

[*Rises.*

Cou. Uncommon.

[*Rises.*

Cou. (*Signs them.*) I've no doubt they'll pay below.

Cho. Yes, of course we will. Waiter, come below.

Cou. If you don't go, I'll kick you down, rascals!

Cho. I prefer walking. Come, my dear friend. Waiter, the bill.

Cou. (*Aside.*) Meet here again in an hour.

Cho. The bill, waiter. War! war! Teo (*Picks Courriol's pocket of his handkerchief,*) shabby.

[*Exit with Fouinard*

Lam. Sit down, sit down.

(*They all sit.*)

Re-enter waiter with oysters.

Wai. Where are the shabby hats gone?

Cou. The gentlemen are gone below. I shall have breakfast at this table with my friends—bring it at once. (*Aside.*) Not a word about—

(*Points off.*)

Wai. I'm awake—the shabby hats belong to him.

Enter LESURQUES, JULIE, *and* DIDIER.

Les. How are you? rather behind time, but this little puss had so many parcels and bandboxes to look after. (*Shaking hands with them.*) Allow me to introduce you to my daughter, and my intended son-in-law, Mons. Didier. (*All bow.*) What, my old college chum, Courriol, how are you?

Cou. Never better. Why, we haven't met this age.

Gue. Allow me, Monsieur Didier, as an old friend of your future father-in-law, to congratulate you on your approaching happiness.

Did. Thank you, sir, I would not change my situation to be made Emperor of Peru. The love of a being so beautiful and virtuous as Julie's is a priceless treasure.

Jul. Upon my word, that is a very pretty compliment for a public cafe.

Les. I ought to be very thankful to providence. I don't believe there is a happier fellow in the Republic with such a daughter, surrounded by good friends. I am sure there never was any one in the world so fortunate.

Jul. Our time presses, papa; we have so many purchases to make.

Les. True, true, I forget: and I have to leave Paris for a few hours.

Did. You will return, and dine with us?

Les. Yes, but don't wait.

Jul. Dear papa, you surely will not leave us so soon?

Les. We shall meet at home; now, my love, you will be late. Adieu! won't you kiss your father, Julie, you rogue?

(*She kisses him, and exits with Didier.*)

Gue. She appears uneasy about you.

Les. She is one of the best girls in France. (*All sit to breakfast.*) Come, I'm rare and hungry; though I have everything a man can desire, there are still two sources of disquietude left. The loss of my wife, and my father's unfortunate circumstances.

Gue. What has happened to him?

Les. Pecuniary matters have proved so unlucky with him; in fact, he has been ruined by our glorious Revolution, and from a feeling of honest, though mistaken pride, quitted Douai secretly, in order that he might not be a burden on me, two years since; and from what I can learn, took a small inn, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Paris, where trade fell off, and he has been compelled to sell everything for the benefit of his creditors, leaving himself houseless and penniless.

Cou. Did he never apply to you?

Les. Never; pride forbade his doing so. I have just by accident discovered his abode, and am determined to compel him to return with me, place him in a merchant's office—a mere nominal situation, so that he may not eat the bread of dependance. By the way, Guernan, will you lend me your horse?

Gue. He has been taken for the use of the Republic—one and indivisible.

Cou. Hire one.

Les. I don't know any one that lets them out for hire in Paris.

Cou I can recommend you to a man named Choppard, he has some capital horses.

Les. Where does he live?

Cou. 213, Rue St. Honore.

Les. Thank you. 213. I'll go to him at once, my time presses.

Gue. Why in such a hurry?

Les. Julie's wedding day is to-morrow. I shall see all there. Among others, you'll meet my friend Dauberton, the Judge de Paix of Pont Neuf district. Mind, no disappointments, I shall expect you all to sign my daughter's marriage contract. Courriol, remember, nine o'clock, No. 18, Rue Montmarte.

(*Going.*)

Cou. I shall be too delighted.

Gue. Stay we'll all go together.

Les. (*Looking at watch.*) Quarter behind time, I ought to have started before. Adieu! mind, tomorrow,—nine o'clock punctually.

[*Exit*

Cou. It won't look well if I remain alone here; I'll go with them, and return to meet Dubosc.

Gue. (*Pays the waiter.*) We can walk with Lesurques as far as the Tuileries.

[*Music, all exit.*

Enter slowly, DUBOSC, *shabbily attired.*

Dub. No one here.

Enter WAITER.

Wai. Take any refreshment, citizen?

Dub. Presently. [*Waiter cleans table and exit.*] It is rather strange no one is at the place of meeting—no mistake has occurred I hope.

Enter JEANNE, *poorly, but neatly dressed, her appearance indicates extreme dejection. Seeing* DUBOSC, *whose back is towards her, she exclaims:*

Jea. 'Tis he! Dubosc.

Dub. Starts.) My name!

Jea. You need not fear me.

Dub. Jeanne here!

Jea. Yes, 'tis I; Jeanne, the outcast.

Dub. I beg your pardon, did you speak to me, my good woman?

Jea. Do you not recognize me? Look at me well. Nay, then, I will assist your memory,—'tis the poor girl who once loved you so devotedly and truly, and thought you an honourable man! Do you know me now? Neglect and poverty have wrought great changes, but still I am your victim.

Dub. (*doggedly.*) I never saw you before.

(*Turns from her.*)

Jea. You never saw me before, Dubosc? you who not content with robbing me of my honour, cheated me out of the little money I had saved by honest industry—you, who left me to starve, when I was about to become a mother. Do you know me now? Nay, do not turn from me. Look on these pale and emaciated features, worn with misery and privation! Homeless—homeless—discarded by all, where was I to turn, but to you? remember

the solemn vows you once uttered, to cherish and protect me.

Dub. (Aside.) Shall I never get rid of this accursed woman?

Jea. You make no reply. Listen to me! I do not expect you to repair the wrong you have done me, I know you too well for that: but I demand of you sufficient money to support the child, deserted and left to perish by its unnatural father; at all events, till I can reach Alsace, my native place; there I can support myself and infant by toil, and the kind assistance of neighbours. Will you refuse me this? Can you see us starve—dying for a little bread, and withhold the means of saving us? I implore you for mercy, in the name of your dying child I ask for bread. *(Dubosc smiles scornfully.)* You may smile in scorn, but you are in my power: I know that you have escaped from gaol at Bordeaux; I have traced you, step by step, hither. Reflect, Dubosc, on what I have said, and pause, ere you wake the fury of an injured woman, maddened by injuries.

Dub. I tell you I don't know you.

Jea. I know you, monster, I swear that.

Dub. You may swear anything you like; I have no money.

Jea. You are determined not to assist me then?

Dub. The waiter will be here directly, and if you do not leave the room—*(Motions her.)*

Jea. Enough! I will give you till to-morrow to reflect on my request; but remember, if by to-morrow noon, you have not placed in my hands a sum of money, I will denounce you to the authorities as a felon, and an escaped convict.

Dub. Well, I'll see you to-morrow here, if you will, and possibly I may be able to comply with your request. *(Aside.)* I shall be far fom hence to-night.

Jea. Remember, to-morrow; I will be trifled with no longer. For my own life I am regardless; but for my child, I can dare anything; she shall not perish while you have the means to save her; if the natural feelings of your cruel rugged heart will not give willingly, it shall be wrung from you. Money! for my child's life hangs on a thread. Money! or you shall be given up to justice.

[*Exit.*

Dub. A pleasant meeting this.

(Sits, clock strikes three.)

Re-enter CHOPPARD *and* FOUINARD.

Cho. It's striking three.

Fou. And here he is.

Dub. (Aside.) A couple of villanous looking dogs! These are my men, no doubt.

Cho. Introduce yourself.

(Pushes forward.)

Fou. After you's manners.

Dub. Now for the signal.—Waiter!

(Calling.)

Enter WAITER.

Dub. A glass of brandy.

Cho. Oh!

Fou. Ah!

(They make signs vulgarly to each other.)

Wat. A small glass?

Dub. No; a bottle, and a large glass.

(Waiter executes his order, Dubosc drinks twice.)

Cho. There can be no mistake now. I beg your pardon, citizen; but, from the workmanlike manner in which you disposed of those two glasses of brandy, I may presume to guess that you are the celebrated Dubosc.

Dub. You are right. And now to business.

Cho. Couldn't we have a drain first? We are uncommonly dry—roads are dusty.

Dub. Certainly. Waiter, a bottle of wine; your best, mind. *(Waiter brings it.)* Now tell me, which of you let out horses?

Cho. I do; Pierre Choppard, at your service,

Fou. Otherwise called "The Ugly Mug."

Cho. Spooney! hold your tongue; I'm as handsome at you are any day in the week. If you doubt it, look in the glass!

Dub. We are still one short. Where is—

Cho. Courriol? He never comes to time.

Fou. Never.

Dub. I shall not wait—time presses. Fouinard I want you. *(Fouinard goes to him, they drink together and converse apart, Dubosc then turns to Choppard.)* You have four horses?

Cho. I have. *(Aside.)* Three blind, and a kicker.

Dub. Let them be, in a hour from this, at the Barriere de Charenton, ready saddled and bridled.

Cho. All right—I'm awake.

Fou. How much did you say?

Dub. 75,000 francs in gold. That will be 30,000 for me, and 45,000 for you.

Cho. A pretty little sum that! Where is it to be picked up?—on what Tom Tiddler's ground?

Dub. You shall know when we are on horseback, I must now be off. You wait, and let Courriol know. *(Going.)* And tell him to be punctual; all depends on—

Enter COURRIOL *hastily.*

Cou. Me! I'm your man.

Cho. For a skulk! Shameful!

Cou. It was not my fault. I couldn't leave Lesurques. *(Seeing Dubosc.)* Who's this?

Dub. Explain matters to him. I have not a moment to lose. Adieu. Remember, Fortune smiles on the bold.

[*Exit.*

Cou. Who is this man?

Fou. Dubosc, to be sure—the great Dubosc; a first-rate, and a great man.

Cou. Dubosc! What a most extraordinary likeness to Lesurques! I can hardly believe my senses!

(Going.)

Cho. Come, come; we have no time to waste, my pippins—think of the tin! Oh! my imagination! What treats and feeds! *(Pockets the spoons.)* I shall retire into genteel society, damme!

[*Music. Exit.*

Re-enter Waiter.

Wai. *(Following and calling after them.)* Stop! stop! the spoons! the shabby hat's pocketed the spoons!

SCENE II.

Exterior of an Inn, with Sign made out "Au Lyon Blanc."

Enter JEROME, *from house.*

Jer. This is the last day I shall be landlord of the "White Lion." Not a person comes near the

place, of course, to drink or spend. I verily believe there is a ban upon it! To-morrow I shall go to Liuersaint, for the purpose of giving my consent to the sale of the property; and then I shall be homeless and penniless.

Enter JOLIQUET *from back.*

Jol. A letter, sir.

(*Gives it.*)

Jer. From Douai. Doubtless from my son Joseph. (*Reads.*) "Dear father, Julie and myself start for Paris to-morrow We have taken lodgings at No. 18, Rue Montmarte. To-morrow is Julie's wedding-day; and she desires me to say, she will be very angry if you are not our guest on this most happy occasion. Lose no time, but start for Paris immediately on the receipt of this. Yours affectionately, JOSEPH LESURQUES. P.S.—We shall sign the Contract after dinner." I will go to-morrow! I shall have no business at home, to prevent my complying with my dear son's request. Yes, I will go—but he shall never know to what a state I am reduced! I'll put on my Sunday coat—I have still some decent clothes to wear—and spend one day more of happiness; and then. (*Calls.*) Joliquet!

Jol. (*Comes down.*) Master.

Jer. I am going out for an hour; look well to the house.

Jol. That's easy enough, master; we have nothing to look after but the rats, and they look after themselves.

Jer. Except our stock of wine and brandy. Take particular care to be in the way when the Lyons Courier comes. He is the only customer we have; and, at all events, he shall not complain of any want of attention while I am master.

Jol. Nor while I am man. I'll take care of that—he always treats me to a glass.

Jer. Good lad! Give me my hat and stick. With sorrow I leave this place, but it is a sacrifice my honour demands. To live in debt and difficulty I never could.

[*Exit.*

Jol. Master's gone, and I shall go. In the first place, I don't think there's much chance of a visit from thieves and housebreakers, seeing there's nothing to break—I've smashed all the glasses. There's nothing left except the wine and brandy, and that the thunder turned sour. And in the second place, I want to spend the evening with Lolotte. She's such a comely piece of goods! Oh! she makes one's mouth water. I can easily be back in time for the Courier! Hollo! who's there? A man muffled in a cloak—who is it? How stealthily he walks too. Oh, lord! if it should be a thief. He might rob me!

(*Runs into the house and is seen peeping through half door as* LESURQUES *enters. Lights half down.*

Enter LESURQUES *from behind.*

Les. I cannot have been deceived—it was he! I longed to make myself known as he passed me in the shade, but that would have spoiled all my intentions. Thank heaven! I shall now be able to place my dear father in a position far above care and want. How desolate and deserted this place is! Not a customer in twelve months, I'll be sworn, in such a solitary spot.

Jol. You're a queer customer, anyhow

Les. It is fortunate I left my horse behind in the wood, for nothing do I see in shape of ostler or attendant. I will make bold to knock at the door; I suppose there must be some one in the house. (*Knocks.*) Hollo! house!

Jol. Who wants the house? It's to let.

(*From within.*)

Les. Some one at last. Come quickly.

Jol. Murder! thieves!

Les. Hold your tongue, you silly fellow! I don't want to rob the house. I only want something to drink.

Jol. You won't get it here—all our drink's sour.

Les. I tell you what it is, my friend; if you don't open the door, I'll break your head. Let me in and draw me a bottle of your best wine, and I'll give you a crown for yourself.

Jol. A crown! Say no more—you've sweetened the sour wine. (*Opens door wide.*) Come in, Monsieur; mind the door-steps! Two up, one down—and step over the mat; let me hand you. A crown! Oh, my precious Lolotte! won't I give you a treat in sugar-plums and scratch-cradles. Excuse my apparant rudeness, but there have been several robberies committed here, and hereabouts. Which will you take, red, white, sweet, sour, rough or smooth?

Les. (*At table.*) I am not particular.

Jol. That's lucky; for we've only one sort, but that's——

Les. I have broken the chain of my spur; get me a piece of string, and I'll see if I can't put it to rights.

Jol. Directly, sir. Would you like a rope? (*Aside.*) He looks a thief. (*Gives string.*) I'll go down in the cellar: there's claret master keeps for his particular friends. Oh! won't it just make your hair curl? See what it does for mine.

(*Lights candle and descends trap.*)

Les. Now that booby has gone, I can execute my plan. (*Takes out purse.*) This will be sufficient to pay my dear father's debts, and place him above the reach of want. (*Music. Exits into house, and returns.*) To avoid suspicion I will return to Paris directly, My father will never suspect this mysterious visit, or who has helped him to release himself from difficulties.

[*Exit.*

Jol. (*Coming up trap.*) I've got it—a bottle of the prime sort, No. 1, Mr. Traveller. If this doesn't astonish you, I am a Dutchman. Stay—I'll light a candle. (*Uses lucifers.*) Hollo! where's the man gone? He han't tumbled down the well, I hope. Holloa! Lord, suppose it was the devil!—but I didn't see his tail. He might have stuffed it in his boot. There *is* a smell of brimstone. Oh! I'm getting poorly!

(*Sits at table.*)

Enter DUBOSC. *He wears a cloak similar to Lesurques.*

Dub. (*Entering.*) Wait a little—I will reconnoitre.

Jol. Ah! there you are, Monsieur. I have got the wine and rare it is. I prefer brandy myself; but every one to his taste, as the rat said when he bit his tail off.

Dub. Are you alone?

Jol. Yes—worse luck; Lolotte won't keep me company!

Dub. Something to drink, quickly!

Jol. I have just brought you a bottle.

Dub. That will be nothing amongst four—fetch a dozen.

Jol. Four! oh! (*Aside.*) I begin to think there is something wrong here.

(*Peeps at him.*)

Dub. Where is the cellar, fool?

Jol (*Afraid.*) There, fool! (*Points.*) I showed you just now.

Dub. The man's mad or drunk! Do as I bid you, or it will be worse for you—fetch four bottles of brandy, hot.

Jol. I wish I could fetch four bottles of pitch, burning hot!

(*Descends trap.*)

Dub. (*Whistles.*)

Enter FOUINARD, CHOPPARD, *and* COURRIOL.

It's all right.

Jol. (*Peeping.*) It's all wrong.

Cou. Is it here?

Dub. Yes.

Cho. What's to be done now?—what's the caper?

Dub. In the first place, we must kill that fool of a waiter.

Jol. Murder! I want my mother!

(*Pops down.*)

Fou. What for?

Dub. He will recognise us else—betray us.

Cou. I'll prevent that. (*Takes pistol out.*) This will settle his account.

Cho. Nonsense! Stop up his eyes, and then beg his pardon; that will be doing the thing polite! (*Calls at trap.*) Hand up a bottle or two, quickly!

Jol. Yes, Monsieur.

(*Hands up two bottles.*)

Cou. I'll put the table and a chair over the trap. (*Does so.*) Now, if he gets out I'll forgive him.

Dub. That's not my way of doing business—but as you will.

Cho. Now we may enjoy ourselves.

Dub. Only for a little while.

(*They sit at table and drink. Clock chimes a quarter to eight.*)

Cou. Hark! what's that?

Dub. It's the clock just struck a quarter to eight.

Jol. (*From below.*) Let me out! let me out! I'm afraid of the rats.

Cho. This won't do! Shall I fire?

[*Levels pistol.*

Dub. Dare to open your mouth, young Devilskin, and I'll cut your throat!

[*Speaking at trap.*

Cho. Now for the plan of attack—what is it?

Dub. In a few minutes the Lyons Courier will stop here, for the purpose of giving his horses some hay and water.

Cho. Well, what of that?

Dub. He has under his care a trunk in which there are 75,000 livres—which, if you remember, we spoke of this morning.

Cho. I see now! (*Rubs his hands.*) Glorious! beautiful!

Cou. The trunk's ours!

Cho. But the mail courier always carries pistols; the bullets may be ours!

Cou. I'm not partial to leaden pills!

Dub. Catch a weasel asleep!—we're well armed.

Fou. The postillion is well armed, too.

Cho. I'll tackle him.

Cou. There is always some one who travels with the courier.

Dub. I know it: that'll be all right. Dunochat, one of our lads, is disguised for that purpose.

Fou. Capital plan!

Dub. The risk must be equal: the same with our spoil.

Cou. All right; share alike—death or glory!

Dub. You, Courriol, will attend the carriage; Fouinard will be on the look out against surprise; Choppard will take the postillion; and the courier I shall keep for myself. Are you ready, boys?

Omn. All!

Fou. And willing.

[*Wheels heard, and postillion's whip cracks loud.*

Dub. Hark! they are coming! Fouinard, get on before; Courriol, behind the trees—and Choppard, in the ditch. [*Music. All exeunt different ways, but Dubosc, who remains.*] It will be five minutes, at least, before the mail comes up; so I'll just look round, and see if anything is to be picked up.

[*Music. Goes into house.*

Jol. (*Below.*) Mercy! here's a ghost! Save me! save me!

Re-enter DUBOSC, *with purse.*

Dub. I've made a trifle, at all events; this was lying on the table.

[*Whistle heard. Mail appears at back;* COURIER *on top, Postilion dismounted, Traveller also on top. Music.*

Pos. Hollo! Jerome! House! White Lion!

Dub. Coming, coming, Monsieur.

Pos. Why, that is not Joliquet's voice!

Dub. He is not very well, so I have come to help im. Here's your brandy.

(*Courier and Traveller get down and come forward.*

Pos. (*Drinks.*) Not bad! You pay, Dupont. I must see to my horses.

[*Exit at back.*

Cour. All right. Look sharp!

(*To Dubosc.*)

Dub. Here you are.

(*Gives bottle.*)

Tra. Take another glass, Courier.

Cour. Thank you, sir—your health!

(*Drinks.*)

Pos. (*At back.*) Help! help! I am murdered!

Cour. The postillion's voice!

(*Draws pistol and rushes up.*)

Dub. (*Fires.*) Don't be in a hurry!

Cour. Villain! But you shall not escape—we are two to two. (*To Traveller.*) Quick, sir! draw your sword.

Tra. That's a settler!

(*Stabs Courier, who falls.*)

Dub. Well done! Now for the trunk!

Cho. (*Inside carriage.*) I have the gold!

Dub. Durochat, there is your share—be off; Fouinard, there is yours; Choppard, there's yours; and Courriol, that is for you. Away, all of you!

[*All exeunt but Dubosc, who has taken the Courier's portfolio, which he secretes.*

Jol. (*In cellar.*) Help, help! Master, spare me! (*Shakes cellar.*

Re-enter JEROME.

Jer. What can be the cause of this outcry? I heard shots fired near the house, and hastened my return. What do I see? A robber! Wretch! you shall not escape. Help! help! (*Seizes Dubosc; struggle; Jerome is thrown, Dubosc fires pistol at him and escapes; villagers enter with lights to form picture. Jerome rises, staggers, exclaiming.*) My son! Horrible! [*Falls.*

Jol. (*Popping his head from cellar, calling.*) Murderer! Murderer!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of Lesurques at Paris.*

DIDIER, JULIE, *and* LESURQUES *discovered.*

Did. My dearest Julie, there will be thirteen at table.

Jul. Oh, that'll never do, so unlucky, and on our wedding day, too.

Did. Which you have commenced by a charitable action, love, so like yourself.

Jul. There is nothing so very charitable in assisting one of my own sex in distress; it seems to come naturally to one. Besides, she and her child were literally starving, dying of hunger in the streets!

Did. You are an angel, Julie.

JEANNE *appears at back.*

Did. Who is this?

Jul. The poor woman who lives on the fifth story, whom I assisted.

Did. She is coming, doubtless, to thank you for your kindness. Come in, madam, come in. Adieu, love.

Jul. Don't be long. (*He kisses her and exits.*)

Jea. (*Entering.*) Mademoiselle, how can I thank you sufficiently! But for your aid, I and my poor child would have died of hunger. Heaven reward you, for I never can!

Jul. Don't tremble so. Sit down nearer, and tell me something of your history. No tears, all will yet be well. Come, come, now pray look happy; your husband, I presume, is dead.

Jea. (*Hesitating.*) Yes, mademoiselle, I am a widow.

Jul. But you surely have some friends or relations?

Jea. Alas! none. To-day I expected to have received some money, but I was disappointed; otherwise I should have been able to have reached Alsace with my child.

Jul. Well!

Jea. As it was, I was completely destitute; and had it not been for your goodness, I and my poor child must have starved in the streets of Paris.

Jul. Never mind, that's all over now; tell me how I can permanently assist you.

Jea. There is but one way, mademoiselle.

Jul. Speak out, what is it? do not be afraid.

Jea. You are about to be married—you will want some one to wait on you—will you accept my services? Believe me, lady, I will serve you with all the ardour of intense gratitude; my life shall be yours, wholly, only let me not be separated from my child. (*Weeps.*) The daily, hourly affliction of seeing the beloved child of my heart sink and pine for that nourishment that cruel fate withheld—oh; lady, may you ever be spared the bitter curse poverty and want of friends inflicts: may your life be as happy as mine has proved wretched—this shall be the daily prayer of the poor heartbroken mother.

(*Kisses her hand, retires up.*)

Jul. Why are you reduced to this wretched condition; but if the recital is painful, spare yourself the infliction.

Jea. My history, unhappily, is one of many thousands.

Jul. You are not a native of Paris?

Jea. No, mademoiselle, of Bordeaux, where I lived with my parents, on a small farm near the city. It was my duty to attend the city, with the produce of our farm. For several weeks, last year, a stranger, apparently a gentleman, constantly became a purchaser of my fruits; gradually he affected to take great interest in my welfare, promised to call on my parents, proffering the assistance of his advice and purse; he came, alas! too soon for our peace; his manners won the confidence of my easy parents, his visits became frequent, opportunities were not passed to pour his insidious flattery into my ear; gratified and delighted, I listened to vows and promises made only to be broken. He offered to raise me from the low station I was placed in, to the rank of his wife; I believed, and trusted; he, profiting by my credulity, sought my ruin.—I fell! and he deserted me. My poor mother, unable to bear the reproaches cast upon me by our neighbours, sank under the shame; neglect and poverty swallowed up all the efforts of my father's honest industry,—he became a beggar. Vainly I implored assistance from our destroyer; he laughed, and treated my application with scorn; I followed him to Paris, begging my way, step by step; nay, I should have died by the roadside in despair, had not the cries of one who is dearer to me than life—my innocent child—it was for him I struggled, it was for him I traced his cruel father to Paris, and asked for bread, which was heartlessly refused; overwhelmed with fatigue and hunger, I fainted in the streets, when you charitably saw and helped me; may the grateful thanks of a contrite heart be yours, lady.

Jul. Poor girl! your sufferings have more than atoned for the faults you have committed. I accept you freely, as far as I am concerned, but I must consult my father and M. Didier, although I anticipate no difficulty from either, so you must hope for the best.

Jea. Heaven bless you, Mademoiselle, if you knew what a terrible weight you've relieved me from, all the dread of anticipated starvation.

Enter DIDIER, *conducting* COURRIOL.

Did. Monsieur Courriol.

Cou. Mademoiselle, allow me to offer you my congratulations on this happy event.

Jul. Welcome, Monsieur Courriol. (*To Jeanne,*

who is about to retire.) Do not go, my father will return directly.

Did. Here he comes.

Enter LESURQUES, GUERNAN, *and* LAMBERT.

Les. This way, my friends, this way. Julie will receive you.

Enter other guests.

Jul. Papa, this is the poor woman I spoke to you about this morning, she wishes to enter my service.

Les. Quite right, I can't object if you like it. What is her name?

Jea. Jeanne, sir. (*Raises her eyes to Lesurques.*) Ah!

Jul. Why did you start and scream so, on seeing my father.

Jea. I—I was struck by the likeness.

Les. Compose yourself, I have no doubt you will serve my daughter faithfully.

Jea. Thank you, sir, sincerely, for your good opinion; I will endeavour to deserve it. (*Aside.*) What an extraordinary likeness.

Les. Now, friends, I must shew you our rooms, which I trust do credit to my taste.

Gue. Mademoiselle, allow me to offer you my arm.

Did. I beg pardon, but—(*Smiles.*)

Gue. Of course I most willingly cede my claims.

(*All laugh and exit, but Jeanne and Courriol.*)

Cou. What likeness, my good girl, was it that struck you so?

Jea. No one's, sir, I—

Cou. (*Aside.*) She hesitates; has she perceived the extraordinary resemblance that exists between Dubosc and this Lesurques. (*Aloud.*) You don't answer my question.

Jea. Pardon me, sir; it is painful for me to do so; some one is coming.

Enter DAUBENTON.

Dau. (*To Jeanne.*) I want to see Monsieur Lesurques.

Jea. He is here, sir.

Dau. Announce Monsieur Daubenton, Judge of the Pont Neuf division.

Jea. Monsieur Daubenton, Mademoiselle.

Jul. (*Entering hastily.*) Ah, Monsieur, my father will be delighted to see you; I will run and tell him you are here.

Dau. Don't trouble yourself, I fear I shall not be able to remain long.

Jul. Indeed! Why not?

Dau. I have just received intelligence that a dreadful murder has been committed not far from Paris, at Lieursaint; the business has been put into my hands, and I have to examine the witnesses, so that I have no time to lose.

Cou. At Lieursaint! the devil.

Jea. (*Announces from back.*) Monsieur Jerome Lesurques.

Enter JEROME.

Jul. Dear, dear grandfather!

Jer. My child! (*Kisses her.*)

Jul. You are the guest papa expected, then. Come, sit down; I'm so delighted to see you again. (*Seats him on sofa.*)

Jer. Your father expected me, did he? Sly rogue.

Jul. Oh, yes, did he not, Didier? This, grandpapa, is my future husband; he is prepared to love you as much as I do.

Did. I am, indeed, sir.

Jer. Is your father at home, love.

Jul. Yes; I'll call him.

Jer. No, no; let me see him alone.

Did. Allow me to fetch him. [*Exits.*

Jul. Grandpapa, how pale you look.

Cou. Are you from the country, sir?

Jer. Lieursaint.

Dau. Pray, sir, do you know a person who keeps an inn, the "White Lion," they've named Jerome?

Jer. I am the man, sir.

Jul. Grandpapa, Monsieur Daubenton was telling us of a murder committed last night at Lieursaint.

Re-enter LESURQUES, GUERNAN *and* LAMBERT.

Les. Father, I am indeed glad to see you once more restored to us. Are you quite well?

Jer. (*Coldly.*) Yes.

Les. You look pale. What is the matter?

Jer. (*More coldly, and shuddering.*) I have been wounded in the arm.

Dau. }
Les. } Wounded?

Jer. It is nothing—a mere scratch.

Dau. It is most fortunate we have met; my officers are everywhere searching for you; you must tell everything you know relative to this atrocious affair.

Les. (*Calls off.*) Jacques, (*Servant enters.*) give Monsieur Daubenton a chair.

(*Servant gives a chair to Daubenton, and wheels up to it a table with writing materials.*)

Jer. But I——

Jul. Oh, but you must, grandpapa, if only to satisfy my curiosity, tell everything.

Les. Certainly, father, it is but just that the miscreant should be brought to punishment

(*Courriol displays agitation.*)

Jer. Well, Joseph, if I must, I must. (*Significantly.*) Know, then, that the Courier of the Lyons Mail was last night murdered at my door.

Jul. Ah! (*Screams.*)

Les. Last night? at what time?

Jer. (*Aside.*) His audacity appals me?

Dau. (*Writing.*) What was the hour?

Jer. (*With forced calmness.*) The courier was at my house at eight o'clock last night.

Dau. (*Writing.*) Did you see the crime committed?

Jer. No, I was absent at the time.

Dau. Where was your waiter?

Les. Ah, a lout of a boy.

Jer. (*Quickly.*) You know him, then? The murderers locked him in the cellar.

Cou. (*Agitated.*) They know all.

Jer. Consequently, he saw nothing.

Dau. I believe you heard the report of fire-arms?

Jer. I did.

Dau. You were slightly wounded by a shot from one of the murderers?

Jer. I was.

Dau. Whom you saw?

Jer. As clearly as I see my son before me

Dau. Monsieur Jerome, you have a painful duty to perform, follow me to my offic.

(Goes up.)

Les. You will break poor Julie's heart if you take away her grandpapa; you can take his depositions here.

Jul. Do, pray, sir.

Dau. I would with pleasure, but—

Les. Why not here as well as elsewhere,—we will give you up this room for an office, and should anything of importance come out, you can then leave us.

Cou. (*Aside.*) I dare not go, it would excite suspicion.

Les. I am sure you cannot refuse Julie.

Jul. Oh, no! pray, Monsieur Courriol, ask him to stay.

Cou. (*Hesitating.*) I—I am sure you cannot refuse a lady's request. (*Aside.*) Curse her.

Les. (*Smiles.*) It is hard, that we who are innocent should suffer for the guilty.

Jer. Can I believe my ears? such audacity appears incredible.

Dau. Well, be it as you wish, I will remain for Julie's sake.

Les. That is right; now Julie, you had better see about dinner; but first see if your grandfather's arm be properly dressed. She is a capital nurse, I assure you.

Jer. (*Aside.*) This surpasses all.

Jul. Come, Grandpapa.

(Julie conducts Jerome, who is dejected and sunk in mournful astonishment. Exeunt together.)

Les. (*To Daubenton.*) I wish to speak one word to you; pardon me, my friends, for a few moments.

(To Courroil, Guernan, and Lambert.)

Cou. (*Aside.*) What can he have to say?

[They all retire.

Les. Do not question my father more than is necessary, this dreadful business seems to worry and annoy him.

Dau. I must confront the criminal with him.

Gue. (*To Lesurques.*) You never told me that your father lived at Lieursaint.

Les. He kept the place of his retreat a secret from any one, but me.

Dau. (*To Lesurques,*) You were at Lieursaint yesterday?

Les. (*Hesitating.*) No, I—I rode as far as Vincennes.

Enter JEANNE.

Monsieur le Judge.

(Gives letter.)

Dau. What is it?

Jea. An Officer and two Gensd'armes have brought a witness here.

Les. Come, friends.

[All exeunt but Daubenton and Jeanne.

Dau. Admit them.

[Jeanne exits and returns with two Gensd'armes, an Officer of Police, and Joliquet.

Dau. Whom have you there, officer?

Off. The waiter of the Inn at Lieursaint.

Dau. The lad whom the murderers locked in the cellar. (*Sits on Sofa.*) What is your name?

Jol. Bibo Joliquet, an' please you.

Dau. Where were you during the perpetration of these murders?

Jol. In a beer barrel.

Dau. Was there anything that took your attention previous to your being in the cellar?

Jol. Yes, Monsieur, a great deal; a man in a riding-cloak and with his hat slouched over his eyes, came to our house soon after seven o'clock yesterday evening, and called for a bottle of wine; besides this, I give him some string to mend his spur, which was broken, I am sure I should know him again.

(Daubenton writes.)

Re-enter COURRIOL.

Jol. That's one of them, sir.

Dau. What do you mean?

Jol. That's the man who shut me in the cellar, and wanted to do my business.

Cou. (*Aside.*) If I hesitate, I am lost. (*Advances on Joliquet.*) What do you say?

(Courriol rushes at Joliquet, they struggle and are separated by the Gend'armes.)

Dau. Sir, this violence is most indecent.

Enter JULIE, JEROME, *and Guests,* LESURQUES, GUERNAN, LAMBERT, *and* DIDIER.

Les. What is this disturbance?

Jol. (*Points to Lesurques.*) That's another of them.

Les. I!

Cou. (*Aside.*) The likeness to Dubosc has done it.

Dau. This is absurd—you might as well accuse me!

Jol. I'm right. This is the man who broke his spur—I'd swear it! I gave the string to mend it—(*Points.*)—there it is!

Dau. This gentleman was at Vincennes yesterday; he has just told us so.

Jer. He never was at Lieursaint.

Les. Nay, father, concealment is useless. I did go there, and Courriol procured me a horse for the purpose.

Cou. (*Aside.*) I'm in for it again!!

Dau. I understand you to say, that you rode to Lieursaint with Monsieur Courriol?

Les. No. I went alone.

Dau. And you rode to your father's house?

Les. I did.

Dau. And you broke and repaired a spur in the manner spoken off by the witness?

Les. Certainly.

Dau. Are you aware that he accuses you of being concerned in the murder last night?

Les. Accuses me!

Jer. No, no! Joliquet cannot be positive!

Jol. Can't I, though? Let him speak the truth. He did see me!

Les. I left the house while you were in the cellar, whither you had gone, by my orders, to fetch up some wine.

Jol. (*To Jerome.*) Yes. Must I say yes, master, or no, eh?

Les. Father, you must know the reason of my going to Lieursaint?

Jer. Indeed, no!

Les. I don't wish to make a boast of it; but what did you find on your return home?

Jer. I?—nothing.

Les. Did you not find a bag on the table in your room?

Jer. A bag on the table? I don't understand you.

Les. The money I lent to you. Pray, speak! and save me from this horrible suspicion.

Jer. My son! my son!

(*Falls exhausted on a chair. Julie goes to his assistance.*)

Les. Surely, I must be in a hideous dream!

Dau. I ask you again, are you sure that Monsieur Lesurques is the person you saw at your master's yesterday evening?

Jul. I can swear to both of them!

Dau. Gend'armes, in the name of the law, arrest those men!

(*Gend'armes seize Courriol and Lesurques.*)

Jul. Father! (*Faints at his feet.*)

Dau. My child! my child!

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the house of Lesurques.*

Enter JEANNE.

Jea. 'Tis impossible! In the teeth of all the evidence, nothing shall ever make me believe that Monsieur Lesurques is guilty! No doubt, all are deceived by this unfortunate likeness to the villain Dubosc. My heart bleeds for them!—would I could assist them, if only for the young lady's sake to whom I owe so much.

Enter JULIE, *with a letter.*

Jul. Jeanne!

Jea. (*Aside.*) Her eyes are quite red with weeping—poor, poor thing! (*Aloud.*) Yes, ma'amselle.

Jul. No one has returned?

Jea. No one—not even Monsieur Didier.

Jul. I expected as much. He has fallen from us like the rest. This horrid report soon circulates.

Jea. Nay, mademoiselle, he has been prevented from returning. I am sure you will see him immediately.

Jul. Should he return, you will not let him in, but give him this letter.

(*Exit Jeanne.*

Enter DIDIER.

Did. Julie—dear Julie!

Jul. Monsieur Didier!

Did. *Monsieur Didier!* How coldly you receive me. Believe me, my absence was unavoidable for an hour or two.

Jul. Nay, do not excuse yourself. I have no cause of reproach against you.

Did. Why, then——

Jul. Believe me, I have no reason to be offended with you. Your conduct towards me has been most generous—most noble. I must beg of you to read this letter, which explains my sentiments most fully. (*Going.*)

Did. You will not leave me thus?

Jul. Read the letter, I entreat you. There is one word which my hand has had the courage to write, but which my heart and lips refuse to utter.

Did. What word? Julie, you alarm me! Tell me what mean you.

Jul. Farewell!

Did. (*Crushing letter.*) What have I done to deserve this?

Jul. I have a duty which must be performed, however painful. Didier, you are a man of honour, one whose character is without stain, and think you I would allow you to link your fate with mine, the daughter of a criminal—a supposed felon?

Did. Julie!

Jul. Nay, do not misunderstand me. I am convinced that my father is incapable of the horrid crime laid to his charge; the experience of a life tells me this. But that is nothing. The world thinks otherwise. I am the daughter of Lesurques; ruin has fallen upon our house, which we must bear alone. Didier, from this moment I release you from your engagement. Go, forget me, and may you be happy!

Did. Just now you were pleased to speak of me as a man of honour; I trust I am so. But think you I should be acting in accordance with that character were I to desert you now? Dear Julie, I am hurt—most deeply hurt—that you should think so meanly of me. Believe me, I love you more in your affliction, if that be possible, than in the full blaze of your prosperity!

Jul. I expected no less from your generous and noble heart.

Dia. Besides, there is every probability that your father's innocence will be made clear, beyond the shadow of a doubt. Some new evidence has been discovered this very hour.

Jul. Where? where?

Did. At Montgeron, a village near the scene of the murder. It appears that some men on horseback had stopped to bait at the principal posting-house at the place, and the people of the inn have identified the horses as belonging to a man of the name of Choppard, for whom a most rigorous search has been instituted, as I believe, not in vain.

Jul. Yes—yes—and the people of the inn?

Did. Declare most positively they would know the men again, should they be confronted with them.

Jul. One hope, then, is ours!

Dia. They are in the house, and Monsieur Daubenton has ordered them to be immediately confronted with your father, being convinced of his innocence. Thus the witness will be examined in a quiet way, with the apparent absence of everything legal and imposing, hoping the evidence will clear our dear father's name without a doubt.

Jul. All hope is, then, not lost.

Did. I am sanguine of the result; Choppard, the man the horses were hired of, being taken, and there is every reason to believe he will make some important disclosures. But, dearest, pray appear composed, it will so distress your father.

Enter DAUBENTON.

Dau. That is also my request; restrain your feelings, and do not let me have to regret that I have so far warped my duty to friendship, by bringing your father here, instead of examining him in prison.

Jul. I will be all you can desire, though my heart break in the struggle.

Dau. That I am sure you will. I have ordered Choppard to be brought here first.

(*They sit.*)

Did. Courage, dearest; we must hope for the best.

[CHOPPARD *is brought in at back in charge of an Officer.*

Dau. (*To Choppard.*) Is this the witness Choppard?

Cho. Pierre Choppard, horse dealer, commonly called Ugly-mug, by his intimate friends.

(*Bows.*)

Dau. No levity here, sir. (*To Officer.*) Leave us.

(*Officer exits.*)

Cho. (*Aside.*) What's the rig next, I wonder?

Dau. How comes it, Monsieur Choppard, that you disappeared from the neighbourhood on the night of the murder, and have been missing till now?

Cho. I was suddenly called away on particular business.

Dau. I thought your business lay at Paris?

Cho. True, but my wife looks after that; she's an excellent woman.

Enter LESURQUES *and* COURRIOL, *guarded by two Gend'armes;* JEANNE *precedes them.*

Jul. (*Rushes towards Lesurques.*) Father!

Cho. (*Aside and starting.*) Duboscl

[*Julie and Lesurques embrace; Didier grasps Lesurques hand.*

Dau. (*To Choppard.*) Do you know both or either of these persons?

Cho. (*Aside.*) Now for it. (*Aloud.*) Yes, I know Monsieur Courriol. (*To him.*) I hope you are quite well, sir, and all the family.

Dau. Tell me what you remember relative to the 8th Floréal.

Cho. Nothing particular, thank fate; I ate, drank, and slept as usual.

Dau. No levity, sir. Did Monsieur Courriol hire a horse of you on that day?

Cou. I have often hired a horse of you, have I not, Choppard?

Cho. Of course you have. Allow me to solicit a continuance of your favours. N.B. No credit, cock-tails, nor ginger.

Dau. Pray, are you acquainted with the person of any one else here?

Cho. (*Aside.*) The plant is not badly meant, but it won't do. (*Aloud.*) No, sir, they don't belong to the ugly-mugs.

Dau. (*Indicating Lesurques.*) This gentleman, for instance.

Cho. Never saw him before in all my life.

Jul. I breathe again.

Did. Hush, dearest.

Dau. You will be pleased to observe that this gentleman was at your house on the 8th.

Cho. At my house?

[*Telegraphs to Lesurques, who is lost in astonishment.*

Les. I was at your house on the 8th Floreal, there is no secret in that.

Cho. Well, if you were, I never saw you, I was not at home.

Dau. If you were not at home, where were you?

Cho. I don't remember, I'll ask my wife.

Cou. If you will allow me, Monsieur le Juge, I will assist his memory. (*Signs of assent from Daubenton.*) You were at Monsieur Choppard's about four o'clock, I think, Lesurques?

Cho. (*Aside.*) Why, it's not Dubosc after all, then all's right; I'm dumb!

Cou. It was about four o'clock, at which time Choppard was at home.

Les. I never saw him, if he were.

Cho. And now I come to recollect, I was at home at four o'clock; ask my wife.

Cou. Did Monsieur Lesurques hire one of your horses?

Cho. Yes, a skewball, with a cocktail and spavin.

Cho. Pray was I with Monsieur Lesurques, or did I hire a horse on that day?

Cho. No, I'll take my oath of that! You had no money.

Dau. This will not do; it is irrelevant to the business in question.

Cou. I wish to prove my innocence!

Cho. Yes, citizen judge; we are as innocent as the babby unborn, both of us!

Cou. Perhaps, Monsieur le Juge, you will have the kindness to ask Lesurques if I went to Lieursaint?

Les. Not with me.

Cho. And now, citizen Judge, as you have taken my deposition, you will allow me to go; I have very particular business to transact; besides, I want my dinner, and my wife prefers it hot.

Dau. Your presence is yet needed.

Cho. This is very pretty treatment for a free Citizen of the Republic! allow my mutton to cool!

Dau. Silence! sir. Monsieur Lesurques you will sit here, beside your daughter; you, Monsieur Courriol, by Monsieur Didier, and you, Monsieur Choppard, by me. Take your places at once.

(*They do so.*)

Cho. (*Murmurs.*) Well, it is deuced hard to be obliged to stop here, and keep the dinner waiting at home.

Les. (*To Julia.*) Nay, weep not, my child, all will yet be well.

Jul. Pray heaven it may.

Les. I am sure it will. But where is my poor father?

Enter JEANNE, *introducing an Old Man, his Daughter, and a Post-boy;* JEROME *also enters and sits at back.*

Old M. You sent for me, Monsieur le Judge.

Dau. I did so—you are the post-master of Montgeron, and it appears that the supposed murderers of the Lyons Mail Courier were seen at your house?

Old M. They were.

Dau. I am informed you can identify their persons!

Les. (*Aside.*) Then I am cleared.

Cho. (*Aside.*) The old rip!

Old M. On the 8th, four men on horseback alighted at my house.

Niece. One of them whom I remarked to be a tall thin man, called for a large glass of brandy, with which I served him, I especially observed his appearance, as it struck me as peculiar.

Old M. The strongest, however, I have reserved.

Dau. Let us have it.

Old M. One of the men, who had the appearance of a horse chauster, kept, from habit I presume, striking his boot with a riding whip he held in

hand, and prefaced every word he spoke with an oath?

Cho. (*Aside.*) Curse it, that's me!

Dau. You say you could positively identify this person.

Old M. I could. Soon after the party had left my house, I perceived that the one of whom I spoke just now, had left his whip behind; I knew the road they had taken, and ran after him to restore it, but was too late, as they were out of sight; in about half an hour he returned, swearing like a trooper, and halloing for his whip; I returned it to him, and so roughly did he take it, that a small silver plate dropped from it on the ground.

Dau. Did he pick it up?

Old M. No, he was in too great a hurry, I found it afterwards, and produce it for your inspection, you will see it has two letters engraved on it, a P and a C.

Dau. Monsieur Pierre Choppard, what do you say to this?

Cho. Say, why—oh,—I'll—I'll ask my wife!

Old M. That's the man! I'll swear to him among a hundred.

Cho. Oh, he'll swear anything—

Les. I am saved!

Niece. (*Recognising Lesurques.*) And that is the man I served with the brandy.

Jul. Great heaven!

Post B. And I can swear to the third.

Cho. Great cry and little wool, as the devil said when he sheared his pig. I suppose mine is not the only name that has a P and a C in it.

Dau. Possibly not, but you will perceive that the plate exactly fits this whip, which the Officer found at your house.

Cho. What of that? you can't prove it is my whip. Ask my wife.

Dau. In addition to that, here are two cheques for 500 livres each, found at your house, which were taken from the Courier's pocket-book; the numbers are 159 and 180.

Cho. (*Aside.*) Bagged at last! well, what's the odds!

Dau. Before I commit you to prison, have you anything to say?

Cho. No, my blessed wife will talk for me.

Les. Gentlemen, by all you hold sacred, at least confess that I was not with you at Montgeron—that I am innocent.

Cho. We're all in the same boat.

Les. Have you any conscience—have you any human feelings left? Courriol, one word of yours will save me!

Cou. My dear sir, I have no doubt you are as innocent as I am myself! none of us had anything to do with it!

Cho Of course we hadn't, we are all innocent, only no one believes it. (*Aside.*) Dubosc is saved!

Les. (*To Old Man.*) You can have no cause of enmity against me; confess you are mistaken, look at me well; is mine the face of a hardened villain, a murderer? I appeal to you, Mademoiselle, do I look an associate of such men as these—am I likely to have gamed and drunk with them? (*To Boy.*) My friend, will you suffer an innocent man to mount the scaffold? Do not let my blood rest upon your heads, polluting as it must your paths through life; on my knees I beg—I implore you; what—silent, all? Oh! I shall go mad! mad! mad!

Dau. (*Aside.*) This is the most strange! (*To Officer.*) Convey the witnesses to my house, they shall there sign their depositions; away with the prisoners to La Force. (*Officers guard off Courriol and Choppard, Didier looks to Julie.*) She is fainting, poor child!

(*Didier leads off Julie, almost fainting.*)

Les. My child, too, gone, without a word! my cup of misery is almost full. Father, you at least—

Jer. Allow me, Monsieur le Juge, to say a word in private to my unhappy son.

Dau. I will allow ten minutes, at the end of which time the officers will convey him to prison for immediate trial.

[*Exit Daubenton.*

Jer. We have no moments to lose. Listen to me, guilty one!

Les. Father, you, at least, will believe me innocent?

Jer. Keep such expressions as these for your defence before the court. Let me be spared the pain of believing you an hypocrite as well as a villain.

Les. Hypocrite——

Jer. Yes; I am neither the Judge or the Jury, on me these specious phrases are all lost.

Les. Father, this is too much, even these miscreants had not dared to wound my feelings thus.

Jer. Perhaps not; nor had they, steeped as they are to the very heart in crime, have dared to raise their hands against a parent's life.

Les. I!—what mean you, father?

Jer. That when I rushed to the scene of bloodshed, attracted thither by your victim's cries, you grappled with me, struck me to the ground, and defiled with dust your father's whitened hairs; and when I rose, stunned and almost insensible, the bullet from your pistol grazed my arm.

Les. Father, father! you must be mad, or wish to drive me so. I a murderer—a parricide!

Jer. I saw you—clearly as I see you now!

Les. And is this the end of a life of honest industry? For this have I striven to keep my name pure and untainted?—for this have I amassed a fortune gained by daily toil? Oh! this is too much—'tis too hard to bear!

Jer. Unhappy wretch! 'tis useless to deny that which is clear as the sun at noonday. I have done all I can to avert suspicion. I have purposely kept back evidence, which, if once brought forward, must have condemned you. I did so—may heaven pardon me for it—to preserve our name in purity, which, till now, has been pure and stainless as the mountain snow.

Les. And must I bear this?

Jer. You have done well, indeed! You have covered an honest man with infamy, and you have raised your hand against your father's life! assassin! parricide! this is your work! You will die by the hands of the executioner, an object of loathing and scorn to all good men!

Les. I am innocent!

Jer. Coward and liar!

Les. Father, it is not for me to boast, but my nerves are as firm, my pulse as even, as when at sixteen years of age I marched with my regiment against the enemy! Did my limbs tremble—did my cheek turn pale, when I saw my comrades fall like slaughtered sheep around me? You know they did not.

Jer. Away, coward.

Les. You have called me parricide—murderer—now you call me coward.

Jer. Will you make the only reparation in your power, by confessing your crime?

Les. No, I will not—I am guiltless!

Jer. May my curse——

(Takes out a pistol, and is about to fire upon Lesurques when JEANNE *enters and rushes between them.)*

Jea. Help—help!

Enter Officer, with Soldiers.

Off. What is this?

(Disarms Jerome.)

Les. Hasten to my daughter, Jeanne—be this pang, at least, spared her.

Jea. I will, I will.

[*Exits hastily.*

Off. Sir, you must come with me.

Les. Father, at least give me your hand before I go.

Jer. Away, I know you not.

Les. Father, father.

Jer. My bitter curse upon you.

[*Exits.*

Les. I cannot support this—my heart is broken.

(Falls senseless.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Chamber on the Ground Floor.*

JEANNE *and* JULIE *discovered; the latter asleep on sofa.*

Jea. I can endure this no longer, the horrid secret shall be revealed; should I keep silence still, I shall myself become Lesurques' murderer, in the event of his being condemned. Let me reflect: if I divulge what I know, my own shame will be discovered, and I shall be thrust forth a homeless wanderer. Let it be so, my honour is but dust in the balance compared with the life of this good man. This letter conveyed to the Judge will save him.

(Shows letter.)

Did. *(Without.)* Julie, Julie.

Jea. Monsieur Didier.

(Conceals letter.)

Enter DIDIER.

Did. Julie.

Jul. *(Awakening.)* Yes, my father.

Did. Let me recover my breath, and I'll tell you all. Good news, good news.

Jul. Is my father acquitted?

Did. He will be almost immediately.

Jul. Are you deceiving me?

Did. By all I hold sacred, I am not.

Jul. Blessings on you, dearest. Tell me how this has happened.

Did. You know your father failed to prove that he was at home in Paris at 7 o'clock on the 8th Floreal. This proof I have been able to establish. You see when the police searched Choppard's house, they discovered that the leaf of his ledger, containing the register of horses let out for hire, on the day in question, was missing, and nowhere to be found. This supplied me with a clue—I immediately proceeded to Madame Choppard, and offered her 5,000 livres if she would give me the missing leaf. Fearful lest its production might prejudice her husband, on my assuring her to the contrary, and tempted by the sight of the money which I displayed, she broke in two pieces the slight horsehair seated chair, on which she was sitting, and drew from thence the register.

Jul. What else does it say?

Did. *(Reads.)* "8th Floreal. A bay horse let out for hire to Monsieur Lesurques, at 30 sous per hour. Left paris at 4 o'clock, returned at 7 p.m. Received in payment 29 francs. Signed, Marie Choppard." You see, the murder was committed at half-past eight; the murderer could not be in Paris till ten—an *alibi* is clearly proved, and your father is saved.

(Gives her register.)

Jul. Thank heaven!

Did. This register must be taken instantly to Monsieur Daubenton. *(Going.)* Stay, give me your father's pistols.

Jul. What for?

(Fouinard is seen peeping at window.)

Did. I have been dogged hither.

Jul. Dogged?

(Placing the register on the escritoire.)

Did. Yes; as I left Choppard's I observed a fellow certainly watching me, and who, I am certain, followed me hither. His motive I am unable to guess, but under the circumstances, I don't like going out unarmed, especially as I have this register about me; it is of more value than the whole world!

Jul. Oh, yes, yes!

Did. Suppose we go together in a hackney coach, there will be no risk attached to that.

Jul. No; I will get ready immediately.

[*Exit.*

Did. In the meantime, I'll fetch the coach; we have not a moment to lose, Julie.

[*Exit.*

Jea. Thank heaven, his innocence may be proved without my testimony, and my shame will now be hidden! Dubosc may escape—villain as he is, he is still the father of my child.

(Burns letter in candle.)

Jul. *(Without.)* Jeanne! Jeanne!

Jea. Coming, mademoiselle, coming!

(Runs out.)

(Music. Fouinard appears at window. Seeing no one he whistles, as giving a signal.)

Fou. Quick, the coast is clear.

(Dubosc appears.)

Dub. All right! *(They enter through window.)* You are sure he left the register?

Fou. Quite! It is on the escritoire.

Dub. *(Goes to escritoire and takes register.)* This is it. Now for a little legerdemain. *(Takes out penknife and erases letters on register.)* There, if any one can read that, I'm a Dutchman.

Fou. Let's be off—some one's coming.

[*Exit by window.*

Dub. *(Replaces register where he found it.)* Footsteps!—damnation!

(Not having time to escape through the window, he hides behind screen.)

Re-enter JULIE *and* JEANNE. *Jeanne carries a candle.*

Jea. (*Looking out.*) The coach is at the door.

Jul. This precious document.

(*Takes register, which is folded up, places it in note case, and puts it in her pocket.*)

Jea. Monsieur Didier is in the hall: let me light you.

(*Takes candle and exit with Julie. Dubosc leaves his hiding place, and is making for the window, when Jeanne returns; they meet face to face.*)

Dub. Jeanne!

Jea. Dubosc!

(*Chord.*)

Dub. Silence, as you value your life!

Jea. My life is worthless, wretch! you have deprived me of that which made it valuable—honour! Cower and turn from me; it is fitting the false, perjured betrayer, should sink, coward like, before the poor girl that trusted to his word! Where now is the mockery of your solemn promises, your vows of love and protection for the future? Cast off, as I have been, to the winds of heaven; you deserted me, guiltily left your child to the mercy of the cold, unfeeling world, to perish, aye, starve! Man! man! have you a heart? But your hour is come—I will denounce you. Murderer, you shall not escape! (*Seizes him.*) Help! help!

(*During the struggle the candle is struck down.*)

Dub. Let me go, fool!

Jea. Never, while I have life! Justice shall be done—the innocent released, the guilty given up to justice!

Dub. You will repent this.

Jea. Villain! accursed villain! had you the strength of a hundred men, you should not escape me! Now, villain, who triumphs! All my silent prayers and entreaties for assistance have been unheeded! wallowing in luxury, I was left to die in the streets, or turn to shame—you dared to point out that course to me, the mother of your child! The worm you trampled to the earth will rise to crush you. (*They struggle violently.*) To the judge? to the judge!

Dub. Lights—the household alarmed! Release me!

Jea. Never!

Dub. Then let this!

(*Draws knife, Stabbs Jeanne, she falls. Dubosc darts through the window, Servants enter with lights.*)

Jea. Murdered! by—

(*General consternation.*)

SCENE II.—*A Hall of Justice, with folding doors. Gend'armes enter and range each side of door. Enter* JEROME, *who endeavours to pass the Soldiers, who oppose him.*

Jer. I must see Monsieur Daubenton.

Enter DAUBENTON.

Dau. Let him come in. Soldiers, allow him to pass.

(*They do so and exit.*)

Jer. Thanks, thanks! Is there any hope?

Dau. I fear none.

Jer. I wanted but this to fill up the measure of my grief.

Dau. You must leave this place, the prisoners will be brought here.

Jer. Let me see him once more. I will not speak—I will not even make a sign. Oh, pity and respect a broken-hearted father's appeal.

Dau. It's against the rules, but I will allow you to remain, on condition that you stand back, and are silent.

Jer. I will, I will. Not a sigh or a whisper, though my heart burst. A thousand blessings on you.

(*Goes to back.*)

Enter from the Court, CHOPPARD, COURRIOL, *and* LESURQUES. *They stand in a row.*

Les. A few minutes more and the jury will have determined.

Cho. To swing us, or restore us to the bosom of our blessed families.

Enter JULIE *and* DIDIER. *They show papers to Gend'armes before they can pass.*

Jul. Dearest father, we come to save you. I have proof that my father was in Paris at the time of the murder.

Les. Great heavens! For mercy's sake keep me not in suspense.

Jul. (*Producing register.*) Read this register, dated the 8th.

Did. It shows that Lesurques had returned to Paris by half-past seven on that evening.

Dau. (*Trying to read register.*) It is impossible for me to make this out. I can trace something like Lesurques, but that is all. There has evidently been something written here, now nearly erased by a pen knife, consequently ellegible.

Did. Impossible, Julie, you never let the register go out of your hand?

Jul. Only whilst I went up stairs to dress.

Did. Some secret villany has been at work; we are ruined.

Les. And the last gleam of hope extinguished.

Enter JEANNE, *pale and almost fainting, they assist her.*

Jea. Let me speak before my strength fails me. Immediately on Mademoiselle Julie leaving the house to come hither, I was startled by the appearance of a man in her chamber, who had effected his entrance by the window. This man, who I can identify, I endeavoured to seize, but he was too much for me, and made his escape.

Dau. I cannot believe this, it must be false.

Jea. Behold a witness to the truth of what I say—though dumb, 'tis sealed in my blood; let this convince you.

(*Draws aside her cloak, and shows her side stained with blood.*)

Dau. This man wounded you you say.

Jea. (*Grows faint.*) Yes, with a Spanish knife. In the struggle I clung to him, when to free himself, he struck me and fled.

Jul. Monster!

Jea. This man, whom I know well, too well, is the living image of Monsieur Lesurques, who is innocent of the crime imputed to him. (*Turns to Courriol and Choppard.*) Can you deny that such is the fact; speak, I charge you, as you will have to answer here and hereafter.

Cou. I! I!

Jea. You refuse to answer; remember that by so doing you cannot hope to clear yourselves. You are both guilty, and your doom must be the scaffold; at least you can die with one crime the less upon your consciences; be merciful and spare the guiltless restore the parent to his child.

Cou. This is rather awkward, eh?

Cho. I'll ask my wife, my memory's so slippery.

Jea. You know full well that Dubosc is the real murderer.

Omnes. Dubosc.

Cou. I confess the truth—Monsieur Lesurques is perfectly innocent, we and Dubosc alone are guilty; it was he that did the deed.

Cho. Discharge us, and say no more about it.

Dau. You confess then, that this man Dubosc, bears a great likeness to Monsieur Lesurques.

Cou. I do most distinctly.

Cho. And I say ditto ditto to the same, and now my conscience is one crime the lighter.

Les. (*Embracing Julie and Didier.*) My children, you know me innocent now.

Cho. Dubosc has behaved in the most ungentlemanly manner, by never sending to enquire after our health; it was he who planned the murder, and put the idea into our heads; we, poor innocent lambs, were seduced by his bad example; and as to the witnesses, they are all in error, having mistaken Dubosc for Lesurques. Now I have spoken the truth, and I feel easier in my mind.

Jea. Lead me hence, I am sinking. (*She is led off.*)

Jer. (*Rushing forward.*) Pardon, pardon, for the vile suspicion I harboured against you, the best of sons.

(*Falls sobbing at his feet.*)

Enter an Officer.

Off. The Jury has delivered their verdict—the Court requires the presence of the accused persons.

The three Prisoners enter the Dock, guarded by Gend'armes, their back only are seen by the audience. All enter the Court but JEANNE.

President of the Court. (*His voice only is heard.*) Having heard the prosecution, and the accused having been found guilty of murder by a jury of their countrymen, the Tribunal of the Republic condemns Courriol, Lesurques, and Choppard, to death by decapitation.

(*Julie screams, and is led out by Didier.*)

Jea. And this is the sentence rendered to an innocent man? He must fall before a chain of mystery and circumstantial evidence? A father and a family sacrificed to save a villain from the scaffold. No, not while I breathe, or have power to make myself felt or heard. Justice! justice! A woman now holds the scales; look to the balance.

SCENE III.—*A portion of the Place de Greve. On one side a low wine house, with balcony over the pillars of the door. Groups of people waiting, talking earnestly, and pointing to the Palace of Justice.*

FOUINARD *seen peeping over the balcony.*

Fou. We're all secure, our worthy friends will pay their respects to the guillotine in a few minutes, and our secret is in the grave. That is, always providing my inestimable friend and companion Dubosc retains his senses, and remains sober; should he persevere in his bad habits, much as I respect him, to save myself, I shall denounce him, and live a faithful citizen to our glorious republic.

Dub. Fouinard, skulker, where are you? Brandy; no shirking the glass.

Fou. Unamiable savage, hush!

(*Retires from window. Bell heard.*)

Fou. Truly our great republic makes short work of her children. To be accused is to die. The guillotine is ever craving for its food.

Dub. More wine; brandy; let's have more; my brain is on fire.

Fou. Don't you think, my dear friend, you have had enough? Besides, consider how imprudent it is for you to remain here, should you be seen.

Dub. (*Excited with liquor, sings*) "Come, give me good wine, 'tis your birthday or mine; and we'll never think of to-morrow."

Fou. But don't you see you may be recognised.

Dub. I cannot; I have hired this balcony purposely, and if you dare to move, I'll throw you into the street. There is nothing amuses me more than an execution. Vive la guillotine!

Fou. (*Half aside.*) Wretch!

Dub. I suppose you'd be devilish glad if I were in Lesurques' place? D—m—me, if I thought so, I'd throttle you.

Fou. My kind, agreeable friend, do not excite yourself. (*Half aside.*) The letter must have reached its destination, and they will soon be here.

Dub. No muttering. Give me wine; a bottle, a dozen bottles.

Fou. (*Pours out wine.*) There, now, pray be quiet. Remember you have business in hand. There is the young lady.

Dub. Of course there is. I must carry Jeanne off. A little gentle violence will do her no harm. She is the only woman who really took my fancy.

Fou. Now is my time. Dubosc, your sand is run.

(*Watches an opportunity, and exits as into house.*)

Dub. Fouinard! The fool has gone. The cart bearing the condemned—Courriol, Choppard, and Lesurques. How do you like it, my fine fellows? (*Withdraws into house.*)

(*The three prisoners enter, guarded by gend'armes, and followed by a crowd of people; they stop beneath the balcony.*)

Chop. Again I repeat it. On the word of a dying man, Lesurques is innocent! Don't suffer him to be hung up like a dog; hanging's too good for me.

People. Yes, yes! He is innocent!

Les. My friends, I thank you for this manifestation of your feeling towards me. I leave behind me my daughter and my aged father. I bequeath them to the nation. Let not my name be branded with scorn—I die innocent. Posterity will do me justice.

Jer. My son—my son!

Off. (*To gend'armes.*) Proceed!

(*They move on, amid the groans of the populace, and exit. After a pause.* DUBOSC *appears on balcony, wildly excited.*)

Dub. They approach the scaffold! Hurrah! Vive la liberté! vive la guillotine!

(*At this moment, several gend'armes enter below balcony. Daubenton is with them, also Jeanne.*)

Jea. 'Tis he—the murderer is there! (*Points up.*) There! Stop the execution! I have proofs—he shall be snatched from death! Villain, you shall not escape me now. Help! help!

(*Music. Daubenton rushes off after Lesurques. Jeanne climbs up balcony and seizes Dubosc, they struggle, he levels a pistol at her head; it misses fire; he then attempts to escape through house; she clings to him, hanging over the balcony; he is met by Jerome and gend'armes, who enter on balcony through house; bell tolls; they fire at him; he falls on balcony.*)

Jea. Wretch, you have paid the forfeit of your crimes, and I am avenged!

(*Noise without—shouts*

Voices. (*Without.*) Saved! saved!

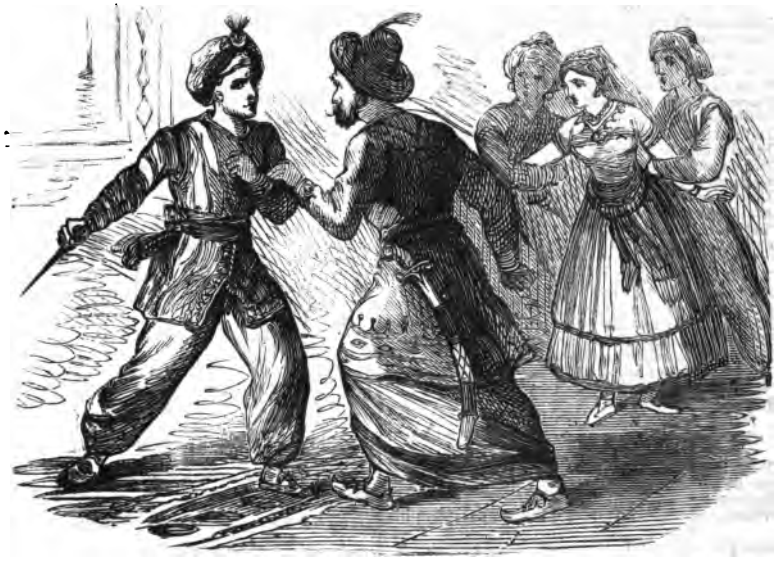
(*Lesurques brought in by Daubenton, Dickie and Julie clinging to him; Jerome falls on his neck as he sinks in prayer.*)

Jer. My son—my innocent son! live—live! a blessing to your father's heart!

Les. My father blesses be! Child, kneel with me in gratitude to Him that spared our name from infamy, and restored a sinking wretch to happiness and life. [*Exeunt*

BARBAROSSA.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY JOHN BROWN.



Bar—"PERDITION ON THEE! DOST THOU ECHO ME? ANSWER ME QUICK OR DIE!"—*Act* iv., *scene* 1.

Persons Represented.

ACHMET.	ALADIN.	ZAPHIRA.
BARBAROSSA.	YUSEF.	IRENE.
OTHMAN.	HASSAN.	SEMIRA.
SADI.	OFFICERS.	

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter OTHMAN *and a Slave.*

Oth. A stranger, say'st thou, that enquires of Othman?
Slave. He does, and waits admittance.
Oth. Did he tell
His name and quality?
Slave. That he declin'd:
But called himself thy friend.
Oth. Where didst thou see him?
Slave. Ev'n now, while twilight clos'd the day
I spied him
Musing amid the ruins of yon tower
That overhangs the flood.
Oth. What can this mean?
Conduct the stranger to me.
[*Exit Slave.*
Perhaps some worthy citizen return'd
From voluntary exile to Algiers,
Once known in happier days.

Enter SADI.

Ah, Sadi here!
My honour'd friend!
Sadi. Stand off; pollute me not:
These honest arms, tho' worn with want, disdain
Thy gorgeous trappings, earn'd by foul dishonour.
Oth. Forbear thy rash reproaches: for beneath
This habit, which to thy mistaken eye
Confirms my guilt, I wear a heart as true
As Sadi's to my king.
Sadi. Why then beneath
This cursed roof, this black usurper's palace,
Dar'st thou to draw infected air, and live
The slave of insolence?
O shame! to dwell
With murder, lust, and rapine! did he not
Come from the depths of Barca's solitude
With fair pretence of faith and firm alliance?
Did not our grateful King, with open arms,
Receive him as his guest? O fatal hour!
Did he not then with hot, adult'rous eye,
Gaze on the Queen Zaphira? yes, 'twas lust,
Lust gave th' infernal whisper to his soul,
And bade him murder, if he would enjoy.
Yet thou, pernicious traitor, unabash'd
Canst wear the murd'rer's badge.
Oth. Mistaken man!
Yet still I love thee:
Still unprovoked by thy intemperate zeal,
Could passion prompt me to licentious speech,
Bethink thee; might I not reproach thy flight
With the foul names of fear and perfidy?
Didst thou not fly when Barbarossa's sword
Reeked with the blood of thy brave countrymen?
What then did I? Beneath this hated roof,
In pity to my widow'd queen——
Sadi. In pity?
Oth. Yes, Sadi; heav'n is witness, pity sway'd me.
With honest guile I did inroll my name
In the black list of Barbarossa's friends:
In hope that some propitious hour might rise,
When heaven would dash the murd'rer from his throne.
And give young Selim to his orphan'd people.
Sadi. Indeed! canst thou be true?
Oth. By heav'n, I am.
Sadi. Why, then, dissemble thus?
Oth. Have I not told thee?
I held it vain, to stem the tyrant's power,
By the weak efforts of an ill-tim'd rage.
Sadi. I find thee honest: and with pride
Will join thy counsels.
Can aught, my friend, be done?
Can aught be dared?
We groan beneath the scourge.
This very morn, on false pretence of vengeance
For the foul murder of our honour'd king,
Five guiltless wretches perish'd on the rack.
O my devoted country!
But say, the widow'd queen; my heart bleeds for her.
Oth. If pain be life, she lives: but in such woe
As want and slavery might view with pity,
And bless their happier lot.
Hemm'd round by terrors,
Within this cruel palace, once the seat
Of ev'ry joy, thro' seven long tedious years,
She mourns her murder'd lord, her exiled son,
Her people fall'n: the murderer of her lord,
Returning now from conquest o'er the Moors,
Tempts her to marriage; but, with noble firmness
Surpassing female, she rejects his vows,
Scorning the horrid union. Meantime, he,
With ceaseless hate, pursues her exil'd son;
Ere this, perhaps, he bleeds. A murdering ruffian
Is sent to watch his steps, and plunge the dagger
Into his guiltless breast.
Sadi. Is this thy faith?
Tamely to witness such deeds of horror!
Give me thy poignard! lead me to the tyrant.
What tho' surrounding guards——
Oth. Repress thy rage.
Thou wilt alarm the palace, wilt involve
Thyself, thy friend, in ruin. Haste thee hence;
Haste to the remnant of our loyal friends,
And let maturer counsels rule thy zeal.
Sadi. Yet let us ne'er forget our prince's wrongs.
Remember, Othman, (and let vengeance rise)
How in the pangs of death, and in his gore
Welt'ring, we found our prince!
His royal blood,
The life-blood of his people, o'er the bath
Ran purple. Oh, remember! and revenge.
Oth. Doubt not my zeal. But haste, and seek our friends.
Near to the western port Almanzor dwells,
Yet unseduced by Barbarossa's power.
He will disclose to thee, if aught be heard
Of Selim's safety, or (what more I dread)
Of Selim's death. Thence best may our resolves
Be drawn hereafter.
Sadi. I obey thee.
Near to the western port, thou say'st?
Oth. Ev'n there.
Close by the blasted palm-tree, where the mosque
O'erlooks the city. Haste thee hence, my friend.
I would not have thee found within these walls.
(*Flourish.*)
And hark—these warlike sounds proclaim th' approach
Of the proud Barbarossa, with his train.
Begone.
Sadi. May dire disease and pestilence
Hang o'er his steps! Farewell. Remember, Othman,
Thy queen's, thy prince's, and thy country's wrong
[*Exit Sadi.*
Oth. When I forget them, be contempt my lot!
Yet for the love I bear them, I must wrap
My deep resentments in the specious guise
Of smiles, and fair deportment.

Enter BARBAROSSA, *Guards, &c.*

Bar. Valiant Othman,
Are those vile slaves impal'd?
Oth. My lord, they are.
Bar. Did not the rack extort confession from them?
Oth. They died obdurate: while the melting crowd
Wept at their groans and anguish.
Bar. Curse on their womanish hearts!
But why sits that sadness on thy brow,
While joy for my return,
My sword victorious, and the Moors o'erthrown,
Resounds through all my palace?
Oth. Mighty warriors!
The soul, intent on offices of love,
Will oft neglect or scorn the weaker proof
Which smiles or speech can give.
Bar. Well, be it so.

To guard Algiers from anarchy's misrule
I sway the regal sceptre.
But 'tis strange
That, when with open arms, I would receive
Young Selim, would restore the crown which death
Reft from his father's head, he scorns my bounty.
And proudly kindles war in foreign climes
Against my power, who sav'd his bleeding country.

Enter ALADIN.

Aladin. Brave prince, I bring thee tidings
Of high concernment to Algiers and thee.
Young Selim is no more.
Oth. Selim is no more!
Bar. Why that astonishment?
He was our bitterest foe.
Oth. So perish all thy causeless enemies.
Bar. How died the prince, and where?
Aladin. The rumour tells,
That flying to Oran, he there begg'd succours
From Ferdinand of Spain, t'invade Algiers.
Bar. From Christian dogs!
Oth. How! league with infidels!
Aladin. And there held council with the haughty Spaniard,
To conquer and dethrone thee; but in vain:
For in a dark encounter with two slaves,
Wherein the one fell by his youthful arm,
Selim at length was slain.
Bar. Ungrateful boy!
Oft have I courted him to meet my kindness,
But still in vain; he shunn'd me like a pestilence:
Nor could I e'er behold him, since the down
Covered his manly cheek. How many years
Number'd he?
Oth. I think, scarce thirteen when his father died,
And now some twenty.
Bar. Othman, now for proof
Of undissembled service. Well I know,
Thy long experienced faith hath placed thee high
In the queen's confidence:
Othman, she must be won.
Plead thou my cause of love:
Make her but mine,
And such reward shall crown thy zeal,
As shall outsoar thy wishes.
Oth. Mighty king,
Where duty bids, I go.
Bar. Then haste thee, Othman,
Ere yet the rumour of her son's decease
Hath reached her ear;
Tell her I come, borne on the wings of love!
Haste, fly, I follow thee.

[*Exit Othman.*

Now, Aladin,
Now fortune bears us to the wish'd-for port.
This was the rock I dreaded. Dost not think
The attempt was greatly daring?
Aladin. Bold as needful.
What booted it to cut the old serpent off,
While the young adder nested in his place?
Bar. True: Algiers is mine
Without a rival.
Yet I wonder much,
Omar returns not: Omar, whom I sent
On this high trust. I fear, 'tis he hath fallen.
Didst thou say two slaves encountered Selim?
Aladin. Ay, two; 'tis rumour'd so.
Bar. And that one fell?
Aladin. By Selim's hand; while his companion
Planted his happier steel in Selim's heart.
Bar. Omar, I fear, is fall'n. From my right hand
I gave my signet to the trusty slave;
And bade him send it, as the certain pledge
Of Selim's death, if sickness or captivity
Or wayward fate, should thwart his quick return.
Aladin. The rumour yet is young; perhaps, forerunns
The trusty slave's approach.
Bar. We'll wait th' event.
Meantime give out, that now the widow'd queen
Hath dried her tears, prepar'd to crown my love
By marriage rites; spread wide the flatt'ring tale:
For if persuasion win not her consent,
Pow'r shall compel.
This night my will devotes to feast and joy,
For conquest o'er the Moor. Hence, Aladin:
And see the night-watch close the palace round.

[*Exit Aladin.*

Now to the queen. My heart expands with hope.
Let high ambition flourish; in Selim's blood
Its root is struck: from this, the rising stem
Proudly shall branch o'er Afric's continent,
And stretch from shore to shore,

Enter IRENE.

My wayward daughter; still will thy folly thwart
Each purpose of my soul? When pleasures spring
Beneath our feet, thou spurn'st the proffer'd boon,
To dwell with sorrow. Why these sullen tears?
Irene. Let not these tears offend my father's eye;
They are the tears of pity. From the queen
I come, thy suppliant.
Bar. What would'st thou urge?
Irene. Thy dread return from war,
And proffer'd love, have open'd ev'ry wound
The soft and lenient hand of time had clos'd.
If ever gentle pity touch'd thy heart,
Urge not thy command
To see her; her distracted soul is bent
To mourn in solitude. She asks no more.
Bar. She mocks my love. How many tedious years
Have I endur'd her coyness! Had not war,
And great ambition, call'd me from Algiers,
Ere this my pow'r had reach'd what she denies.
But there's a cause which touches on my peace,
And bids me brook no more her false delays.
Irene. Oh, frown not thus!
But look more kindly on me,
Let thy consenting pity mix with mine,
And heal the woes of weeping majesty.
Unhappy queen!
Bar. What means that gushing tear?
Irene. Oh never shall Irene taste of peace,
While poor Zaphira mourns.
Bar. Is this my child?
Perverse and stubborn! as thou lov'st thy peace
Dry up thy tears. What! damp the general triumph,
That echoes through Algiers! which now shall pierce
The vaulted heav'n, as soon as fame shall spread
Young Selim's death, my empire's bitt'rest foe.
Irene. O generous Selim!

(*Weeps.*)

Bar. Ah! there's more in this.
Tell me, Irene, on thy duty tell me,

Why, at this detested name of Selim,
Afresh thy sorrow streams?
Irene. Yes, I will tell thee,
For he is gone, and dreads thy hate no more;
My father knows, that scarce five moons are past
Since the Moors seiz'd, and sold me at Oran,
A hopeless captive in a foreign clime.
Bar. Too well I know, and rue the fatal day.
But what of this?
Irene. Oft have I told thee,
How, midst the throng, a youth appear'd: his eye
Bright as the morning star.
Bar. And was it Selim?
Did he redeem thee?
Irene. With unsparing hand
He paid th' allotted ransom; at his feet I wept,
Dissolv'd in tears of gratitude and joy.
But when I told my quality and birth,
He started at the name of Barbarossa;
Yet with recovery mild,
"Go to Algiers," he cried; "protect my mother,
And be to her what Selim is to thee."
Even such, my father, was the gen'rous youth,
Who, by the hands of bloody, bloody men,
Lies number'd with the dead.
Bar. Amazement chills me!
Was this thy unknown friend conceal'd from me?
False, faithless child!
Irene. Could gratitude do less?
He said thy wrath pursu'd him; thence conjur'd me
Not to reveal his name.
Bar. Thou treacherous maid!
To stoop to freedom from thy father's foe!
Irene. Alas, my father,
He never was thy foe.
Bar. What, plead for Selim!
O, coward! trait'ress to thy father's glory!
Thou should'st have liv'd a slave, been sold to shame,
Been banish'd to the depths of howling deserts,
Been aught but what thou art, rather than blot
A father's honour by a deed so vile.
Hence from my sight! hence, thou unthankful child!
Beware thee; shun the queen: nor taint her ear
With Selim's fate. Yes, she shall crown my love;
Or, by our prophet! she shall dread my pow'r.
[*Exit.*
Irene. Unhappy queen,
To what new scenes of horror art thou doom'd!
She but entreats to die
In her dear father's tent; thither, good queen,
My care shall speed thee, while suspicion sleeps.
What tho' my frowning father pour his rage
On my defenceless head; yet innocence
Shall yield her firm support, and conscious virtue
Gild all my days. Could I but save Zaphira,
Let the storm beat; I'll weep and pray till she,
And heav'n, forget my father e'er was cruel.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Apartment.*

ZAPHIRA *discovered.*

Zaph. When shall I be at peace? O, righteous heav'n,
Strengthen my fainting soul, which fate would rise
To confidence in thee! but woes on woes
O'erwhelm me! first my husband, now my son,
Both dead! both slaughter'd by the bloody hand
Of Barbarossa! what infernal power
Unchain'd thee from thy native depth of hell
To stalk the earth with thy destructive train,
Murder and lust, to wake domestic peace
And every heart-felt joy.

Enter OTHMAN.

O faithful Othman,
Our fears were true;—my Selim is no more.
Oth. Has the fatal secret reach'd thine ear?
Inhuman tyrant!
Zaph. Strike him, heav'n, with thunder!
Nor let Zaphira doubt thy providence.
Oth. 'Twas that we fear'd. Oppose not heav'n's high will,
Nor struggle with the ten-fold chain of fate
That links thee to thy woes. Oh, rather yield,
And wait the happier hour, when innocence
Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing hope,
And yield thyself to heaven, my honour'd queen,
The king—
Zaph. Whom styl'st thou king?
Oth. 'Tis Barbarossa.
Zaph. Does he assume the name of king?
Oth. He does.
Zaph. O title vilely purchas'd! by the blood
Of innocence! by treachery and murder!
May heav'n, incensed, pour down its vengeance on him;
Blast all his joys, and turn them into horror,
Till phrensy rise, and bid him curse the hour
That gave his crimes their birth. My faithful Othman,
My sole surviving prop; can'st thou devise
No secret means, by which I may escape
This hated palace? With undaunted step
I'd roam the waste, to reach my father's vales
Of dear Mutija. Can no means be found
To fly these black'ning horrors that surround me?
Zaph. That hope is vain; the tyrant knows thy hate.
Hence, day and night, his guards environ thee.
Rouse not, then, his anger;
Let soft persuasion and mild eloquence
Redeem that liberty, which stern rebuke
Would rob thee of for ever.
Zaph. An injur'd queen
To kneel for liberty; and, oh, to whom?
Ev'n to the murd'rer of her lord and son!
O, perish first, Zaphira! yes, I'll die;
For what is life to me? my dear, dear lord,
My hapless child—yes, I will follow you.
Oth. Wilt thou not see him, then?
Zaph. I will not, Othman;
Or if I do, with bitter imprecation,
More keen than poison shot from serpents' tongues
I'll pour my curses on him.
Oth. Will Zaphira
Thus meanly sink in woman's fruitless rage,
When she should wake revenge?
Zaph. Revenge? O tell me—
Tell me but how? what can a helpless woman?
Oth. Gain but the tyrant's leave, and reach thy father:
Pour thy complaints before him: let thy wrongs
Kindle his indignation, to pursue
This vile usurper, till unceasing war
Blast his ill-gotten pow'r.

Zaph. Ah, say'st thou, Othman?
Thy words have shot like lightning thro' my frame;
And all my soul's on fire! Thou faithful friend!
Yes, with more gentle speech I'll soothe his pride;
Regain my freedom; reach my father's tents;
There paint my countless woes. His kindling rage
Shall wake the valleys into honest vengeance:
The sudden storm shall pour on Barbarossa,
And ev'ry glowing warrior steep his shaft
In deadlier poison, to revenge my wrongs.
Oth. There spoke the Queen. But as thou lov'st thy freedom,
Touch not on Selim's death. Thy soul will kindle
And passion mount in flames that will consume thee.
Zaph. My murdered son! Yes, to revenge thy death,
I'll speak a language which my heart disdains.
Oth. Peace, peace! the tyrant comes. Now, injur'd queen,
Plead for thy freedom, hope for just revenge,
And check each rising passion.
[*Exit.*

Enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. Hail, sovereign fair! in whom
Beauty and majesty conspire to charm!
Behold the conqu'ror.
Zaph. O Barbarossa,
No more the pride of conquest e'er can charm
My widow'd heart. With my departed lord
My love lies bury'd.
Then turn thee to some happier fair, whose heart
May crown thy growing love with love sincere;
For I have none to give.
Bar. Love ne'er should die:
'Tis the soul's cordial; 'tis the fount of life;
Therefore should spring eternal in the breast:
One object lost, another should succeed,
And all our life be love.
Zaph. Urge me no more:—Thou might'st with equal hope
Woo the cold marble, weeping o'er a tomb,
To meet thy wishes! But if gen'rous love
Dwell in thy breast, vouchsafe me proof sincere:
Give me safe convoy to the native vales
Of dear Mutija, where my father reigns.
Bar. Oh, blind to proffer'd bliss! what, fondly quit
This pomp
Of empire, for an Arab's wand'ring tent!
Where the mock chieftain leads his vagrant tribes
From plain to plain, and faintly shadows out
The majesty of kings!—Far other joys
Here shall attend thy call.
Submissive realms
Shall bow the neck; and swarthy kings and queens,
From the far distant Niger and the Nile,
Drawn captive at my conqu'ring chariot wheels,
Shall kneel before thee.
Zaph. Pomp and pow'r are toys,
Which ev'n the mind at ease may well disdain;
But, ah! what mockery is the tinsel pride
Of splendour, when the mind
Lies desolate within! Such, such, is mine!
O'erwhelm'd with ills, and dead to every joy:
Envy me not this last request, to die
In my dear father's tents!
Bar. Thy suit is vain——
Zaph. Thus kneeling at thy feet,——
Bar. Thou thankless fair!
Thus to repay the labours of my love,
Had I not seiz'd the throne when Selim died,
Ere this, thy foes had laid Algiers in ruin:
I check'd the warring pow'rs, and gave you peace.
Make thee but mine,
I will descend the throne, and call thy son
From banishment to empire.
Zaph. Oh, my heart!
Can I bear this?—
Inhuman tyrant! Curses on thy head!
May dire remorse and anguish haunt thy throne,
And gender in thy bosom fell despair!
Despair as deep as mine!
Bar. What means Zaphira?
What means this burst of grief?
Zaph. Thou fell destroyer!
Had not guilt steel'd thy heart, awak'ning conscience
Would flash conviction on thee, and each look,
Shot from these eyes, be arm'd with serpent horrors,
To turn thee into stones! Relentless man!
Who did the bloody deed? Oh, tremble, guilt,
Where'er thou art!—Look on me; tell me, tyrant!
Who slew my blameless son?
Bar. What envious tongue
Hath dar'd to taint my name with slander?
Thy Selim lives: Nay, more, he soon shall reign,
If thou consent to bless me.
Zaph. Never! Oh, never—Sooner would I roam
An unknown exile through the torrid climes
Of Africk, sooner dwell with wolves and tigers,
Than mount with thee my murder'd Selim's throne!
Bar. Rash queen, forbear! think on thy captive state;
Remember, that within these palace walls
I am omnipotent:—Yield thee, then;
Avert the gath'ring horrors that surround thee,
And dread my pow'r incens'd.
Zaph. Dares thy licentious tongue pollute mine ear
With that foul menace!—Tyrant! Dread'st thou not
Th' all seeing eye of heav'n, its lifted thunder,
And all the redd'ning vengeance which it stores
For crimes like thine?—Yet know, Zaphira scorns thee.
Tho' robb'd by thee of every dear support,
No tyrant's threat can awe the free born soul,
That greatly dares to die.
[*Exit*

Bar. Where should she learn the tale of Selim's death?
Could Othman dare to tell it? If he did.
My rage shall sweep him, swifter than the whirlwind,
To instant death!

Enter ALADIN.

O, Aladin!
Timely thou com'st, to ease my lab'ring thought,
That swells with indignation and despair.
This stubborn woman—
Aladin. What, unconquered still?
Bar. The news of Selim's fate hath reach'd her ear.
Whence could this come?
Aladin. I can resolve the doubt.
female slave, attendant on Zaphira,

O'erheard the messenger who brought the tale,
And gave it to her ear.
Bar. Perdition seize her!
Nor threats can move, nor promise now allure
Her haughty soul: Nay, she defies my pow'r;
And talks of death, as if her female form
Inshrin'd some hero's spirit.
Aladin. Let her rage foam,
I bring thee tidings that will ease thy pain.
Bar. Say'st thou? Speak on. O give me quick relief!
Aladin. The gallant youth is come who slew her son.
Bar. Who, Omar?
Aladin. No; unhappy Omar fell
By Selim's hand. But Achmet, whom he join'd
His brave associate, so the youth bids tell thee,
Reveng'd his death by Selim's.
Bar. Gallant youth!
Bears he the signet?
Aladin. Ay.
Bar. That speaks him true. Conduct him, Aladin.

[*Exit Aladin.*

This is beyond my hope. The secret pledge
Restor'd, prevents suspicion of the deed,
While it confirms it done.

Enter SELIM, *disguised as Achmet, and* ALADIN.

Selim. Hail, mighty Barbarossa! As the pledge (*Kneels.*)
Of Selim's death, behold thy ring restor'd:—
This pledge will speak the rest.
Bar. Rise, valiant youth;
But first, no more a slave—I give thee freedom,
Thou art the youth whom Omar (now no more)
Join'd his companion in this brave attempt?
Selim. I am.
Bar. Then tell me how you sped. Where found ye
That insolent?
Selim. We found him at Oran,
Plotting deep mischief to thy throne and people.
Bar. Well ye repaid the traitor.
Selim. As we ought.
While night drew on, we leapt upon our prey.
Full at his heart brave Omar aim'd the poniard.
Which Selim shunning, wrench'd it from his hand,
Then plung'd it in his breast, I hasted on,
Too late to save, yet I reveng'd my friend:
My thirsty dagger with repeated blows
Search'd every artery: They fell together,
Gasping in folds of mortal enmity:
And thus in frowns expired.
Bar. Well hast thou sped:
The dagger did its office, faithful Achmet!
And high reward shall wait thee.—One thing more—
Be the thought fortunate! Go, seek the queen,
For know, the rumour of her Selim's death
Hath reach'd her ear: Hence dark suspicions rise,
Glancing at me. Go, tell her that thou saw'st
Her son expire; that with his dying breath,
He did conjure her to receive my vows,
And give her country peace.

Enter OTHMAN.

Most welcome, Othman.
Behold this gallant stranger. He hath done
The state good service. Let some high reward
Await him, such as may o'erpay his zeal.
Conduct him to the queen; for he hath news,
Worthy her ear, from her departed son,
Such as may win her love. Come, Aladin;
The banquet waits our presence; festal joy
Laughs in the mantling goblet; and the night,
Illumin'd by the taper's dazzling beam,
Rivals departed day.

[*Exeunt Barbarossa and Aladin.*

Selim. What anxious thought
Rolls in thine eye, and heaves thy lab'ring breast?
Why join'st thou not the loud excess of joy
That riots thro' the palace?
Oth. Dar'st thou tell me
On what dark errand thou art here?
Selim. I dare.
Dost thou not perceive the savage lines of blood
Deform my visage? Read'st not in my eye
Remorseless fury?—I am Selim's murd'rer.
Oth. Selim's murd'rer!
Selim. Start not from me.
My dagger thirsts not but for regal blood—
Why this amazement?
Oth. Amazement! No; 'tis well: 'tis as it should be.
He was indeed a foe to Barbarossa.
Selim. And therefore to Algiers:—Was it not so?
Why dost thou pause: What passion shakes thy frame?
Oth. Fate, do thy worst! I can no more dissemble.
Can I unmov'd behold the murd'ring ruffian,
Smear'd with my prince's blood! Go, tell the tyrant,
Othman defies his pow'r; that, tir'd with life,
He dashes his bloody hand, and pleads to die.
Selim. What, did'st thou love this Selim?
Oth. All men lov'd him.
He was of such unmix'd and blameless quality.
That envy, at his praise stood mute, nor dar'd
To sully his fair name. Remorseless tyrant!
Selim. I do commend thy faith. And since thou lov'st him,
I'll whisper to thee, that with honest guile
I have deceiv'd this tyrant Barbarossa.
Selim is yet alive.
Oth. Alive!
Selim. Nay, more—
Selim is in Algiers.
Oth. Impossible!
Selim. Nay, if thou doubt'st, I'll bring him hither, straight.
Oth. Not for an empire!
Thou might'st as well bring the devoted lamb
Into the tiger's den.
Selim. But I'll bring him
Hid in such deep disguise, as shall deride
Suspicion, tho' she wear the lynx's eyes.
Not even thyself could'st know him.
Oth. Yes, sure; too sure to hazard such an awful trial.
Selim. Yet seven revolving years, worn out
In tedious exile, may have wrought such change
Of voice and feature, in the state of youth,
As might elude thine eye.
Oth. No time can blot
The mem'ry of his sweet majestic mien,
The lustre of his eye! besides, he wears
A mark indelible, a beauteous scar,
Made on his forehead by a furious pard,

Which, rushing on his mother, Selim slew.
Selim. A scar!
Oth. Ay, on his forehead.
Selim. What, like this?
(*Lifting his turban.*)
Oth. Whom do I see? am I awake, my prince.
(*Kneels.*)
My honour'd honour'd king.
Selim. Rise, faithful Othman:
Thus let me thank thy truth!
(*Embraces him.*)
Oth. O happy hour!
Selim. Why dost thou tremble thus? Why grasp my hand?
And why that urgent gaze? Thou can'st not doubt me?
Oth. Ah, no! I see thy sire in ev'ry line.
How did my prince escape the murd'rer's hand?
Selim. I wrench'd the dagger from him; and gave back
That death he meant to bring. The ruffian wore
The tyrant's signet: "Take this ring," he cried,
"The sole return my dying hand can make thee
For its accurst attempt; this pledge restor'd,
Will prove thee slain: Safe may'st thou see Algiers,
Unknown to all." This said, th' assassin died.
Oth. But how to gain admittance, thus unknown?
Selim. Disguis'd as Selim's murderer I come:
Th' accomplice of th' deed: the ring restor'd,
Gain'd credence to my words.
Oth. Yet ere thou cam'st, thy death was rumour'd here.
Selim. I spread the flatt'ring tale, and sent it hither;
That babbling rumour, like a lying dream,
Might make belief more easy. Tell me, Othman,
And yet I tremble to approach the theme,
How fares my mother? does she still retain
Her native greatness?
Oth. Still:—in vain the tyrant
Tempts her to marriage, tho' with impious threats
Of death or violation.
Selim. May kind heav'n
Strengthen her virtue, and by me reward it!
When shall I see her, Othman?
Oth. Yet, my prince,
I tremble for thy presence.
Selim. Let not fear
Sully thy virtue: 'tis the lot of guilt
To tremble. What hath innocence to do with fear?
Oth. Still my heart
Forbodes some dire event: O, quit these walls!
Selim. Not till a deed be done, which ev'ry tyrant
Shall tremble when he hears.
Oth. What means my prince?
Selim. To take just vengeance for a father's blood,
A mother's sufferings, and a people's groans.
Oth. Alas, my prince! thy single arm is weak
To combat multitudes.
Selim. Therefore, I come,
Clad in this murd'rer's guise—Ere morning shines,
This, Othman, this! shall drink the tyrant's blood.
(*Shews a dagger.*)
Oth. Heav'n shield thy life! Let caution rule
Thy zeal!
Selim. Nay, think not that I come
Blindly impell'd by fury or despair;
For I have seen our friends, and parted now
From Sadi and Almanzor.
Oth. Say, what hope?
My soul is all attention.
Selim. Mark me, then;
A chosen band of citizens this night
Will storm the palace: while the glutted troops
Lie drench'd in surfeit, the confed'rate city,
Bold thro' despair, have sworn to break their chain
By one wide slaughter. I, meantime, have gain'd
The palace, and will wait th' appointed hour,
To guard Zaphira from the tyrant's rage
Amid the deathful uproar.
Oth. Heav'n protect thee!
'Tis dreadful! What's the hour?
Selim. I left our friends
In secret council. Ere the dead of night,
Brave Sadi will report their last resolves.
Now lead me to the queen.
Oth. Brave prince, beware!
Her joy's or fear's excess would sure betray thee.
Thou shalt not see her till the tyrant perish.
Selim. I must. I feel some secret impulse urge me.
Who knows that 'tis not the last parting interview
We ever shall obtain?
Oth. Then, on thy life.
Do not reveal thyself. Assume the name
Of Selim's friend; sent to confirm her virtue,
And warn her that he lives.
Selim. It shall be so. I yield me to thy will.
Oth. Thou greatly daring youth! May angels watch,
And guard thy upright purpose! That Algiers
May reap the blessings of a virtuous reign,
And all thy godlike father shine in thee!
Selim. Oh, thou hast rous'd a thought, on which revenge
Mounts with redoubled fire! Yes, here, even here,
Beneath this very roof, my honour'd father
Shed round his blessings, till accursed treach'ry
Stole on his peaceful hour. O, blessed shade!
(*Kneels.*)
If yet thou hover'st o'er thy once lov'd clime,
Now aid me to redress thy bleeding wrongs!
Infuse thy mighty spirit into my breast,
Thy firm and dauntless fortitude, unaw'd
By peril, pain, or death! that, undismay'd,
I may pursue the just intent, and dare
Or bravely to revenge, or bravely die.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.*

Enter IRENE.

Irene. Can air-drawn visions mock the waking eye?
Sure, 'twas his image!
This way, sure he mov'd.
But, oh! how chang'd! he wears no gentle smiles,
But terror in his frown. He comes! 'tis he;
For Othman points him thither, and departs.
Disguis'd he seeks the queen; secure, perhaps,

And heedless of the ruin that surrounds him.
O, generous Selim! can I see thee thus;
And not forewarn such virtue of its fate?
Forbid it gratitude!

Enter SELIM.

Selim. Be still, ye sighs!
Ye struggling tears of filial love, be still.
Down, down, fond heart!
Irene. Why, stranger, dost thou wander here?
Selim. Oh, ruin!
(*Shunning her.*)
Irene. Bless'd is Irene! blest, if Selim lives!
Selim. Am I betray'd?
Irene. Betray'd to whom? to her
Whose grateful heart would rush on death to save thee!
Selim. It was my hope
That time had veil'd all semblance of my youth.
Am I then known?
Irene. To none, but love and me.
To me, who late beheld thee at Oran;
Who saw thee here, beset with unseen peril,
And flew to save the guardian of my honour.
Selim. Thou sum of ev'ry worth! thou heav'n of sweetness!
How could I pour forth all my soul before thee,
In vows of endless truth! it must not be:
This is my destin'd goal! the mansion drear,
Where grief and anguish dwell; where bitter tears,
And sighs and lamentations choke the voice,
And quench the flame of love.
Irene. Yet, virtuous prince,
Though love be silent, gratitude may speak.
Hear, then, her voice, which warns thee from these walls.
Mine be the grateful task to tell the queen,
Her Selim lives. Ruin and death inclose thee.
O, speed thee hence, while yet destruction sleeps.
Selim. Would it were possible!
Irene. What can prevent it?
Selim. Justice! fate, and justice:
A murder'd father's wrongs!
Irene. Justice, said'st thou?
That word hath struck me, like a peal of thunder!
Thine eye, which wont to melt with gentle love,
Now glares with terror; thy approach by night,
Thy dark disguise, thy looks and fierce demeanour,
Yes, all conspire to tell me I am lost.
Ah! prince, take heed, I have a father too!
Think, Selim, what Irene must endure,
Should she be guilty of a father's blood!
Selim. Come on, then. Lead me to him. Glut thine eye
With Selim's blood.
Irene. Was e'er distress like mine?
O, Selim! can I see my father perish!
Heav'n will ordain some gentler, happier means,
To heal thy woes. Thy dark attempt is big
With horror and destruction. Generous prince!
Resign thy dreadful purpose, and depart.
Selim. May not I see Zaphira, ere I go?
Thy gentle pity will not, sure, deny us
The mournful pleasure of a parting tear?
Irene. Go, then, and give her peace. But fly these walls,
As soon as morning shines: else, though despair
Drives me to madness; yet, to save a father—
O, Selim! spare my tongue the horrid sentence.
Fly, ere destruction seize thee!
[*Exit.*

Selim. Death and ruin!
Must I then fly? What! coward-like, betray
My father, mother, friends? Vain terrors, hence!
Danger looks big to fear's deluded eye:
But, courage, on the heights and steeps of fate.
Dares snatch her glorious purpose from the edge
Of peril. Now to the queen.
How shall I dare to meet her thus unknown?
How stifle the warm transports of my heart,
That pants at her approach? Who waits the queen?
Who waits Zaphira?

Enter SEMIRA.

Selim. Tell the queen, I come
On message from her dear, departed son;
And bring his last request.
[*Exit Semira.*
O, ill-dissembling heart! my ev'ry limb
Trembles with grateful terror.
Some look, or starting tear,
Will sure betray me. Honest guile, assist
My falt'ring tongue!

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Zaph. Where is this pious stranger?
Say, generous youth, whose pity leads thee thus
To seek the weeping mansions of distress,
Didst thou behold in death my hapless son?
Did he remember me?
Selim. Most honour'd queen!
Thy son—forgive these gushing tears that flow
To see distress like thine.
Zaph. I thank thy pity.
'Tis generous thus to feel for others' woe
What of my son? say, didst thou see him die?
Selim. By Barbarossa's dread command I come,
To tell thee that these eyes alone beheld
Thy son expire.
Zaph. Relentless fate! that I should be denied
The mournful privilege to see him die!
To clasp him in the agony of death,
And catch his parting soul. Oh! tell me all,
All that he said and look'd; deep in my heart,
That I may treasure every parting word,
Each dying whisper of my dear, dear son!
Selim. Let not my words offend. What if he said,
Go, tell my hapless mother, that her tears
Have stream'd too long: then bid her weep no more:
Bid her forget the husband and the son,
In Barbarossa's arms?
Zaph. O basely false!
Thou art some creeping slave to Barbarossa,
Sent to surprise my unsuspecting heart!
Vile slave, begone! my son betray me thus!
Could he have e'er conceive'd so base a purpose,
My griefs for him should end in great disdain.
But he was brave, and scorn'd a thought so vile.
Wretched Zaphira! how art thou become
The sport of slaves?
Selim. Yet hope for peace, unhappy queen: thy woes
May yet have end.
Zaph. Why weep'st thou, crocodile?
Thy treacherous tears are vain.
Selim. My tears are honest.
I am not what thou think'st.

Zaph. What art thou, then?
Selim. Oh, my full heart! I am thy friend, and Selim's.
I come not to insult, but heal thy woes:
Now check thy heart's wild tumult, while I tell thee,
Perhaps, thy son yet lives.
Zaph. Lives! Oh, gracious heaven,
Do I not dream? Say, stranger, didst thou tell me,
Perhaps my Selim lives? What do I ask?
Wild, wild and fruitless hope. What mortal pow'r
Can e'er reanimate his mangled corse,
Shoot life into the cold and silent tomb,
Or bid the ruthless grave give up its dead?
Selim. Oh, pow'rful nature, thou wilt sure betray me.
(*Aside.*)
Thy Selim lives: for since his rumour'd death,
I saw him at Oran.
Zaph. Oh, generous youth! who art thou?
Selim. A friendless youth, self-banish'd with thy son;
Long his companion in distress and danger:
One who rever'd thy worth in prosp'rous days,
And more reveres thy virtue in distress.
Zaph. Oh, gentle stranger! mock not my woes,
But tell me truly, does my Selim live?
Selim. He does, by heav'n!
Zaph. Oh, generous heav'n! thou, at length, o'er-pay'st
My bitterest pangs, if my dear Selim lives.
And does he still remember
His father's wrongs, and mine?
Selim. He bade me tell thee,
That in his heart indelibly are stamp'd
His father's wrongs, and thine: that he but waits
Till awful justice may unsheath her sword.
That, till the arrival of that happy hour,
Deep in his soul the hidden fire shall glow,
And his breast labour with the great revenge.
Zaph. Eternal blessings crown my virtuous son!
Selim. Much honour'd queen, farewell.
Zaph. Not yet, not yet; indulge a mother's love.
In thee, the kind companion of his griefs,
Methinks I see my Selim stand before me.
Depart not yet. A thousand fond requests
Crowd on my mind. Wishes, and pray'rs, and tears,
Are all I have to give. Oh, bear him these.
Selim. Take comfort, then; for, know, thy son o'erjoy'd
To rescue thee, would bleed at ev'ry vein.
"Bid her," he said, "yet hope we may be bless'd.
Bid her remember that the ways of heav'n,
Though dark, are just: that oft some guardian pow'r
Attends, unseen, to save the innocent.
But if high heaven decrees our fall, oh! bid her
Firmly to wait the stroke, prepar'd alike
To live or die." And then he wept as I do.
Zaph. Oh, righteous heaven,
Protect his tender years.
Be thou his guide through dangers and distress;
Soften the rigours of his cruel exile,
And lead him to his throne.
[*Exit.*
Selim. Now, swelling heart,
Indulge the luxury of grief; flow tears;
And rain down transports in the shape of sorrow.
Yes, I have sooth'd her woes; have found her noble;
And to have giv'n this respite to her pangs,
O'erpays all pain and peril. Pow'rful virtue,
How infinite thy joys, when even thy griefs
Are pleasing! thou, superior to the frowns
Of fate, canst pour thy sunshine o'er thy soul,
And brighten woe to rapture.

Enter OTHMAN *and* SADI.

Honour'd friends!
How goes the night?
Sadi. 'Tis well nigh midnight.
Oth. What! in tears, my prince?
Selim. But tears of joy: for I have seen Zaphira,
And pour'd the balm of peace into her breast:
Think not these tears unnerve me, valiant friends;
They have but harmoniz'd my soul; and wak'd
All that is man within me, to disdain
Peril or death. What tidings from the city?
Sadi. All, all is ready. Our confed'rate friends
Burn with impatience till the hour arrive.
Selim. What is the signal of th' appointed hour?
Sadi. The midnight watch gives signal of our meeting:
And when the second watch of night is rung,
The work of death begins.
Selim. Speed, speed, ye minutes!
Now let the rising whirlwind shake Algiers,
And justice guide the storm.
Let your zeal hasten on the great event:
The tyrant's daughter found, and knew me, here,
And half-suspects the cause.
Oth. Too daring prince,
Retire with us; her fears will sure betray thee.
Selim. What! leave my helpless mother here, a prey
To cruelty and lust? I'll perish first!
This very night the tyrant threatens violence;
I'll watch his steps; I'll haunt him through the palace;
And, should he meditate a deed so vile,
I'll hover o'er him like an unseen pestilence,
And blast him in his guilt.
Sadi. Intrepid prince,
Worthy of empire. Yet accept my life,
My worthless life; do thou retire with Othman;
I will protect Zaphira.
Selim. Think'st thou, Sadi,
That when the trying hour of peril comes,
Selim will shrink into a common man?
Worthless were he to rule who dares not claim
Pre-eminence in danger. Urge no more:
Here shall my station be; and if I fall,
Oh, friends, let me have vengeance. Tell me now,
Where is the tyrant?
Oth. Revelling at the banquet.
Selim. 'Tis good. Now tell me how our pow'rs are destin'd?
Sadi. Near ev'ry port a secret band is posted;
By these the watchful sentinel must perish;
The rest is easy; for the glutted troops
Lie drown'd in sleep; the dagger's cheapest prey.
Almanzor with his friends, will circle round
The avenues of the palace. Othman and I
Will join our brave confederates (all sworn
To conquer or to die,) and burst the gates
Of this foul den. Then tremble, Barbarossa.
Selim. Oh, how the approach of this great hour
Fires all my soul; but, valiant friends, I charge you,
Reserve the murd'rer to my just revenge:
My poignard claims his blood.

Oth. Forgive me, prince;
Forgive my doubts; think, should the fair Irene—
Selim. Thy doubts are vain. I would not spare the tyrant,
Though the sweet maid lay weeping at my feet;
Nay, should he fall by any hand but mine,
By heav'n, I'd think my honour'd father's blood
Scarce half reveng'd: my love, indeed, is strong:
But love shall yield to justice.
Sadi. Gallant prince.
Bravely resolv'd.
Selim. But is the city quiet?
Sadi. All, all is hush'd. Throughout the empty streets,
Nor voice, nor sound; as if the inhabitants,
Like the presaging herds, that seek the covert
Ere the loud thunder rolls, had inly felt
And shunn'd th' impending uproar.
Oth. There is a solemn horror in the night, too,
That pleases me; a general pause through nature;
The winds are hush'd——
Sadi. And as I pass'd the beach,
The lazy billows scarce could lash the shore;
No star peeps through the firmament of heav'n——
Selim. And, lo! where eastward o'er the sullen wave,
The waning moon, depriv'd of half her orb,
Rises in blood; her beam, well nigh extinct,
Faintly contends with darkness—
(*Bell tolls.*)
Hark!—what meant
That tolling bell?
Oth. It sounds the midnight watch.
Sadi. This was the signal—
Come, Othman, we are call'd; the passing minutes
Chide our delay; brave Othman, let us hence.
Selim. One last embrace!—nor doubt, but crown'd with glory,
We soon shall meet again. But, oh, remember—
Amid the tumult's rage, remember mercy;
Stain not a righteous cause with guiltless blood;
Warn our brave friends that we unsheath the sword,
Not to destroy, but save—nor let blind zeal,
Or wanton cruelty e'er turn its edge
On age or innocence; or bid us strike
Where the most pitying angel in the skies,
That now look on us from his bless'd abode,
Would wish that we should spare.
Oth. So may we prosper,
As mercy shall direct us!
Selim. Farewell, friends!
Sadi. Intrepid prince, farewell!
[*Exeunt Othman and Sadi.*

Selim. Now s'eep and silence
Brood o'er the city.—The devoted sentinel
Now takes his lonely stand, and idly dreams
Of that to-morrow he shall never see.
In this dread interval, O busy thought,
From outward things descend into thyself—
Search deep my heart; bring with thee awful conscience,
And firm resolve; that, in th' approaching hour
Of blood and horror, I may stand unmov'd;
Nor fear to strike where justice calls, nor dare
To strike where she forbids.
Witness, ye pow'rs of heav'n,
That not from you, but from the murd'rer's eye,
I wrap myself in night.—To you I stand
Reveal'd in noon-tide day.—Oh, could I arm
My hand with power! then, like to you array'd
In storm and fire, my swift avenging thunder
Should blast this tyrant. But since fate denies
That privilege, I'll seize on what it gives;
Like the deep-cavern'd earthquake, burst beneath him,
And whelm his throne, his empire and himself,
In one prodigious ruin.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the palace.*

Enter IRENE *and* ALADIN.

Irene. But didst thou tell him, Aladin, my fears
Brook no delay.
Aladin. I did.
Irene. Why comes he not?
Oh, what a dreadful dream!—'tis surely more
Than troubled fancy; never was my soul
Shook with such hideous phantoms. Still he lingers!
Return, return; and tell him, that his daughter
Dies, till she warn him of his threat'ning ruin.
Aladin. Behold, he comes.
[*Exit.*

Enter BARBAROSSA *and Guards.*

Bar. Thou bane of all my joys!
Some gloomy planet surely rul'd thy birth.
Ev'n now thy ill-tim'd fear suspends the banquet,
And damps the festal hour.
Irene. Forgive my fear.
Bar. What fear, what phantom hath possess'd thy brain?
Irene. Oh, guard thee from the terrors of this night;
For terrors lurk unseen.
Bar. What terror? speak.
Say what thou dread'st, and why! I have a soul
To meet the blackest dangers undismay'd.
Irene. Let not my father check, with stern rebuke,
The warning voice of nature. For ev'n now,
Retir'd to rest, soon as I clos'd mine eyes,
A horrid vision rose—methought I saw
Young Selim rising from the silent tomb:
Dreadful he shook a dagger in his hand.
By some mysterious pow'r he rose in air;
When, lo! at his command, this yawning roof
Was cleft in twain, and gave the phantom entrance.
Swift he descended with terrific brew,
Rush'd on my guardless father at the banquet,
And plung'd his furious dagger in thy breast.
Bar. Wouldst thou appal me by a brain-sick vision?
Get thee to rest.
Irene. Yet hear me, dearest father.
Bar. Provoke me not.
Irene. Merciful heav'n, instruct me what to do?

Enter ALADIN.

Bar. What means thy looks? why dost thou gaze so wildly?

Aladin. I hasted to inform thee, that ev'n now,
Rounding the watch, I met the brave Abdalla,
Breathless with tidings of a rumour dark,
That young Selim is yet alive.
Bar. May plagues consume the tongue
That broach'd the falsehood! 'tis not possible—
What did he tell thee further?
Aladin. More he said not:
Save only, that the spreading rumour wak'd
A spirit of revolt.
Irene. O gracious father!
Bar. The rumour's false, and yet, your coward fears
Infect me—what! shall I be terrified
By midnight visions? I'll not believe it
Aladin. But this gathering rumour—
Think but on that, my lord.
Bar. Infernal darkness
Swallow the slave that rais'd it!—hark thee, Aladin,
See that the watch be doubled;
Find out this stranger, Achmet; and forthwith
Let him be brought before me.

[*Exeunt two Guards.*

Irene. O, my father!
I do conjure thee, as thou lov'st thy life,
Retire, and trust thee to thy faithful guards—
See not this Achmet.
Bar. Not see him! Forthwith bring the slave before me;
If he prove false, if hated Selim live,
I'll heap such vengeance on him—
Irene. Mercy! mercy!
Bar. Mercy! to whom?
Irene. To me; and to thyself;
To him—to all.—Thou think'st I rave; yet true
My visions are, as ever prophet utter'd
When heaven inspires his tongue.
Bar. Ne'er did the moon-struck madman rave with dreams
More wild than thine. Get thee to rest; ere yet
Thy folly wakes my rage. Call Achmet hither.
Irene. Thus prostrate on my knees:—O, see him not,
Selim is dead: indeed the rumour's false,
There is no danger near; Or, if there be,
Achmet is innocent.
Bar. Off, frantic wretch!
This idiot dream hath turn'd her brain to madness.
Hence to thy chamber, till returning morning
Hath calm'd this tempest—on thy duty, hence!
Irene. Yet hear the voice of caution. Cruel fate!
What have I done! heav'n shield my dearest father!
Heaven shield the innocent, undone Irene!
Whate'er the event, thy doom is misery.

[*Exit.*

Bar. Her words are wrapt in darkness. Aladin,
Forthwith send Achmet hither. Then with speed,
Double the sentinels.

[*Exit Aladin.*

Infernal guilt!
How dost thou rise in ev'ry hideous shape,
Of rage and doubt, suspicion and despair,
To rend my soul. Why did I not
Repent, while yet my crimes were delible;
Ere they had struck their colours thro' my soul,
As black as night or hell, 'tis now too late.
Take me all,
Unfeeling guilt! oh, banish, if thou canst,
This fell remorse, and ev'ry fruitless fear.

Enter SELIM *and two Guards.*

Come hither, slave;
Hear me, and tremble. Art thou what thou seem'st?
Selim. Ha!
Bar. Dost thou pause? by hell, the slave's confounded.
Selim. That Barbarossa should suspect my truth.
Bar. Take heed, for by the hov'ring pow'rs of vengeance,
If I do find thee treach'rous, I will doom thee
To death and torment, such as human thought
Ne'er yet conceiv'd. Thou com'st beneath the guise
Of Selim's murderer. Now tell me: is not
That Selim yet alive?
Selim. Selim alive?
Bar. Perdition on thee! dost thou echo me?
Answer me quick, or die!

(*Draws his dagger.*)

Selim. Yes, freely strike;
Already hast thou given the fatal wound,
And pierc'd my heart with thy unkind suspicion;
Oh, could my dagger find a tongue to tell
How deep it drank his blood! but since thy doubt
Thus wrongs my zeal, behold my breast, strike here,
For bold is innocence.
Bar. I scorn the task,

(*Puts up his dagger.*)

Time shall decide thy doom;—guards, mark me well.
See that ye watch the motions of this slave;
And if he meditates t' escape your eye,
Let your good sabres cleave him to the chine.
Selim. I yield me to thy will, and when thou know'st
That Selim lives, or see'st his hated face,
Then wreak thy vengeance on me.
Bar. Bear him hence.
Yet, on your lives, await me within call.

[*Exeunt Selim and Guards.*

Call Zaphira.

[*Exit a Slave.*

If Selim live, then what is Barbarossa?
My throne's a bubble, that but floats in air,
Till marriage rites declare Zaphira mine.
I will not brook delay. By love and vengeance,
This hour decides her fate.

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Well, haughty fair,
Hath reason yet subdu'd thee? Wilt thou hear
The voice of love!
Zaph. Why dost thou vainly urge me?
Thou know'st my fix'd resolve.
Bar. Can aught but phrensy
Rush on perdition?
Zaph. Therefore shall no pow'r
E'er make me thine.
Bar. Nay, sport not with my rage:
Know, that thy final hour of choice is come.
Zaph. I have no choice. Think'st thou I e'er will wed
The murderer of my lord?

Bar. Take heed, rash queen,
Tell me thy last resolve.
Zaph. Then hear me, heav'n!
Hear, all ye pow'rs, that watch o'er innocence,
Angels of light. And thou dear honour'd shade
Of my departed lord: attend, while here
I ratify with vows my last resolve.
If e'er I wed this tyrant murderer,
If I pollute me with this horrid union,
May ye, the ministers of heav'n, depart,
Nor shed your influence on the guilty scene!
May horror blacken all our days and nights,
May discord light the nuptial torch, and rising fiends in triumph howl
Around th' accursed bed!
Bar. Begone, remorse!
Guards do your office: Drag her to the altar,
Heed not her tears or cries.

(*Guards go to seize Zaphira.*)

Zaph. O spare me! Heav'n protect me! O my son,
Wert thou but here to save thy helpless mother!
What shall I do? Undone, undone Zaphira.

Enter SELIM, *and Guards.*

Selim. Who call'd on Achmet? Did not Barbarossa
Require me here?
Bar. Officious slave, retire!
I call'd thee not.
Zaph. O kind and gen'rous stranger, lend thy aid!
O rescue me from these impending horrors,
Heav'n will reward thy pity!
Selim. Pity her woes, O mighty Barbarossa.
Bar. Rouse not my vengeance, slave!
Selim. O hear me, hear me!

(*Kneels.*)

Bar. Curse on thy forward zeal!
Selim. Yet, yet have mercy.

(*Lays hold of Barbarossa's garment.*)

Bar. Presuming slave, begone!

(*Strikes Selim.*)

Selim. Nay, then,—die, tyrant!

(*Rises and aims to stab Barbarossa, who wrests his dagger from him.*)

Bar. Ay, traitor! have I caught thee?
Hold—forbear.

(*To the Slaves, who offer to kill Selim.*)

Kill him not yet—I will have greater vengeance.
Perfidious wretch, who art thou? Bring the rack:
Let that extort the secrets of his heart.
Selim. Thy impious threats are lost. I know that death
And torments are my doom. Yet, ere I die,
I'll strike thy soul with horror. Off, vile habit!
If thou dar'st,
Now view me. Hear me, tyrant! while with voice
More terrible than thunder, I proclaim,
That he, who aim'd the dagger at thy heart,
Is Selim!
Zaph. O heaven, my son, my son!

(*Faints.*)

Selim. Unhappy mother.

(*Runs to embrace her.*)

Bar. Tear them asunder.

(*Guards separate them.*)

Selim. Barb'rous, barb'rous ruffians!
Bar. Slaves, seize the traitor.

(*They offer to seize him.*)

Selim. Off, ye vile slaves! I am your king. Retire,
And tremble at my frowns! That is the traitor—
That is the murd'rer — tyrant—ravisher! Seize him,
And do your country right.
Bar. Ah, coward dogs,
Start ye at words?—or seize him, or by hell,
This dagger sends you all—

(*They seize him.*)

Selim. Dost thou revive, unhappy queen!
Now arm my soul with patience.
Zaph. My dear son,
Do I then live, once more to see my Selim.
But, oh—to see thee thus.
Selim. Canst thou behold
Her speechless agonies, and not relent?
Bar. At length revenge is mine! slaves, force her hence!
Selim. Lo, Barbarossa! thou at length hast conquer'd.
Behold a hapless prince, o'erwhelm'd with woes,

(*Kneels.*)

Prostrate before thy feet! not for myself
I plead. Yes, plunge the dagger in my breast!
Tear, tear me piecemeal! But, oh, spare Zaphira!
Yet—yet relent! force not her matron honour!
Reproach not heav'n.
Bar. Have I then bent thy pride?
Why, this is conquest ev'n beyond my hope!—
Lie there, thou slave! lie till Zaphira's cries
Arouse thee from thy posture!
Selim. Dost thou insult my griefs? unmanly wretch!
Curse on the fear, that could betray my limbs,

(*Rising.*)

My coward limbs to this dishonest posture.
Long have I scorn'd, I now defy, thy pow'r.
Bar. I'll put thy boasted virtue to the trial.
Slaves, bear him to the rack.
Zaph. O spare my son!
Such filial virtue never was a crime.
Save but my son! I yield me to thy wish.
What do I say? The marriage vow—O horror!
This hour shall make me thine!
Selim. What! doom thyself
The guilty partner of a murd'rer's bed,
Whose hands yet reek with thy dear husband's blood?
To be the mother of destructive tyrants—
The curses of mankind! by heav'n, I swear,
The guilty hour, that gives thee to the arms
Of that detested murderer, shall end
This hated life!
Bar. Or yield thee, or he dies!
Zaph. The conflict's past. I will resume my greatness;
We'll bravely die, as we have liv'd—with honour!

(*Embracing.*)

Selim. Now, tyrant, pour thy fiercest fury on us.
Now see, despairing guilt, that virtue still
Shall conquer, tho' in ruin.

Bar. Drag them hence:
Her to the altar:—Selim to his fate.

(Guards seize them.)

Selim. One last embrace!
Farewell, farewell for ever!

(Guards struggle with them.)

Zaph. One moment yet!—Pity a mother's pangs!
O Selim!
Selim. O my mother!

[*Exeunt Selim, Zaphira, and Guards.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.*

Enter BARBAROSSA, ALADIN, *and Guards.*

Bar. Is the watch doubled? Are the gates secur'd
Against surprise?
Aladin. They are, and mock th' attempt
Of force or treachery.
Bar. This whisper'd rumour
Of dark conspiracy
Seems but a false alarm. Our spies, sent out,
Affirm, that sleep
Has wrapp'd the city.
Aladin. But while Selim lives,
Destruction lurks within the palace walls.
Bar. Right, Aladin. His hour of fate approaches.
How goes the night?
Aladin. The second watch is near.
Bar. 'Tis well: whene'er its rings, the traitor dies;
So hath my will ordain'd. I'll seize the occasion
While I may fairly plead my life's defence.
Yet first the rack shall rend
Each secret from his heart.
Haste, seek out Othman:
Go, tell him, that destruction and the sword
Hang o'er young Selim's head, if swift compliance
Plead not his pardon.

[*Exit Aladin.*

Stubborn fortitude!
Had he not interposed, success had crown'd
My love, now hopeless. Then let vengeance seize him,

Enter IRENE.

Irene. Oh, night of horror! Hear me, honour'd father!
If e'er Irene's peace was dear to thee,
Now hear me!
Bar. Impious! dar'st thou disobey?
Did not my sacred will ordain thee hence?
Get thee to rest; for death is stirring here.
Irene. O fatal words! By ev'ry sacred tie,
Recall the dire decree.
Bar. What would'st thou say?
Whom plead for?
Irene. For a brave, unhappy prince,
Sentenc'd to die.
Bar. And justly. But this hour
The traitor half fulfil'd thy dream, and aim'd
His dagger at my heart.
Irene. Wouldst thou not love the child, whose fortitude
Should hazard life for thee? Oh, think on that:
The noble mind hates not a virtuous foe:
His gen'rous purpose was to save a mother.
Bar. Damn'd was his purpose; and accurst art thou,
Whose perfidy would save the dark assassin,
Who sought thy father's life. Hence! from my sight.
Irene. Oh, never, till thy mercy spare my Selim!
Bar. Thy Selim? Thine?
Irene. Thou know'st, by gratitude
He's mine. Had not his generous hand redeem'd me,
What, then, had been Irene? Oh, but spare the gen'rous youth,
Who sav'd me from dishonour.
Bar. By the pow'rs
Of great revenge, thy fond entreaties seal
His instant death. In him I'll punish thee.
Away!
Irene. O Selim! gen'rous youth! how have my fears
Betray'd thee to destruction.
Inhuman father! Gen'rous, injur'd prince!
Methinks I see thee stretch'd upon the rack.
Hear thy expiring groans: O, horror! horror!
What shall I do to save him? Vain, alas!
Vain are my tears and pray'rs: At least, I'll die.
Death shall unite us yet.

[*Exit Irene.*

Bar. O torment! torment!
Ev'n in the midst of pow'r! the vilest slave
More happy far than I: the very child,
Whom my love cherish'd from her infant years,
Conspires to blast my peace. O, false ambition!
Whither hast thou lur'd me?
Ev'n to this giddy height; where now I stand,
Forsaken, comfortless, with not a friend,
In whom my soul can trust.

Enter ALADIN.

Now, Aladin,
Hast thou seen Othman?
He will not, sure, conspire against my peace.
Aladin. He's fled, my lord. I dread some lurking ruin.
The sentinel on watch says that he pass'd
The gate, since midnight, with an unknown friend:
And, as they pass'd, Othman in whisper said,
Now farewell, bloody tyrant!
Bar. Slave, thou liest.
He did not dare to say it; or, if he did,
Why dost thou wound my ear
By the foul repetition?
What's to be done? Some mischief lurks unseen.
Aladin. Prevent it, then.
Bar. By Selim's instant death.
Is the rack prepar'd?
Aladin. 'Tis ready.
Along the ground he lies, o'erwhelm'd with chains;
The ministers of death stand round, and wait
Thy last command.
Bar. Once more I'll try to bend
His stubborn soul: Conduct me forthwith to him;

And, if he now refuse my proffer'd kindness,
Destruction swallows him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison in the Palace.*

SELIM *discovered in Chains, Executioners, Officers &c., and rack.*

Selim. I pray you, friends,
When I am dead, let not indignity
Insult these poor remains; see them interr'd
Close by my father's tomb. I ask no more.
Off. They shall.
Selim. How goes the night?
Off. Thy hour of fate,
The second watch, is near.
Selim. Let it come on;
I am prepar'd.

Enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. So; raise him from the ground.

(*They raise him.*)

Perfidious boy! behold the just rewards
Of guilt and treachery. Didst thou not give
Thy forfeit life, whene'er I should behold
Selim's detested face?
Selim. Then take it, tyrant.
Bar. Didst thou not aim a dagger at my heart?
Selim. I did.
Bar. Yet heav'n defeated thy intent:
And sav'd me from the dagger.
Selim. 'Tis not ours
To question heav'n. Th' intent, and not the deed
Is in our pow'r; and, therefore, who dares greatly,
Does greatly.
Bar. Yet bethink thee, stubborn boy,
What horrors now surround thee.
Selim. Think'st thou, tyrant,
I came so ill prepar'd?
He who can bravely dare, can bravely suffer.
Bar. Yet, lo, I come, by pity led, to spare thee.
Relent, and save Zaphira; for the bell
Ev'n now expects the sentinel to toll
The signal of thy death.
Selim. Let guilt like thine
Tremble at death: I scorn its darkest frown.
Hence, tyrant! nor profane my dying hour.
Bar. Then take thy wish,

(*Bell tolls.*)

There goes the fatal knell.
Thy fate is seal'd. Not all thy mother's tears,
Nor pray'rs, nor eloquence of grief, shall save thee
From instant death.
Yet, ere the assassin die,
Let torment wring each secret from his heart.
The traitor, Othman, is fled: conspiracy
Lurks in the womb of night, and threatens ruin.
Spare not the rack, nor cease, till it extort
The lurking treason.

[*Exit Barbarossa.*

Selim. Come on, then.

(*They bind him.*)

Begin the work of death. What! bound with cords,
Like a vile criminal? O valiant friends,
When will ye give me vengeance?

Enter IRENE.

Irene. Stop! O, stop!
Hold your accursed hands! on me, on me,
Pour all your torments. How shall I approach thee?
Selim. These are thy father's gifts; yet thou art guiltless:
Then let me take thee to my heart, thou best,
Most amiable of women!
Irene. Rather curse me,
As the betrayer of thy virtue.
Selim. Ah!
Irene. 'Twas I; my fears, my frantic tears, betray'd thee.
Thus, falling at thy feet, may I but hope
For pardon ere I die!
Selim. Hence! to thy father!
Irene. Never! O never! Crawling in the dust,
I'll clasp thy feet, and bathe them with my tears;
Tread me to earth: I never will complain;
But my last breath shall bless thee.
Selim. Lov'd Irene!
What hath my fury done?
Irene. Canst thou, then,
Forgive and pity me?
Selim. I do, I do.
Irene. On my knees
Thus let me thank thee, generous, injur'd prince!
O, earth and heaven! that such unequall'd worth
Should meet so hard a fate! that I—that I,
Whom his love rescu'd from the depth of woe,
Should be th' accurst destroyer! strike, in pity,
And end this hated life.
Selim. Cease, dear Irene.
Submit to heav'n's high will. I charge thee, live;
And, to thy utmost pow'r, protect from wrong
My helpless, friendless mother.
Irene. With my life
I'll shield her from each wrong. That hope alone
Can tempt me to prolong a life of woe.
Selim. O, my ungovern'd rage! to frown on thee!
Thus let me expiate the cruel wrong,

(*Embracing.*)

And mingle rapture with the pains of death.
Off. No more; prepare the rack.
Irene. Stand off, ye fiends! here will I cling.
No pow'r on earth shall part us,
Till I have sav'd my Selim.

(*A shout. Clashing of swords.*)

Off. Hark! What noise
Strikes on mine ear!

(*Shouts.*)

Selim. Again!
Aladin. (*Without.*) Arm, arm! Treach'ry and murder!

(*Executioners go to seize Selim.*)

Selim. Off, slaves! or I will turn my chains to arms,
And dash you piece-meal.

Enter ALADIN.

Aladin. Where is the king?
The foe pours in.

Off. Death and ruin!
Follow me, slaves, and save him.

[*Exeunt Aladin, Officer, and Guards.*

Selim. Now, bloody tyrant! Now, thy hour is come!
Irene. Whom dost thou mean? my father?
Selim. Yes: thy father,
Who murder'd mine.
Irene. Is there no room for mercy?
Must he, then, die?
Let me but see my father ere he perish:
Let me but pay my parting duty to him.

(*Clash of swords.*)

Hark! 'twas the clash of swords: heav'n save my father!
O, cruel, cruel Selim!

[*Exit Irene.*

Selim. Curse on this servile chain, that binds me fast
In pow'rless ignominy; while my sword
Should haunt its prey, and cleave the tyrant down.
Oth. (*Without.*) Where is the prince?
Selim. Here, Othman, bound to earth:
Set me but free. O, cursed, cursed chain?

Enter OTHMAN *and Party, who free Selim.*

Oth. O, my brave prince! heav'n favours our design.

(*Embraces him.*)

Take that: I need not bid thee use it nobly.

(*Giving him a sword.*)

Selim. Now, Barbarossa, let my arm meet thine
'Tis all I ask of heav'n.

[*Exit Selim.*

Oth. Guard ye the prince:

(*Part go out.*)

Pursue his steps. Now this way let us turn,
And seek the tyrant.

[*Exeunt Othman, &c.*

SCENE III.—*A Court in the Palace.*

Enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. Empire is lost, and life; yet brave revenge
Shall close my life in glory.

Enter OTHMAN.

Have I found thee,
Dissembling traitor? Die!

(*They fight. Barb. falls.*)

Enter SELIM *and* SADI.

Selim. The foe gives way: sure this way went the storm.
Where is the tiger fled? What do I see?
Sadi. Algiers is free.
Oth. This sabre did the deed.
Selim. I envy thee the blow: yet valour scorns
To wound the fallen. But if life remain,
I will speak daggers to his guilty soul.
Hoa! Barbarossa! tyrant! murderer!
'Tis Selim, Selim calls thee!
Bar. Off, ye fiends!
Torment me not. O, Selim, art thou there?
Swallow me, earth!
Oh, that I ne'er had wrong'd thee!
Selim. Dost thou, then,
Repent thee of thy crimes? He does, he does!
He grasps my hand: see, the repentant tear
Starts from his eye. Dost thou indeed repent?
Why, then I do forgive thee: and if crimes,
Abhorr'd as thine, dare plead to heav'n for mercy,
May heav'n have mercy on thee.
Bar. Gen'rous Selim!
Too good. I have a daughter: oh, protect her!
Let not my crimes—

(*Dies.*)

Oth. There fled the guilty soul!
Selim. Haste to the city; stop the rage of slaughter.
Tell my brave people that Algiers is free:
And tyranny no more.

[*Exeunt Guards*

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Zaph. What mean these horrors? wheresoe'er I turn
My trembling steps, I find some dying wretch,
Welt'ring in gore. And dost thou live, my Selim?
Selim. Lo, there he lies!
Zaph. The tyrant slain! O, righteous heaven!
Selim. Behold thy valiant friends,
Whose faith and courage have o'erwhelm'd the pow'r
Of Barbarossa. Here, once more, thy virtues
Shall dignify the throne, and bless thy people.
Zaph. Just are thy ways, O heav'n! vain terrors, hence!
Once more Zaphira's bless'd: my virtuous son,
How shall I e'er repay thy boundless love?
Thus let me snatch thee to my longing arms,
And on thy bosom weep my griefs away.
Selim. O, happy hope! happy, happy, beyond the flight,
Ev'n of my ardent hour! look down, blest shade,
From the bright realms of bliss! behold thy queen,
Unspotted, unseduc'd, unmov'd in virtue.
Behold the tyrant prostrate at my feet!
And to the mem'ry of thy bleeding wrongs,
Accept this sacrifice.
Zaph. My generous Selim!
Selim. Where is Irene?
Sadi. With looks of wildness, and distracted mien,
She sought her father where the tumult rag'd.
She pass'd me, while the coward Aladin
Fled from my sword; and as I cleft him down,
She fainted at the sight.
Oth. But soon recover'd;
Zamor, our trusty friend, at my command,
Convey'd the weeping fair one to her chamber.
Selim. Thanks to thy generous care: come, let us seek
Th' afflicted maid.
Zaph. Her virtues might atone

For all her father's guilt! Thy throne be hers:
She merits all thy love.

Selim. Then haste and find her. O'er her father's crimes
Pity shall draw her veil; nay, half absolve them,
When she beholds the virtues of his child.

Now let us thank th' eternal pow'r, convinc'd,
That heaven but tries our virtues by affliction;
That oft the cloud, which wraps the pres hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days!

[*Exe*